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THE McGILLS

Celts, Scots, Ulstermen and American Pioneers

History, Heraldry and Tradition

By Capt. A. McGill

Saint Paul
McGill-Warner Company
1910

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THE AUTHOR

CAPT. AUGUSTUS McGILL

(Taken in 1909)

PREFACE

It has not been the ambition of the writer to produce a work that will attract the attention of the reading public generally. In fact, the original purpose was simply to perpetuate as far as possible the annals of our own family and rescue their traditions from the inevitable corruption of time and tattle, and to erect a true genealogical basis upon which future generations may safely build.

In pursuit of this purpose cotemporaneous events are thrust obtrusively in our line of research and cannot be ignored, especially when they largely influence and are often responsible for conditions that would not otherwise exist. Thus it comes that much local history that will prove interesting is merged into our story.

There are many families in Western Pennsylvania and many who have gone out from there to people other lands whose early history runs parallel with our own, and though the special incidents in their story may not be the same as ours, yet they will recognize in these pages the advantages and disadvantages to which their people were subjected in the early days, and to them the narrative will seem like the meeting of old friends who have been long separated.

Some will think, perhaps, that we have mentioned matters that might as well have been left untold. We would remind such that truth untold is worthless.

Conditions of the times cannot be fairly represented by suppressing actual facts as they then and there transpired.

We have dealt gently with the past without a thought of prejudice or ill-will toward any one now living; seeking only to show the vicissitudes through which our fathers passed in building up the splendid civilization we now enjoy. No such conditions exist now as then. Racial contests have disappeared and in their place we have a homogeneous people whose aspirations blend and harmonize in pursuit of the good and true.

As far as we have drawn upon ancient history and the story of prehistoric ages we have no apologies to make. For centuries the history of our race has been written by our enemies: or those whose interest it was to belittle the achievements of our people. We have merely glanced at this feature of the case, content that research and science are every day vindicating the acts and deeds of the ancient Celts—the greatest race of men that ever existed on the face of the earth.

If in the succeeding pages we have written anything that will promote an honorable pride of Ancestry as an incentive to goodness and greatness our purposes will be subserved and our ambition gratified.

A. McG.

The Shacks, October 10th, 1908.

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THE McGILLS

I

Origin of the White Races and Development of the Celt

Looking backward as far as thought can reach we behold emerging from Southwestern Asia a race of white men. They are a race superior to all other races existing on the face of the earth in physical and mental development, and inferior tribes disperse before them and vanish from view.

This dominant people is known as the Aryan race, and to them is attributed the origin of all white men. As they multiply and spread out, subdivisions take place and the ancient Aryan becomes the progenitor of separate clans and tribes that in time develop characteristics peculiar to their necessities and surroundings and the result is the several races of white men as they now exist.

Leading the vanguard from out the mists of antiquity comes the Celt, and about the close of the glacial period appears in Europe. He is a tall, hardy man, brave and enterprising, and not a specially warlike savage.

He is a maker of roads and highways for the advance of the civilization of the coming ages. He wages war upon the forests and they disappear; on the mountains and they are passed; on the rivers and they are spanned; on the soil and it is subdued and made to bring forth an abundance to sup-

ply the wants of man. His conquests are over nature's obstructive barriers and not over his fellow men.

He is a heathen, but is not addicted to the gross idolatry of other tribes. His conceptions of the unknown are spiritual, mythical and superstitious, but his mental tendency seems to have been to investigate and know the reason why for the existence of things.

This tendency led him to take the initiative in matters of discovery and invention, and his achievements in these lines were of inestimable value to the human race. He delved into the earth and discovered the metallic properties hidden therein; extracted them from the grosser particles and adapted them to the practical purposes of life.

The Celt was the father of the Bronze Age, the first and greatest advance from savagery and barbarism toward the dawning civilization of the world.

His domestic relations, as far as we can infer from the condition in which he was found when history began to record events, was peculiar to himself at that age of the world. His family ties were tender and devoted. The wife while submitting to his authority as the head of the family was in all other respects his equal and was treated as such. Mutual respect and affectionate regard were accorded by each to the other. Their spheres of action were not specifically defined, but they went side by side into the rough turmoil of procuring a livelihood. She was his helpmate and stood loyally by him and in the emergency of battle in defense of the home she was found by his side, bludgeon in hand, dealing mighty blows upon the enemy. She was stalwart and strong and was often the better warrior of the two. Their tender regard for each

other, and for their bairns, was a racial characteristic that has followed them along down the pathway of time.

It was no doubt this conjugal love, and affection for kith and kin, entering into their political emergencies that led to their peculiar form of government. As the family grew and expanded it became a clan, loyal to each other and to their kin.

Their political combinations were peculiarly democratic. The individual rights of every clansman were recognized and rigidly observed. The Chieftain was elected by the unobstructed and unawed vote of the men of the clan. Once installed in office his authority was supreme, and prompt and implicit obedience to his commands was exacted. To demur, or even hesitate, was proof of disloyalty and brought on the offender condign punishment.

But while the Chief was thus absolute in authority there were responsibilities attached to his position that it was well for him to observe. It was within his legitimate sphere of action to look after the general welfare of the clan—to select their location, define their boundaries and defend the same, to regulate their relations and intercourse with the adjoining clans, to direct and control all their movements as a body and to command and lead in battle. He was the conservator of the honor, dignity and glory of the clan and was accorded the respect and obedience due to his high rank. But with all this, the personal and individual rights of the clansmen, outside the prerogatives of the Chief must not be infringed upon or put in jeopardy.

Any act on the part of the Ruling Power to usurp authority beyond that delegated or conceded to him by their unwritten law was followed by the speedy decapitation of the offender and the election of another Chieftain. Thus ultimate authority re-

mained with the people, and the absolute power of the Chief was only delegated to him by the people for purposes of orderly control and might be recalled at will and resumed by those in whom it originally vested. This principle in Celtic administration is older than history and has never been abandoned; nor can its existence be traced to any of the contemporaneous tribes of men.

These pioneer tribes had infantile conceptions of perpetuating the story of the great achievements of their race. Each Chieftain had in his retinue a minstrel, who was the historian of passing events and the custodian of the past glories of the clan, who on all suitable occasions chanted or sang in heroic strain of the mighty men of former days and with prophetic ken foretold the unfolding greatness of impending years. Thus was diffused the learning of the age and through these human archives preserved, transmitted and handed down along the passing centuries. It is supposed that the ancient Celt was not skilled in political combinations. The ties that held the clans together were simply those of kindred blood. There was no confederation of binding force to insure unity of action against a common enemy. It is true that each Clan would rally to the support of their kindred when they were oppressed; and it is true that they would wage mighty battles, but as far as organization was concerned, they were weak as against their enemies; and though crafty and developing a high order of military genius they were unable to withstand the organized masses hurled against them in after years.

It is conceded by all authentic history that the Celt was the first white man to enter Europe, but it was so long ago that the most ancient chronicles do not say when. They peopled Great Britain, Belgium, Helvetia, North Italy, France, Germany

and Spain, and under their culture the old world put on the regalia of a new life, gorgeous in comparison to the blight of Turanian idolatry with which the land had been enveloped.

But the Celt was closely followed by the Teuton, another branch of the old Aryan race. These were a more powerful people and possessed widely different racial characteristics from the pioneers.

These Teutons, though of the same race and originally of the same language, split up into many hostile tribes, and warred with each other and with everything else in sight. Skirting along the Mediterranean, the Greeks occupied the Hellenes, and the Romans the Italian peninsula, and in the course of ages they built up wonderful civilizations. The coarser and more brutal element of the Teuton were the Germanic tribes, whose most prominent characteristics were greed and gluttony—and these followed fast upon the heels of the Celt, to dispossess him of his cultivated lands and rob him of his material gains. The Celts were scattered over wide stretches of territory, beyond supporting distance and without efficient organization, yet it did not prove an easy proposition to eject him. The Carthaginians warred upon him more than one hundred years before he was forced back by Hannibal. Rome depredated upon his commerce and despoiled his borders, while the Germanic tribes pillaged his homes and impoverished the land. The combined world powers were against him; his wealth was his peril and his only defense was in his good right arm. Justice cut no figure in the affairs of men and nations, "Might makes right," was the slogan of the day. Beset on every side, he necessarily fought on the defensive. His enemies were always aggressive—bent on conquest, but there were times when he arose in his might and made fearful reprisals upon his oppressors.

Three hundred and ninety years before Christ he scaled the Appenines, wasted Italy and destroyed Rome. And there were other times when his fearful resistance shook political centers of the world.

But, in the course of time we find the great body of the race corralled on the British Islands. There, separated by the natural divisions of the country, they became the nations, or people known as the Britons, Scots, Welchmen and Irishmen. Other populous gens or clans had been swept away by the remorseless wars of the continent, or absorbed, perhaps enslaved, by the victorious hordes of barbarians and their identity lost to history. It is known that Celts of Northern Italy became a component part of the Roman Legions.

The British Islands had been in the possession of the Celts from the earliest known period of time and now became their last refuge; but the Sea-Hogs were not content that they should be thus isolated and dwell in peace. Honest, simple-minded, frugal and industrious, they soon developed the resources of the country and acquired wealth that tempted the cupidity of the German Buccaneers; and they were assailed in turn by the Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes and Normans. After an heroic resistance the Britons were driven into Wales, where they became merged into that people and ceased to have a separate political existence.

The Scot was confined to Scotland, where he ultimately maintained his independence and was never subdued. Wales resisted England's encroachments for a long period of time without a thought of submission, until at last the King of England made a peaceful proposition to unite the destinies of the two countries by treaty, in which he promised to give Wales a native King who could not speak a word of English; and when the com-

pact was ratified he presented to them his own son, born a few days before in the Welch Castle of Caernarvon, and thenceforth the heir to England's Crown has borne the title of the Prince of Wales. The compact seems to have been liberal, the Welch retaining intact their most cherished rights which have never been seriously infringed upon.

Ireland was overcome by force, but was never pacified.

The antiquity of the Celtic title to the British Islands may be illustrated by a single circumstance well authenticated by impartial history.

At the time of the passing of the Celts into Europe a portion of the race remained behind and located on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, at the point of the joining of the three Continents. It was here that the ancient Phoenicians subsequently dwelt and became masters of the Sea.

The Phoenicians were of Semitic origin, but notwithstanding the marked difference in racial habits and traits, they and the Celts lived side by side on terms of amity and good-will.

It was many centuries after the Teutonic tribes with their neolithic arms had passed into Europe before the secret of the amicable relations existing between these naturally antagonistic people was discovered by the rest of the world. The Celt had sounded the knell of the Stone Age, and with the aid of the Phoenician was developing the metallurgy of the Continents.

Bronze was the first metallic combination discovered and reduced to practical purposes. At that age TIN was an essential amalgum of bronze without which it could not be manipulated. The only tin mines then known in the world were in Cornwall, England, and in Wales—countries in possession of the Celt—and the location of the

mines was known to him and the Phoenician and the secret was safely guarded by them for centuries. The introduction and use of bronze in the form of arms, ornaments, medallions and statuary in the far East is shown by research to have been of very remote antiquity, long before the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, when Solomon sent into Phoenicia for men to complete the great edifice.

Phoenician vessels of superior construction and speed sailed from Tyre and Sidon the length of the Mediterranean, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and thence to the coast of Wales, and returned laden with the precious ore by routes not frequented by the limited coast trade of the Sea; thus preserving the secret of their source of supply and enabling this wonderful people to maintain a monopoly of the art for ages.

It is by this bronze key that we unlock the secret of the ages and prove that our ancestors lived loved, flourished and accumulated wealth on the British Islands before the Greek built Athens or the foundations of Rome were laid.

Christianity was introduced into the British Islands at an early period and was gladly embraced by the simple-minded, honest people.

The gentle teachings of Christ appealed to their sympathetic natures and brought into action all that was best in their lives and aspirations.

It would have been well for mankind had their oppressors comprehended and practiced the lessons taught by the Nazarene. But the German mind never rose to a comprehension of the higher principles of Christian civilization, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," was beyond them, and to this day they have not mastered its significance.

The advent of the new era gave a wonderful impulse to learning, literature and scientific progress in Ireland and Scotland, and they became the foremost of all the nations of the earth in literature, science and general progress, and the teachers of the nations in all the mental developments that make men great. Ireland became the educational centre of the world. The surrounding nations sent their brightest sons to her shores to be trained and polished in intellectual lines and fitted for the impending achievements of a progressive age. For two centuries she maintained an intellectual preeminence in all the European lands. Learning became a fad on the Green Isle among the lowly and the poor, and it is told that hucksters on the highways and peddlers on the thoroughfares of the cities would often cry their wares in the most elegant Latin.

But then came the Dark Ages. Barbarians from the Baltic swept over Europe obliterating the progress of centuries. The bright green isle was made a land of desolation. The Church founded by the great Apostles abandoned its holy traditions and joined with dissolute civil powers to crush out the budding seeds of religious liberty, and the age of darkness spread over Ireland. In 1110 the Irish Synod of Rathbreasil sold their religious independence to an Italian Pontiff (Adrian) and within the same century the Pontiff bargained away its civic independence to a drunken English Monarch (Henry II.) in return for a promise of payment of Peter's pence. The wheels of progress were rolled backward; the field of achievement laid waste and desolated. War, murder, rapine and robbery ensued, and untold woe and misery, such as this fair land never conceived was the miserable lot of our old forbears.

But in the turmoil of this ungodly strife the Almighty had planted the seeds of redemption, and the horrors of the night were mitigated by the bright gleams of the REFORMATION.

THE McGILLS

II

The Scot, Scot Celt
Irish Celt and Scotch Irish

The Scot is not an aborigine of Scotland. He came in with the Celtic invasion of the British Islands before history was written. It is quite probable that the settlement of England and Scotland was simultaneous, or very nearly so. There seems to be much ignorance and consequent diversity of opinion as to the origin of the Scot. Some writers think that he was derived from the aboriginal Scuite, and others that he was an Irish Celt, who crossed St. Patrick's Channel and possessed himself of the country. The best authority available indicates that the aboriginal tribes known in the vernacular as the Pehts and Scuites—by the Romans as Picti and Scotti, and in English as Picts and Scots—were primitive tribes of Turanian origin and were of a very low order of being, subsisting more by instinct than intelligence. They belonged to a dying race and became extinct, as did the Turanian tribes on the Continent, with the dawn of civilization and history. They were in no way allied to the Scot-Highlander or Lowlander who were of the pure, indomitable and imperishable Celtic blood. Men become confused with the vast antiquity of the race and misplace events.

My old, lamented, genial friend, Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, whose inimitable wit and humor ran in the line of discovery, tells us that in A. D. 843 Kenneth MacAlpine effected a union of the Picts and Scots from which resulted the united Kingdom of Scotland; and this was written in sober earnest as a contribution to the history of our race, but Mr. Knott was farther off in this than he was when he thought he discovered Duluth. In A. D. 843 there was neither Peht nor Scuite among the Caledonian hills; and had there been they would have been useless for purposes offensive or defensive. They were wild impotent hordes incapable of combinations of any kind and had disappeared long before the highland pike and lowland thistle thrust their bristling spines in the faces of their enemies and drove back the armed Legionaries of Rome. The Scuite (Scott) left his name to his native hills as the only reminder that he had ever been there and left nothing else worthy of mention.

It was the Highland and Lowland Scotch Celtic Clans that combined under Kenneth MacAlpine in A. D. 843 and built, and ever after maintained the Kingdom of Scotland.

The wild Highland Clansmen of the North were of the pure Celtic blood, bearing the unmistakable birthmarks of their race. There was no taint of Turanian brutality in their natures; such as corrupted the Germanic Aryans, clouded their mentality and dwarfed their stature. The Highlander was tall, athletic, nimble as a deer; crafty, cunning, frugal and affectionate, dangerous to his enemies and loyal to his friends; but, above all, he had a sensitive, active brain, that readily grasped the possibilities of his surroundings; analyzed the motives of men, and ultimately placed him in the very vanguard of human progress.

Whether the Celt first crossed into Scotland from the North of Ireland is not important, as they were of the same race and people; but from the rugged and inhospitable nature of the country on both sides of St. Patrick's Channel at that age, and the rocky and sea girt shores of the Western Coast of Caledonia, it is more than probable that he entered by way of the Isthmus of Clyde and Forth.

England being the largest and most productive country would naturally be the first peopled, and the trend of population would thus be directed toward the adjoining country by a way not exposed to the perils of the Sea.

The theory of the invasion and conquest of Scotland by the Irish does not seem to be well sustained. It is one of those vague, but pretty delusions that serve to amuse the fancy of people who build imaginary structures on the supposed eternal fitness of things, without a single known fact on which to base their conclusions.

Scotland maintained her nationality as one of the independent powers of the earth for a thousand years though sorely assailed by hostile nations. England, under Edward I., made a strenuous effort to effect her subjugation, and for many years relentless war was waged. Whole armies were destroyed and clans swept out of existence, and for a time it seemed that the heroic nation was doomed; but again and again she emerged from her mountain fastnesses and hidden glens and renewed the contest, until Bruce at Bannockburn in 1314 swatted the invader such a mighty blow that he fled from the land never to return. Never, afterwards for a moment, was Scotland in danger of subjugation by England or any other power.

Just when Feudalism was introduced into Scotland is not definitely stated or material to our story; but we infer that it differed from the Knight-erranty of the Continent in this respect: that at all times the individual rights of the people were conserved and they were the repository of ultimate power. It is said that the Scottish nation in the course of its existence beheaded forty Kings and drove as many more to suicide to escape the inevitable for attempting to usurp the rights of the people—the right to live—the right to labor and enjoy the fruits of their industry—the right to the highway and the products of the forest and the stream—the right to settle their disputes in their own way before courts of their own creation, and the right to be heard before condemned. These were inherent in the Scot from his old Celtic ancestry and he stoutly refused to be separated from them. Feudalism in Scotland under these conditions was not a rank disadvantage. It was rather a combination of the old original clans around the common center—the king—concentrating the power of the government to speedily and efficiently resist the encroachments of unfriendly neighbors—and upon the whole, was, perhaps, an advance in civilization.

Freed from the menace of hostile powers, the genius of the Scot for industrial pursuits and invention shone out with luminous rays. Ship building on the Clyde took form and crystalized into scientific models of winged speed and swan-like grace. From the looms of Paisley, Kilmarnock and Dundee, fabrics of woolen, cotton and flax appeared in and monopolized the markets of the world and the rolling thunders of the iron works of Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire played bass to the hum of the trilling spindles. The Lowlands from the Grampian Hills to the Firth of Forth

yielded their cereals, fruits and vegetables; the pastures of the Northland their cattle, sheep and red-deer; the fisheries, deep-sea, lake and river, each and all contributed to man's subsistence and wealth. The long driven Celt from his last refuge on the Islands of the Sea—the first to emerge from the darkness of the far East—now faced about and confronted the nations, his arms laden with untold blessings to the children of men.

Education was widely diffused throughout the land and eagerly embraced by the people. To the wild highlander and groping husbandman was opened the broad highway to learning and that mental culture for which his expanding brain burned and his soul longed. Schools were established and the Yokels became philosophers contentious for the right, the good and the true. The great Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews and Aberdeen, reared their towers and cupolas and their chimes rang out the glad song of the coming regeneration of mankind. Beneath their lofty domes problems of mighty import to the generations of men were considered and solved, ready to be launched like thunderbolts in the approaching storm; and when the Reformation came Scotland was prepared for the moral cataclysm that deluged the earth and swept away the mists and gloom of the Dark Ages. In those great universities the teachings of Christ in the original, stripped of monkish superstition, had been honestly and persistently subjected to the analysis of the clearest brains and brightest minds in Christendom; and they now arose like giants, armed and equipped and plunged into the polemic controversy.

The Reformation in Scotland was of wider scope and greater significance than elsewhere. On the Continent it had taken the form of destruction of temples, statuary and the finest works of art, while

the crucial test was based on the sacraments and the abjuration of Papacy. The Anglican Church retained the ritualistic and episcopal form of the Vatican, but made the King of England the head of the church instead of the Pope. The universities of Scotland had delved deeper into the mystery of Godliness and gave wider scope to their interpretation of the purposes of the Almighty as revealed to man.

From the teachings of Christ they evolved the principle of the equality of man before the law, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. While adhering strenuously to the Eternal decrees, they found the crucial test of Godliness in the personal righteousness of the man, the purity of his motives and the spiritual inspiration by which he was enabled to hold communion with the Almighty. They boldly declared that the secular power of government vested in the people and that neither King nor Bishop could divest them of it without gross usurpation; and right here, upon this high plane, far above the fulminations of princely palaces and lofty cathedrals the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was founded. Here was the pith of Christian civilization—the keynote to the science of the government of men. Wise men of all ages had sought for it in vain. Indo-China in her seclusion, Greece in her glory, and Rome in her power had failed to find the talismanic key that would open the mystery of human government and it remained for the great universities on Scotia's Hills to first announce to the civilized world, that "A government of the people. for the people and by the people," was the only form that had just claims to perpetuity.

These principles boldly maintained in after years became the inspiration of the Puritans in England, the Huguenots in France, the Scotch-

Irish in Ulster and found significant expression in the American Revolution. It was the song of the ancient Celt returning by peaceful ways to the conquest of the world.

The Reformation dates from A. D. 1520. James, a Protestant Prince of Scotland, upon the abdication of his mother, Mary Queen of Scotland, succeeded to the throne as James VI., and in A. D. 1603, by the will of Queen Elizabeth, who had beheaded his mother, he became King of England as James I. Upon this accession of the King of Scotland to the British throne, a union of the two nations was effected on terms that forever secured Scotland her civil and religious liberties, and this alliance has never been broken. The effect of this union was to nominally bring into co-operation the Anglican and Presbyterian churches against the Catholics, a combination that did not always work for righteousness or the purity of the faith once delivered unto the Saints.

While all this was going on, poor Ireland was being ground beneath the heel of the oppressor. England, having failed to subjugate her, was tearing at her vitals, rending her in twain, bent upon her extirpation and determined to depopulate the island and place upon her green hills people of her own faith and stupidity. The Norman pale pierced her center and the natives were driven back into Connaught as the Briton had been driven into Wales. Their lands were confiscated, lines obliterated, cottages destroyed and great plantations plotted, surveyed and bestowed on royal favorites and religious parasites. In those days there was sore distress in Ireland.

The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel held the Province of Ulster in the North, consisting of nine counties, to-wits Antrim, Armagh, Caven, Donnegal, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, Monaghan

and Tyrone. It was a wild region of rock-ribbed coasts and deep-indented bays. Bogs and fens and inaccessible glens furnished hiding places for fugitives flying for their lives from their armed oppressors. There were beautiful lands in Ulster, but there were also ample places of impregnable security, and it was here that the proud Princes of Ireland organized resistance to further encroachments and made forays upon the invaders that were very embarrassing. But it was all in vain. Heroism and intrepidity were powerless against the preponderance of force, and the Irish were driven out of their strongholds and, taking to the sea, forty thousand of them fled to other lands, leaving the Province depopulated. The lands were confiscated and reverted to the Crown.

Now James I. does not seem to have earned or acquired the respect of anybody, but he was a thrifty Scot and favored his countrymen above others, especially when he could reap profits by so doing. He was not tardy in bringing the Crown Lands of Ulster into market. Ulster, wild and forbidding as it appeared three hundred years ago, required but a touch of the canny hand of the Scot to transform it into a garden of rare fertility and beauty. The soil was peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of flax; in fact, the best in the world, and King James offered liberal inducements to his countrymen to remove thither and open up the linen industry. They were not slow in availing themselves of the advantages offered and a great emigration at once ensued.

Right here was the origin of the so-called Scotch-Irish race. It is not an ancient race by any means; nor is it particularly peculiar from the other branches of the old Celtic family, all of whom have certain characteristics, common to the whole.

The migration to Ulster continued in great volume, until the Province containing 8,550 square miles was well peopled by the Scots, most of whom were of the Presbyterian faith, though many of the Anglican persuasion also joined in the settlement. The transformation of the country was wonderful, and Ulster speedily became the most prosperous and progressive of the four Provinces of the Kingdom. Churches and schools were everywhere established, for these ungainly long-legged, knock-kneed, crafty Scots were learned as well as thrifty, and could bless a man in Latin, curse him in Greek, razzle dazzle him in Euclid and wheedle him in the vernacular. The distaff, the spinning wheel and the loom sang a syren song to the Commerce of the Sea, and the white sails of the Nations were seen on her bays, and like the winged birds of the North glided over her silver inlets.

THE McGILLS

III

The Ulsterman. His rise, development and transformation from trustful swain to warrior grim

Our jolly old forbears did not have the fair sailing they had reason to anticipate in Ulster. There were elements of disturbance at work for which they were unconsciously responsible, at least in part, that were destined to bring upon them dire disaster. There had been mistakes made and wrongs done, and a storm of retribution was gathering force in the mountains to overwhelm them.

The Irish Catholics very naturally looked upon them as intruders who had taken the place of their banished countrymen, and had wrongfully seized and appropriated their rightful possessions, and moreover they were of another faith, and had cooperated, or at least concurred in the English persecution of the Irish Catholics, which was stern, inveterate and brutal. It was not in human nature, especially in the Irish nature, to tamely submit to these oppressions, and it was especially aggravating to see men of their own race eager beneficiaries of Ireland's wrongs.

It mattered not that by their industry and thrift they had brought wealth and prosperity and made the wilderness blossom like the rose; were they not in alliance with the oppressor, a foreign race that from the dawn of history had pursued them

to rob and despoil? It is not to be wondered at that animosities were engendered that boded no good.

There is no doubt that the trustful Scot, relying on the protection of the English, gave scope to his covetous nature and acquisitive instincts to gather spoils from the prostrate nation while he sang songs of pure content and rubbed his hoary hands in glee over his great gains.

But while he was thus wrapped up in self-righteous glorification the Clans were gathering in the dark places and hidden recesses of the hills. The fiery Princes of the ancient realm were aligning their forces for bloody reprisals. The edict had gone forth that the apostate Celt who was growing fat on the blood of his kin must no longer pollute the soil of the Emerald Isle.

In A. D. 1641, just a generation after the advent of the Scot Phelim, Roe O'Neill, at the head of the Irish Clans made a descent on Ulster and laid waste the province. Forty thousand innocent people were slain by the raiders and a human life exacted for every one driven out with Tyrone and Tyrconnel. With sword and torch the land was desolated and the survivors driven into the caves of the earth to escape destruction. The self-righteous Scot found himself confronted by a bloody problem not included in his reckoning when he left his rock-ribbed home to build a fortune on the usurped lands of his brother Celt.

To say that his resistance was heroic is to speak of it lightly. All history attests the intrepidity and desperate valor with which the Scot will defend his fireside; and his persistence in the unequal contest alone saved Ulster from extirpation. The great pity of it was that it was Celt warring with Celt; men of the finest blood on earth destroying each other.

Cromwell at last came to the rescue and drove back the invader with the mailed hand, and Ulster was saved to civilization. The Scot had learned a lesson, but he yet had more to learn.

Nothing in history better illustrates the persistency of the race than the rehabilitation of the waste places depopulated by O'Neill. The mills were rebuilt; the machinery restored; dwellings erected; church spires pointed heavenward, and the school bells again rang out joyfully, inviting the youth of the land to higher ideals and the better life. For another generation they had comparative peace and consequently the prosperity that always attends industry and thrift, and the winds wafted their sails to every known sea. But it must be remembered that Ulster was not exclusively a Scotch colony, a large proportion, nearly one-half, being English. The Presbyterian and Anglican churches stood side by side and the two branches of the Protestant faith seemingly dwelt together in harmony, at least as long as it was necessary to combine their forces to combat the Catholics, but the Anglican was the Church of State, claiming ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all others, and was a component part of the civil government of the realm, and her decisions and decrees would be enforced by the power of King and Parliament. But it was not always good state policy to rigidly exercise these extraordinary functions. 'Tis true they were enforced with great malignancy against the Irish, but as to the Scotch Irish they were held in suspension, only awaiting the opportunity to safely assert their assumed prerogatives. The Church of England was already showing her teeth and making faces at the Presbyterians, and unrest prevailed. Long-headed Scots foresaw the impending trouble,

and while they could yet do so, disposed of their interests and sailed for America and a considerable tide of emigration set in toward our shores.

Events, however, were transpiring that rendered the tenure of the Scot in Ireland insecure and unpleasant. Great changes were taking place in England. A wonderful religious revival was in progress in which the Catholic, Anglican, Puritan and Presbyterian Covenanters all took part, each striving "tooth and toe nail" to root out the heresies of the other. Old King "James the Fool" had gone to his long home (1625) and was succeeded by Charles I., who lost his head in the mixup. Then came eleven years of the Commonwealth in which Oliver Cromwell proved himself the greatest man of the age; but at his death the Puritan, notwithstanding his vantage ground, was found incapable and retired from the contest. Then came "Charley from over the water," Charles II., who signalized his restoration by restoring the established church, expelling from their pulpits two thousand clergymen for non-conformity. It was here where the Church of England had her innings in the religious fervor of the times.

Charles II. believed in the divine right of Kings, aimed to rule without a Parliament and accepted bribes from foreign potentates, but he never attempted to change the religion of England. He was succeeded by James II., who soon showed that he had but one aim—to restore Catholicism. "The boot was now on the other foot," and the belabored Irish, who had been beaten down to the earth, came blithely to the front, seething with aggressive venom for the wrongs they had suffered. The religious political cauldron no longer simmered but boiled and bubbled with scalding heat, and our trustful Scot, in a foreign land, deprived of the protection of his own, found himself

"between the devil and the deep sea." England, however, was patient for a time, but it was asking too much for her to long submit to the radical changes and gross usurpations of this unseasoned monarch. In A. D. 1688 he was driven out of England and found refuge in France under the protection of Louis XIV.

Parliament considered James' desertion an abdication and declared the throne vacant. William, Prince of Orange, had married Mary, the daughter of James, and, being thus in the line of promotion and both radically Protestant, they were invited jointly to occupy the vacant throne.

William was a good-natured, decent sort of Dutchman, and, being of course imbued with the germanic instinct for taking things, especially when they came easy, accepted, and the thing was done; and they were proclaimed "William and Mary, King and Queen of England."

These changes and transformations somewhat allayed the fears of our friends in Ulster, and there was not so much brine in their penitential tears as when they were bending to the yoke of James with forebodings of cruel extinction. Their own offense of being particeps criminis in the spoliation of the Irish diminished in magnitude as the chances for reprisals declined, and they wept not so long or so loud, but their day of retribution was yet to come, not by the hand of their wretched brother Celts, by whose misfortunes they had profited, but from their abiding hereditary enemy, the English Teuton, to whom they had basely cringed for gain and became partakers in wrong.

James II. had ignobly fled without striking a blow for his cause, relying on his patron, Louis XIV. of France, to regain his crown. Louis was a powerful monarch, but his combinations had excited the jealousy of the European powers, Catho-

lic as well as Protestant, and he had troubles of his own to look after, while the well known rashness and treachery of James did not commend him to the Catholic powers as a suitable champion of their cause. He had, however, one source of strength—one favorable point from which to operate—and that was Ireland. He had made himself strong with the Irish, who outside of Ulster were mostly Catholics. The Protestants had been disarmed and rooted out of every position of authority, even in Ulster, just as the Catholics had been under Protestant rule, and they, the Irish, now rallied to the support of James.

To a disinterested observer it is difficult to see what else they could do. It is true that James was not of their blood, and their confidence in him was not as great as it would have been in a native Prince, aiming at Irish nationality, but loyalty to Church and State stimulated them to hoist his standard and prepare for the struggle that must ensue.

James' program was to land in Ireland with a force furnished by the French King, and there unite with the Irish army that had been assembled by the Lord Deputy, cross from the North of Ireland into Scotland, and there effect a junction with the Jacobin Highlanders under Dundee, and from thence make a descent into England, regain the crown, destroy the Protestants and have a good time generally.

The plan was well laid—looked feasible—and under the leadership of such men as Grant, Sherman or Sheridan would have succeeded. But there was one obstacle in the way and that was Ulster. Badly armed and equipped, Ulster, unprotected by British force, unprovided in every way, unused to the arts of war did not seem a formidable obstacle, but it proved otherwise.

But, as the Irish had limited confidence in James, so, the wiser heads among the Scots did not altogether trust in the integrity of the German Prince; and coming events proved that their distrust was well founded. Pending the arrival of James in Dublin, the Lord Deputy used all the arts of diplomacy to induce the men of Ulster to surrender their arms and submit, promising every immunity that could be asked; but the men of Ulster, knowing the treacherous nature of Tyrconnel, would not give up their only means of defense, and with this refusal war was inevitable.

The negotiations on the part of our people were mostly conducted by the preachers, who held meetings in every country town and passed resolutions, while active preparations for their subjugation were being vigorously pushed in Dublin. The preachers were yet in session and had taken no practical measures for defense, when Lieut. Gen. Hamilton, a Catholic nobleman, at the head of a considerable force, arrived in Ulster. Taken by surprise many of the inhabitants surrendered their arms and took the oath of allegiance to James and consented to being plundered and robbed on promise that their lives should be spared. But a great majority of the people fled to the fortified towns, destroying such property as they could not carry away. The Scotch Irish character that had been in course of development for a hundred years, began here to assert itself in deeds of heroism that challenged the admiration of mankind.

Our friends had no time to concentrate, and the small garrison towns fell into the hands of the enemy. They were pursued through Down and Antrim to Colerains, where they made a stand and repulsed Hamilton, who fell back for reinforcements.

James had now arrived in Dublin with his French contingent. His road to England lay through Ulster, and the passage must be forced, and with this end in view he set his combined army in motion at once for the doomed province.

At the River Bann, between Antrim and Derry, the Jacobins encountered the first organized line of the Ulstermen's defense. It was not a strong position; it was too long and too thin. Numerous fords extending over thirty miles were guarded by small detachments beyond supporting distance of each other, and no adequate reserves in sight. An ordinary American general would have gobbled up these courageous battalions as easily as an old woman can pick up chips, but fortunately neither side had a monopoly of dense military stupidity and no great catastrophe ensued. To Sir John McGill was assigned the defense at Kilrea, but the line was forced and a crossing effected by the enemy at Port Glenone, where Capt. James McGill, a gallant young officer, was slain.

The line of defense along the River Bann being broken, the Ulster forces retired to the walled city of Londonderry and prepared to withstand a siege. The details of the world-renowned siege of Londonderry do not require reproduction here further than to say that every county in Ulster was represented among the defenders and not a British soldier appeared to swell the ranks of the men who had placed themselves as a living barrier between William of Orange and his enemies. This sore neglect and inefficiency of support did not improve the mistrust of the Ulstermen in William and Mary, and went far to justify those of the Protestant faith who preferred casting their lot with their kinsmen the Irish to trusting to their hereditary foe the German Prince. There were

such Ulstermen, and they were not far from being right, and among them were men bearing our own name.

Capt. Hugh MacGill was prominent in the city counsels and military defense of Londonderry, and no doubt there were others, perhaps many, but we have notice that there were Protestant McGills who would not support the Dutchman and who were enrolled in the ranks of the Irish army. Col. Carmack O'Neill, commanding a regiment in the Irish army, was a Protestant, and in his line were two officers supposed to be of the same faith, Lieut. Carmac McGill and Ensign Neill McGill. Colonel O'Neill is prominent in history—was highly connected with the Irish nobility of the time, and it would seem from the names that very friendly relations existed between the O'Neills and the McGills. Now we see in these people ranged on the side of the Irish, men who put not their trust in Dutch Princes—who contemned not the blood of their race and were willing for the time being to submerge religion under righteousness and stand by their brother Celts, let the issue be what it may; and though they went down in defeat we must not question their motives or detract from their immortal honor.

The victory at Londonderry belonged to the Ulstermen; there were no others there to share in the laurels, and it was an achievement of momentous importance to Europe and to the whole civilized world; for it signalized the supremacy of the Protestant faith in every English-speaking nation on the face of the earth.

The overthrow of James at the Boyne the following year was a natural sequence to the heroic defense at Londonderry, and left William and Mary free to root out the Scotch Irish from Ulster. Through their thrift they had accumulated suffi-

cient wealth to make it an object to despoil them and the Dutch instincts led out strongly in that direction. No sooner were the Irish subdued than the Established Church assumed high prerogatives and all fellowship with the Presbyterians was at an end.

They were all right while they were killing off the Irish—they fraternized and worshipped in the same Cathedral in Derry—but now, relieved from fear of the shillalah, the High Church regarded the Presbyterians as undesirable citizens and acted accordingly. The men who saved Derry were left amid the wreck of their fortunes without recognition or reward by the Crown, and all the oppressions that had been inflicted upon the Irish Catholics, with the approval of the Scot, were now turned full tide upon the Scotch Irish Presbyterians of Ulster.

They were in a pretty fix. They had justly earned the bitter hatred of their racial brethren—the Irish. They had voluntarily expatriated themselves when they removed beyond the jurisdiction of Scotland, and now the paw of the British Lion was upon them with merciless tread, and they were prostrate and bleeding in the land they had reclaimed and beautified.

In one hundred years the Scotch Presbyterians had founded a race—the Scotch-Irish race—conceived in sin—nurtured and matured in fratricidal blood—and now they were reaping their reward in bitter humiliation and distress. All the good they had done for England in the subjugation of the Irish went for naught and the day of retribution was at hand. The old Scot should have known better than to trust to perfidious Albion. The experience of ages told him better, but he was crafty, cunning, covetous and sly, and would venture very

near the margin of hell for two-pence, but now in the day of his maturity he became wise and fled to America.

The immigration to our shores from 1700 to 1775 was very great and mostly of the right kind. The Puritans had set up their Ebinezer at Plymouth Rock, and were calling for their liberty-loving friends across the sea to come hither. The Scotch and Irish poured into Philadelphia and Baltimore at the rate of twelve thousand per annum, and pushed West and South and fortified in their log cabins against Indian depredation and British aggression. Blood stained from St. Bartholomew came the Huguenot and entered by more Southern ports.

The mills of God were grinding; right, left and center these incoming hordes of king-haters unconsciously took their proper positions in the line of battle, and when the storm did come our old forbears were equal to the emergency.

THE McGILLS

IV

The Hunt for an Ancestor by the Way of History and Heraldry

When Andrew R. McGill was Governor of Minnesota he applied to me by letter, and personally, for information about our ancestors. Not having given the matter any special attention I was surprised to find how little I knew about it, and what little I did know was not in satisfactory form, consisting mostly in unauthenticated traditions and oft-told tales, often not susceptible of proof and not entitled to credence.

This condition of affairs prompted us to unite our efforts and energies in procuring, as far as possible, authentic data from which to compile a true history of our forbears. Each pursued his own course in the collection of facts and all were placed in my hands for compilation. I thus became the custodian of a large collection of scrappy information that forms the basis of the following pages. Governor McGill secured the services of Richard Oulahan, a learned Irishman in the Treasury Department at Washington, to examine works in the Congressional Library, not generally accessible, and to his work we are indebted for many quaint and interesting items.

The following from the "Irish American" of Oct. 17, 1877, cannot but prove interesting to the student of history be he whom he may:

MAGILL-McGILL.

(The "Irish American," N. Y., Oct. 17th, 1877.)

From Thomas Rogers Magill, of Charlotte, N. C.—"Laffen" lately received a very interesting note of inquiry which was to this effect:

As I desire to learn something of my genealogy I will explain to you what I know of my name, originally Macgill—now McGill or Magill. As far back as I can trace my father's side, I have found an Arthur Magill, who was father to James Boyd Magill, who was father to Thomas Rogers Magill. On my mother's side it appears that James Boyd was father to Robert Boyd, who was father to Sarah Boyd, who was mother of James Boyd Magill, who was by his wife, Esther Rogers Magill father of Thomas Rogers Magill.

My father was born in Broughshane, Parish of Racavan, barony of Lower Antrim, County Antrim, Ireland, 1799. He had two brothers, the Rev. Dr. Robert Magill, pastor of Willover church (Presbyterian), and Neill Magill. Robert Magill intermarried with the Skiltons. I have in my possession several poems written by him during the prevalence of the cholera in Ireland in 1832. He lived in the town of Antrim and possessed a fine lot on Bowline street, on a portion of the old lands of the Magills who once owned large possessions on Lough Neagh. Shanes Castle was their burial place. Arthur Magill's bones yet rest there, although his monument was removed subsequent to the burning of the Castle (in 1816) by Rev. Robert Magill and his brother Neill, and placed in a Presbyterian graveyard over the remains of the Boyd family, taking the lettering off and substituting Boyd. Old Arthur, or Neill Magill, married Grace Bartley and lived either in or near the town of Antrim. He held in proprietary control the bogs of

Lough Neagh, whose property was probably the McGoverns. I have been told that they and the McGills were nearer related than the O'Neills who now hold it. The O'Neills and Magills I have also been told are related.

Whole estates were confiscated and their owners rooted out by William of Orange, after the overthrow and banishment of James II. Some representatives of the family of Magills—McGills and Macgills—still live in the County of Antrim in or near Ballymena, Broughshane, Antrim and Belfast. I have several near relations who are Presbyterian clergymen, including Beattie Pettigrew and Robert and George Magill. The Boyds claim a Scotch origin, and it may be that the Magills are derived from the same source.

Will you please be so kind as to give me the origin of the surnames of Magill, McGill and Macgill in the "Irish American."

—FROM THOMAS ROGERS MAGILL,
Charlotte, N. C.

REPLY

Our respected correspondent need not be in doubt as to the origin of his name, which is of the old Irish connection, and long prevalent in Ulster, though found well represented also in the Celtic districts of Scotland, where it is classed with the surnames derived from Ireland, of which surnames Galloway can supply from its inhabitants numerous examples, many of them sadly mutilated or corrupted. Of Galloway ancestry was the Makgills represented in the 16th Century by Sir James Makgill, who in time of James V. of Scotland was Provost of Edinburgh, and in that and two succeeding reigns was otherwise prominent in the turbulent politics of his native land. His death occurred in

A. D. 1579. He was the ancestor of Makgill of nether Rankeillour, Parish of Colissie Fifeshire. His younger brother, David Makgill, a Lord of Sessions, and from A. D. 1582 to 1589 Lord Advocate, whose death took place March 12th, A. D. 1594, was descended in the second generation Sir James Makgill, also prominent in public affairs, who in A. D. 1627 was raised to a baronetcy, and in April, 1651, to the peerage under the title of Viscount of Oxford and Lord Makgill of Couseland. Robert Makgill second Viscount, son and successor of the first Viscount of Oxford, failed of "Heirs male," and thereafter the titles, though from time to time assumed by the descendants of his daughters and claimed by other Makgills of his kindred were classed, as they now are, amongst the dormant peerages of Scotland.

These Makgills intermarried with the Maitlands of the Lauderdale connection, many representatives of which family have been distinguished in the naval and military service of Great Britain, including Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland (1779-1839), to whom, as commander of the Bellerophon, Napoleon surrendered himself in June, 1815, and by whom the great Emperor was conveyed to his island prison of St. Helena in July of the same year.

McGill, Magill, Maguille and Maguillan appear on record in the Anglo-Irish documents of the Sixteenth Century, chiefly relating to Ulster. Maguille and Maguillan were variations of Macquillan, which was borne by an Antrim family of wide renown, whose territory was known as Macquillan's Country, within the Country of the Roet (Route). The Macquillans have been represented as deriving mostly from Welch ancestors. The founder of the family in Antrim was said to have been a soldier of fortune whose remains the Scribe

of the Earl of Essex in A. D. 1556 makes mention of as then reposing to the left of the Altar in the Monastery of Cool-brahan, beneath a tomb whereon "lieth the picture of a Knight armed." Some of these Macquillans have been represented as having, in later generations, reduced their name to MacQuill, or changed it to MacGill, which latter forms have been likewise spoken of as having been adopted by other families of purely old Irish origin, into some of whose ancient names Macgiolla, or Macgilla entered a component part, like MacGillabride, now usually rendered McBride, though also appearing as Mackilbride or Kilbride. Macgillafinnan, MacGillapatrick, now Fitzpatrick, MacGillashuilligh, MacGillhooly or simply Gillhooly, etc., etc.

In the seventeenth century several representatives of the Magills or MacGills took opposite sides in the civil wars of Ireland and shared the fortunes of their Chiefs. Captains Hugh, James and Robert served in the royal interest against the Parliamentarians. Captain Arthur McGill, an Antrim man, commanded a Company of Infantry in the Regiment of Colonel Cormack O'Neill, in the service of James II., of which Company Cormack McGill was Ensign; another Ensign Magill serving with Captain Gilmore, same regiment.

A Captain Arthur Magill held command of a Company of Infantry in the Regiment of Colonel Alexander McDonnell, Earl of Antrim—same service.

John McGill, Esq., was Sheriff of the County of Dublin at the time of the restoration of Charles II. His family subsequently removed to Naptown, County Dublin, and established itself on a land grant at Gillford, County Down. Arthur Magill,

Esq., of Dublin and Antrim, was attainted by the Williamites in A. D. 1691, as were also Bryant and Roy McGill of Antrim.

About the beginning of the Eighteenth Century Robert Hawkins Magill, Esq., married into the Massereene family, and was mentioned in the last will and testament of Lady Rachel, wife of Clotworthy, second Viscount of Massereene of this family.

Many respectable families known as Magills or McGills have been residents of Ulster and other portions of Ireland, down to our own times. A generation ago the Magills of Ulster were represented by such names as those of Samuel R. Magill, of Cookstown, County Tyrone, who was a Justice of the Peace; James Magill, Esq., of Fairview House, Cardonagh, County Donnegal; James Magill, Esq., of Belfast, and William Magill, Esq., who resided at Littleton Lodge, Ballymahon, County Longford, about forty years ago.

Several worthy clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church have borne the name of our esteemed correspondent in one or other of its forms, including the late Right Rev. Dr. John McGill, Bishop of Richmond, Va.

Brig. Gen. James McGill (1744-1813), founder of the McGill University at Montreal, Canada, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. He served in the Militia of Canada through the War of 1812-1815. He won eminence and fortune as a merchant and some distinction also in civil stations in Canada.

Of the McNeills of Ballycastle, Parish of Romain, Barony of Carry, County Antrim (whose burying place was Romain), was Rose McNeill, who became the wife of Rev. William Boyd, Rector of Romain, the remains of whose son, Hugh Boyd, Esq., rest in a vault beneath the church of Ballycastle, which church had been built under the su-

pervision and at the expense of the said Hugh, whose father was interred with his people-in-law in the old burying ground at Romain, which village gave name to the Parish.

So saith Michael Hennesy under the name of "Laffen" in the "Irish American," New York, Oct. 17th, 1877. Criticism is deferred until other counties are heard from and the returns canvassed.

(From Daniel MacGill, Sligo, Ireland).

Town Clerk's Office, Town Hall, Sligo, 24 March, 1891—

My Dear Sir: I am favored with your esteemed of the 26th ultimo and note contents.

My family were originally of the North of Ireland—I think, the County Antrim; they came up and settled in the adjoining county—the County Caven.

My father's name was McGill, and he died sometime ago at the round age of 92 years. From what I used to hear him say when a lad, I have little doubt but your family and mine are closely related. In 1885 I was Mayor of this town, which forms a population of 11,000, and Alderman for 25 years, but speculations and reverse of business caused me to take the office which I now hold and which is highly respectable. The salary is not large, but I am much respected by my fellow townsmen of all denominations.

My brother, the Very Rev. James McGill is President of Saint Vincent's College, Philadelphia, and greatly respected for his great learning. He was over to see me in September last and spent some time here, and returned to Philadelphia.

I know he would be glad to see a namesake, if you at any time visited that city. My family always spelled their name McGill, but to make the name more Irish I made it Macgill.

I enclose you a paper which I got printed, which may be interesting to you. Our town is a very good place for business, but requires capital. Our lakes and our mountains are much admired. If at any time you would visit old Ireland how happy I would be to see you and give you all the hospitality in my power. Expecting to hear from you soon, I remain, my dear sir,

Your Faithful Friend,
DANIEL MACGILL.

To A. R. McGill, Esq., St. Paul, Minn.

Daniel Macgill above named, whose autograph letter is now before me, carries a very pretty Coat of Arms. My limited knowledge of heraldry will not permit me to interpret its significance—whether it is a family embellishment or the municipal insignia of office used on official paper, I am unable to say, but in either case it seems significant of "the woes of Ireland" about which we have heard so much; however, I am inclined to the opinion that it is a Corporate Stamp or insignia of office. It is a plain shield in beautiful colors, without bordure or quarterings. On the right is a wide spreading tree, under the branching limbs of which stands a broken wall or house, fragments of which are falling and strew the ground. On the left a hare is seen running across a beautiful green plain. In the distance is a vista in faultless perspective and on a bar across the base of the shield are inscribed the words "Sligo 1612."

To complete the Daniel Macgill episode, before giving place to Mr. Oulahan I will say that we opened communication with the Very Rev. James, of St. Vincent's, with the following results:

St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown, Phila., Pa.,
April 10, 1891.

A. R. McGill, Esq.

Dear Sir: In reply to your esteemed favor, I beg to say that I left home when quite young, and since that time I have been engaged exclusively in ecclesiastical duties, and in the duties of the sacred ministry. I must confess, to my regret, I have never turned my attention seriously to look up the early history of my family. When next you come to Philadelphia, if you can spare the time to run out to Germantown, I shall be most happy to see you.

With every good wish, I remain, with great respect,

Your Obedient Servant,
JAMES McGILL.

Governor McGill availed himself of the courteous and kind invitation of the learned Domini and visited him at Germantown, Phila., where he was received with the utmost kindness and respect and entertained like a Prince, but all efforts to draw out any of the details of the family history beyond the sea were unavailing.

Other efforts in the same direction, in those latter days, have met with no better success, and we have reluctantly come to the conclusion that information for our people through the Catholic clergy is not available.

THE McGILLS

V

The Hunt for an Ancestor—Continued
Free Field for Richard Oulahan
Master of the Hounds

The foregoing article from the "Irish American" by "Laffan," and the letter from Daniel Macgill of Sligo, together with comments by the writer hereof, having been forwarded to Mr. Oulahan, brought forth the following reply:

Treasury Department, Third Auditor's Office,
Washington, D. C., April 17, 1891.

My Dear Sir: Thanks for your friendly letter and its enclosures. I return to you the printed sheet and the letter from Sligo. A word about "Laffan:" He is an old and very dear friend of mine. His name is Michael Hennesy, and for years he wrote the genealogical notes for the "Irish American" free gratis for nothing. He has been the commercial editor of the "New York Times" for about twenty-eight years, and has the best Irish library in America. He is the most critical and reliable writer on such matters it is my good fortune to know. You can rely on what he writes.

I have not found anything new since I wrote you, nor have my two expert scouts.

I would suggest to your talented cousin, Capt. A. McGill, not to adopt theories for facts. I had fancied that I knew pretty accurately the topography

and geography of Ireland, but the Captain says I gave "Larne" as in County Down. If I mentioned the name at all—and I do not remember that I did—I did not take it out of Antrim and set it down in County Down.

The fact of his people being able to see the Scotch coast from their residence has nothing to do with their being Scotch. None of the Scotch except those on the coast could see Scotland, yet they were no less Scotch-Irish. Let him be content with the historical fact that Macgill is Scotch. He appears to be doubtful about "Magill;" McGill and Macgill are the same thing.

By the way, your Sligo correspondent says, he added the full "Mac" to make it more Irish; why in this case he, very innocently, has changed it from the Irish form "McGill" to the distinctively Scotch form "MacGill."

So you see how cautious we must be in our investigation.

A word en passant about the Martins. Centuries before James I.'s time the "Martins of Galway" were the great family of the grand old town of Galway, and here and there in the county, too. In Hardimans (a learned historian of this Century), West Connaught, I find many notes about the Martins. There are—not nine, but ninety-nine chances to one, that your maternal ancestor, who was an English officer, was of the Galway line. This, of course, makes no difference, except to try hereafter to trace him.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD OULAHAN.

A. R. McGill, Esq., Minneapolis, Minn.

I do not remember what I wrote in my letter to Gov. McGill (which he referred to Mr. Oulahan) that provoked his ire and prompted him to admonish me to discard theories and fancies and adhere to historical facts. The fact is that I had been burrowing in the most unpromising fields for historical facts and every authentic discovery I had made disproved some popular tradition persistently maintained by some of our home theorists.

When Mr. Oulahan took up the work I followed him like a sleuth and every track he made was microscopically examined and its dimensions taken. Every fragment he sent in (it was all very fragmentary) was diligently compared with such meager historical data as were accessible and all concurrent and co-ordinate events noted. I was not diverging from historical facts, but was in eager pursuit of them.

Mr. Oulahan's facts were indisputable. He quotes from the greatest and most authentic works of our times, and his researches were most indefatigable. The point of divergence was not on his historical facts, but in our conclusions. The question at issue had practically been submitted to "Laffan;" at least, his statements had been called in evidence. "Laffan" declares that the name is of "Old Irish" derivation and that the Scotch nomenclature is the corruption of mixed dialects, and then proceeds to prove directly to the contrary. Mr. Oulahan indorses every statement made by Hennesy as strictly reliable, and then recedes from his original conclusion that we were of the old Irish and declares we are of Scotch Irish derivation, or better still, of the Scotch Celt; and then turns around and snarls at me as if I had said anything to the contrary. Our good and highly re-

spectable brother from Sligo is called up and attests the faith that is in him by turning his name wrong end to "to make it more Irish."

Truly, our good Governor from Minnesota has got us into a pretty mix; all to prove something that was never for a moment in doubt in my mind, and I do not believe it was, in the mind of either "Laffan" or Oulahan. As to Daniel, I think he had better be left out, at least, until he gets his name straightened out and finds exactly on which side of the fence he belongs. History, tradition, racial characteristics, form, features, moral and mental tendencies, with all the indelible birthmarks of intellectuality and manly pride, religion and nativity prove our pure Scotch Irish derivation, and so I stated in my letter to Governor McGill, sent to Oulahan. He thinks these things "fables or fancies." Well, perhaps they are somewhat theoretical, but when sustained by history and well authenticated traditions they very largely outweigh that other theory advanced by "Laffan" and indorsed by Oulahan, that the unpretending Scotch Irish name, McGill, is a "sadly mutilated derivation" from the ancient Irish cognomens, "MacGillashulligh, McGillhooly or simply Gillhooly."

Now, for the edification of all concerned we will state that our ancestors, up to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, in Ireland and in America, in writing their name, did not use any form mentioned by our learned, distinguished and expert correspondents. My grandfather, Patrick McGill, wrote his name thus M'Gill, using the apostrophe, indicating the omission of a letter or letters between the M and G. The letters omitted may have been —ac—ak—or simply—a or c—as used in the forms, Macgill—Makgill—Magill, or McGill, all well known Scotch forms of great antiquity and rarely found in ancient Irish nomenclature. The change

from the apostrophe to —c— was made by the Clerks in the Pennsylvania Land Office when the State issued patents to the McGill's for public lands purchased by them. Thereafter, in order to correspond with the title, all legal documents were signed McGill and the form gradually came into general use. The present form did not originate in Ireland, ancient or modern, so far as our family is concerned, though, it was probably in use there, derived from the Scotch form of MacGill. It is easily within my recollection that the form M'Gill was in frequent use, especially where the name appears in print in the periodicals of that day. These several forms all mean the same and are pronounced alike, and philologically considered establish the fact of our Scotch antecedents.

But we have promised the field to Richard Oulahan and give place to the result of his valuable researches, only going back a few days for a starting point.

First find:

Feb. 19, 1891.
From King James' Irish Army List, A. D. 1689.
By John D'Allen, Barrister-at-Law.

Page 648. McGILL.

Captain Arthur McGill—

This officer appears by the description of his attainder of A. D. 1691, to have been of Carryroan, County of Antrim.

"At the Court of Claims in A. D. 1700, Hugh Colville preferred a petition for the revision of a chattel interest which this (the above) Arthur held in that county, and the claim was allowed."

"Rory Magill of Larne and Bryan Magill also forfeited lands in same county."

"In Colonel Cormack O'Neill's Infantry Cormack McGill was a Lieutenant, and Neill McGill was an Ensign."

Attest. RICHARD OULAHAN.

J. K. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir: From a very scarce and valuable work of mine I have made the above extracts for your friend, Governor McGill.

The above mentioned officers of James' Army were undoubtedly Catholics, and this, as well as the confiscations that followed the defeat at the Boyne (1690), would indicate that the Governor's ancestors were of the old Irish, rather than of the Scotch-Irish stock; the latter only settled on the North of Ireland in the reign of James I., about A. D. 1608.

If I can further trace the McGill family I shall be glad to let you know.

Very sincerely,
RICHARD OULAHAN.

Feb. 19, 1891.

With the above came the following:

Dear Gus: What do you say about these folks? Are they of our crowd?

Yours, A. R. M.

Further finds,

On the same trail.

The Irish Landed Gentry when Cromwell came into Ireland.

By John O'Hart, Dublin, 1880.

Page 16. At the battle of Tieroghan, June, A. D. 1650, a great deal of the Irish, including 3 Generals, 20 Colonels—Majors killed (not taken prisoner, as I fear, my note handed to Mr. J. K. Moore stated), Major Bryan MacGill (killed).

Forfeiting Proprietors, Ireland,
County Monaghan, Barony of Trough.

* * *

Page 299. Richard MacGill. * * *

A. D. 1661-1665.

Grants of Charles II., to those who were loyal to Charles I., and to himself.

Page 462.

Names of persons in the grants:

* * *

James MacGill or Magill.
Hugh and James Magill.

One of the Acts says:

"Protestants and also innocent papists to have titles." (i. e. Grants or restoration to their lands.)

NOTE—It seems strange that as early as A. D. 1650, Major Bryan MacGill should be found on the Irish side—if he or his father were "undertakers" under James I., less than forty years before the battle. Indeed, all the above named MacGills were on the Irish side.

U. S. Treasury Department,
3rd Auditor's Office,
March 9, 1891.

J. K. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir: While you are still at your home and within striking distance of your friend, Governor McGill, I wish you to say to him that I shall make every effort by careful research to oblige him. Assure him that as a student of Irish history and genealogy I only seek the truth and would not cater to any class or race.

It certainly staggered my old opinion that MacGill is what is known as Scotch-Irish, when I found officers of the name serving under Charles I. and II.—because if the ancestor of the Irish McGills went over with the great Colony between 1602 and 1610 (James I.) it is strange to find one or more of them fighting under Charles I. and getting a grant of land (was restored in part from Charles II.) as one of the A. D. 1649 officers.

I still incline to think that McGill is Scotch-Irish and hope in a few days to settle this question once for all. Keeping in mind what I have said as to my unprejudiced mind, I fancy that the Governor's ancestor, if he were Scotch, who first went to the North of Ireland, may with his immediate descendants have been Catholic in religion, for if so, the side on which the McGill officers fought is understood. Per contra; I find Cromwell confiscated the property of some who fought under Charles I., as malignant Protestants, i. e., enemies of the Commonwealth. * * * Never mind; the skies will be clearer by and by, or "Molly Stark will be a widow."

With great respect to Governor McGill, the lineal descendant of the martial Princes of Leix (Pr. Lace),

I am, truly yours,

RICHARD OULAHAN.

Richard was a great hunter, but he could not cover his trail, and regardless of his admonition to the talented Captain he switches off into byways and indulges in fancies not very reliable material for history. But we must follow our guide and plunge into the intricate mazes of heraldry and tradition.

HERALDRY

is the science of recording genealogies and emblazoning arms and ensigns armorial. It had its origin in feudal times and developed largely during the Crusades. It was originally a distinct military device, but later became a badge of distinction in civic affairs. In most of the old countries it is regulated by laws and traditionary usages. In England there is a college of heraldry at the Court of St. James that regulates the emblazonry to be mounted on the shields of those entitled to the distinction of a "Coat of Arms."

It is useful in tracing genealogy and perpetuating the history of notable events in which the bearer or some of his ancestors were concerned.

My knowledge of heraldry is exceedingly limited, but the following explanations may be useful to the reader in deciphering some of the cabalistic signs in the next chapter:

Arms—Coat of Arms.

Crest—Usually represents bird, or beast, or some significant device—is often emblazoned on anything pertaining to the proprietor.

Motto—Is significant of the ruling idea of the house.

Bordure—Margin around the shield.

Gu. (Gules)—Red perpendicular lines on the body of shield.

Ar. (Argent)—In silver field.

Ppr.—In colors.

V.—Last color—in silver or gold.

THE McGILLS

VI

The Hunt for an Ancestor—Continued
Struck Another Trail

McGILLS. Historical notices of—
From O'Hart's Irish Landed Gentry.

Page 231.

CHARLES II. Forfeited A. D. 1689.

(In a footnote I find what I may have overlooked as it is not in the index.)

"CAPT. JOHN MAGILL of County Down."

As the Governor says his ancestor and grand uncle came from County Antrim, twelve miles from Belfast, and as the County Down runs along the Lagan River (our last advices are that the River Lagan ran along County Down, and that Down did not run) to Belfast, with Antrim on one side and Down on the other, it may be that Patrick and Arthur McGill came from County Down within twelve miles of Belfast, for Down was at least one of the seats of the McGills from an early period.

Here is another item from my friend in the Congressional Library:

SIR JOHN McGILL, of McGill Hill, County Down, died in July, 1701, without leaving issue.

DOMESTIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND, VOL. 2.

A. D. 1681 MacGill of Rankiellour (Scotland) gave a petition to the Council craving permission for his son, Sir James MacGill, to come to see him. * * *

NOTE—Here is the head of the House of MacGill, for the Laird's given or Christian name of the Chief of Clan is never given. Just like the Chiefs of Clan in Ireland.

Here are his arms, etc., from the Encyclopedia of Heraldry:

MacGILL—Rankeillour, Scotland.
Arms—Gu. three Martlets ar.
Crest—A Martlet ar.
Motto—In Domini Confido.

NOTE—The arms of the Chief Laird or head of the family are always plainer than the branch Houses, who must show a difference by an addition to the arms—R. O.

McGill—Ramgally, Scotland (a branch).
Arms—Three Martlets ar. with bordure, eng. v. of the last.

Eight years before the above request or petition of MacGill of Rankeillour was preferred to Council, his son (Sir James) killed Sir Robert Balfour in a duel.

Sir James was permitted to return to visit his father; afterwards he petitioned to be permitted to live in England away from the scene of the fatal duel, and this was granted.

Magill of Oxenford was a relative of Sir James.

Sir James MacGill's ancestor, David MacGill, Lord of Sessions, and from 1582 to 1594 Lord Advocate, younger brother of Rankeillour, died March 12, 1594. Succeeded in the second generation by Sir James MacGill; raised to the Baronetcy in

1627, and in April, 1651, to the Peerage under the title of Viscount Oxford and Lord of Causeland.

He was succeeded by his son, Robert, who failed of "heirs male" and the title is now amongst the dormant Peerages of Scotland.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HERALDRY

By Sir Thomas Burke-Ulster, King of Arms, Dublin Castle

William Napier Magill of Lyttleton, County West Meath, Ireland.

Lineage only goes back to his grandfather, George Magill, who died in 1608.

MAGILL (or MacGill), Viscount of Oxenford, England, created April 19th, 1651.

Arms—Gu, three Martlets Ar.
Crest—A Phoenix in flames.
Motto—Sine Fine.

McGILL—Ballynester, Ireland.

Arms—The same with bordure.
Crest—The same.
Motto—The same.

According to the laws of Heraldry this McGill of Ballynester is a branch of the present House—Viscount McGill. R. OULAHAN.

MacGill—Rankeillour, Scotland.

Arms—Gu, three Martlets Ar.
Crest—A Martlet Ar.
Motto—In Domini Confido.

McGill—Ramgally, Scotland.

Arms—Three Martlets, with bordure.
Eng. V.—(Last color), Ar. or gold.

McGill—No residence given.
Arms—The same.
Bordure indented, gold Gu.

GILL.

(It is claimed by Mr. Oulahan that Gill was originally McGill—that the signification of Mc and Mac is "Son" and the Gills have simply dropped the Mc).

He sends the following mentioned in Heraldry who have armorial bearings:

Gill—Of Devonshire.
Gill—Of same shire.
Gill—Of Anesley, County of Hertford, Eng.
Gill—Of Hertfordshire.
Gill or Gille—Of London.
Gill—Arms Sa. on a Bend, etc.
Gill—Arms Lozengy, Ar. and Vest.
Gill—The same as borne by Rev. J. Gill of Saphtofple, County Leicester, Eng.
Gill—Of Wysaidisbury House and Weovany Hall, County Buckingham.
Gill—Of Norton, Derby County, temp Elizabeth and of Car House, near Rotherdam; this family from the similarity of Arms appears to be descended from the Gells of Hopton.
Gill—Of the Oaks in Norton (a branch of the preceding family.)

NOTE—All of the foregoing branches have various Arms, with Martlets or Martels predominating. R. O.

Gell—Of Hopton, County Derby, temp Edward III.
Gell—Of Westmorland, Arms granted (March, 1631).
Gell—Of Middleton, Arms granted 1731.

THE LANDED GENTRY.
By Sir Bernard Burke.

Vol. 1, Page 642.

Gill—Of Bickham, England.

Gill—Of Reginald, Butler Edgecombe, Esq., of Bickham, Buckland, Morachorum, Devon, J. P.

Arms—Erneonoris, an eagle displayed with two heads—Sa. on a Shield; indented Gu., a boar's head erased, between two crescents Aig.

Crest—A boar passant; Sa., resting its fore paw on an increscent or.

Motto—In te Domine spes nostra.

O'HART'S BOOK OF IRISH PEDIGREES—VOL. 2.

Page 567.

MacGiolla—Anglicized MacGill and Gill.

(O'Hart might have added that William is also an anglicizing of Giolla, but this note of O'Hart's is not good to follow further, R. O.)

NOTE—Now Richard, a question! If Giolla is William in English, would not MacGiolla be MacWilliam? By what rule of etomology can it be construed as MacGill?

The following were the surnames of the "adventurers" for lands in Ireland under the various Acts and Ordinances of subscription, commencing with the Act of 17, Charles I., Chapter 33, A. D. 1642, and ending in A. D. 1646, when all further subscriptions ceased.

Gill—

NOTE—This is very probably one of the Gills, settled in the North nearly forty years before. R. O.

Fairbanks Crests.

M'Gill or MacGill—England and Ireland.

Crest—A phoenix in flames. Plate 44, Rest 8.

M'Gill—Scotland.

Crest—A Martlet Ar.

Motto—In Domino Confido.

McGell—Scotland.

Crest—A terrestrial globe.

Gill—London.

Crest—A salamander in flames—ppr. Plate 20, Crest 15.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.

Ireland. James I.

A. D. 1608-1610. Preface XIV.

"The McGills of the Glens" (i. e., in County Antrim. R. O.)

Preface XIII.

"The ancient followers of the country are the * * * Missets; the McY-Gills (and McGills), the McAwnles and (the McAuleys), etc.

Wardens in Several Provinces.

Ulster.

P. P. 511-12. "Eighteen maimed soldiers" (Pensioners, R. O.)—Bryan O'Dollano, Thomas O'Mullichane, William Birte and * * * Bryan Gill, at three shillings each weekly."

NOTE—Here are the McGills and the McAuleys together in Antrim, and in Early Irish Settlers the McGills and McAuleys are found together in Virginia (R. O.)

NOTE 2—In the Plantation of Ulster, McAuley is called "Alias Stewart," no doubt a branch of the Scotch Stuarts.

Treasury Department,
Third Auditor's Office,

Washington, D. C., March 13, 1891.

Governor McGill: I would not address you directly, but I have just learned from Mr. Rose, Acting Chief in Mr. Moore's absence, that your friend has a relative dangerously ill, and I do not wish to trouble him, except to address this note in his care.

Pray accept nothing as absolutely certain in the historical notes I send you, except a few of which there can be no doubt.

I want to take another day's leave at the Capital Library and go over Burke's Peerage and Baronetage and some other works and I shall let you or Mr. Moore know the result.

Viscount McGill was not of English descent, as you know, but of pure Celtic. He could not have settled at Oxenford—Ousenford (from a ford on the River Ouse) now Oxford, from Ireland, as he could not—you are doubtless aware—have gotten lands, or a title in England in those troublous times.

So you may, I suggest, accept it as a fact, that he is of Scotch Celtic descent.

See the Arms, etc., of the Ballynester McGill, and they prove this fact; that he is of the same "House" as the Viscount.

I have been trying to locate Ballynester, but have failed up to this. It was doubtless the name of a townland where he resided.

If I can serve you further I shall be glad.

Very respectfully,

RICHD. OULAHAN.

When the skillful hunter starts out for bear he gives the hounds the scent and they will follow no other trail.

Our esteemed friend, "the Master of the Pack," honestly believed that he would find the Governor's ancestors among the Old Irish Catholics, but the trail was too old and could not be traced. Not since A. D. 1520, when Luther was disfrocked, has any of our immediate family been identified with Catholicism; they were faithful followers of John Knox. Before 1520 all were Catholics.

Mr. Oulahan's "Scouts" missing the trail, ran into a covey of Gills, Gillos (Gells and Giollas), and the birds confused the chase. The trail was lost, obliterated by the abrasions of time and the tread of passing generations.

Any "unprejudiced mind" following the intricate mazes through which we have been led will easily see their dubious trend, but it is no fault of Mr. Oulahan's that he failed to make good his first impressions, he did his best. His last expiring effort is as follows:

Case of Ireland Stated—Sherlock.

Plantation of Ulster, County of Fermanagh.

Pynnas Survey, A. D. 1619.

Page 98. No. 6. The Precinct of Mackeroboy allotted to Scotch undertakers.

No. 3. Drumah—1,000 acres. Attainted proprietors—The Macguires; original patentees, 3. James Gill; parties in possession A. D. 1619. 3 John Archdale.

NOTE—Sherlock says that various changes were made by the original patentees, in a short time after getting their grants. Some sold out, and others exchanged for an equivalent in some other Northern County.

Pynnas, who visited Ulster in 1619, gives no grants in County Antrim, and it would seem that James Gill may have removed there, as we see that

John Archdale was in possession of Drumagh 1000, in A. D. 1619, but I would not accept this as a fact until I see further. The Anglo-Irish scribes were a careless and bungling lot of spellers and wrote MacGill and Gill just as they wrote "Devlin" in another place for "Dublin."

(Oulahan.)

U. S. Treasury Department,
March 21, 1891.

Dear Sir: Kindly hand the enclosed sheet to the Governor. I think he will find sufficient proof in the notes to establish one fact at least, that his Irish ancestor was from Scotland, and that he is therefore of the Scotch-Irish (Celtic) descent.

There is no McGill amongst the ancient Irish Clans, which helps to confirm my conclusions as above.

It seems strange that the County Antrim is not mentioned in the confiscations in Ulster—only the other six counties of the North, and I think the reason was that before 1603, McDonnell of the Hebrides descended on the Antrim coast with a strong force and held Antrim as "sword-ground," but the immediate ancestors of Patrick McGill may have settled under the McDonnells in Antrim.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD OULAHAN.

J. K. Moore, Esq.

It has been a fad with some of our people to boast of their Irish descent. It is truly a noble line and the Sons of the Emerald Isle have just cause to be proud of their ancient lineage. The Irish-Celt and the Scotch-Celt stand side by side and are brothers of the same blood. It makes not one bit of difference on which side we are aligned,

but it is natural to wish to know the exact truth; that is, whether we are Dominiques or Shanghais, so we can regulate our pompous tread and lusty crow accordingly and give out no false notes.

Mr. Richard Oulahan has rendered us an important service in this respect. His ultimatum that "there are no M'Gills in the ancient Irish Clans," settles the question "once for all." There were very ancient Clans of M'Gills in Scotland and they were prominent in affairs.

The ancient House of Rankeillour sent its branches to England and through England to Ireland at Ballynester and elsewhere, while from Rankeillour also came Ramgally and other Clans who peopled Galloway and furnished the population for the Colonizing of Ulster under James I. After centuries of propagation among the Caledonian Hills our forbears removed to Ulster where they dwelt for 162 years, then came to America where we have lived 138 years. Just 300 years since the old McGills left the shade of Ben Nevis to wash their feet in Belfast Bay.

THE McGILLS

VII

On the Old Sod and Across the Sea

On the banks of Belfast Bay, twelve miles seaward from the city, in County Antrim, Ireland, about one hundred and fifty years ago there stood a comfortable stone dwelling facing the bay, with barns, sheds, hayricks and other outbuildings, all of the most permanent character, attached.

The grounds sloped gently toward the water and there was an ample green lawn in front. A hedged lane led from the rear to the highway several rods distant, leading, probably from Carrickfergus to Belfast. A never-failing spring brook flowed through the grounds, west of the residence, and emptied into a little cove in the margin of the lough. Around the buildings were fruit trees of many varieties suited to the soil and climate, and other shade trees and clusters of shrubbery, vines and flowers. The place was attractive, commodious and comfortable.

The house bore evidences of age. The walls were constructed of massive masonry laid up in the style known in these days as "broken range," and might have withstood a siege in the days when men fought with clubs. The large stone steps were worn with the tread of many generations. The windows were small, but sufficient for the purposes for which they were intended; the roof semi-gothic and tiled.

This was the home of the McGills from whom our descent was derived, as described by our ancestors. How long it had been in their possession is not known, but probably from 1608 or thereabouts. They were tenants holding leases under the London-Belfast Co.'s patents of James I.

Whether the buildings which were of the most substantial character, were erected by the patentees, or the tenants, is not known, though it is quite likely that the tenants were responsible for the improvements. It must be remembered that a lease in Ireland was a vested right passing from generation to generation under the laws of primogeniture, the oldest son being the heir and scion of the house. This makes it altogether possible that the premises had been in possession of the McGills for one hundred and fifty years before the time of which we write; and for all we know may yet be in possession of some of the family.

The character of the improvements, as well as the nature of proprietary rights of the tenants would certainly indicate that those commodious buildings had been erected and were maintained by the tenants during their extended occupancy under this perpetual lease. Foreign landlords did not erect, did not put up such buildings for their tenants, and the "cotters" on the great plantations in other portions of Ireland had no such tenure to the lands as was held by the proprietary occupants in the Belfast district of Antrim.

The celebrated Rev. John Hall, D. D., late of New York and Dublin, was of the sixth generation, holding proprietary rights to the homestead of his ancestors in County Antrim, near the seat of the McGills under lease from the London-Belfast Company, which held patents from James I., 1602-1610. Dr. Hall's ancestral holdings were not only in the same neighborhood of the McGills, but were of the

same perpetual tenure, running parallel for many generations. Dr. Hall being the eldest son was the hereditary heir to the estate of his father, just as Roland McGill, being the eldest, inherited the ancestral home down by the Bay of Belfast—Roland, however, lived before Dr. Hall's time and must have been the neighbor and contemporary of his grandfather.

Roland McGill married Margaret Dillon. She was a large woman of fine presence, and her maternal intuitions were strongly developed. She belonged to a respectable Antrim family. Early in the last century, one Bernard (Barney) Dillon, visited my grandfather in Crawford County, Pa., and remained several months before returning to Ireland. He was a small, natty, compactly built man, very neat and tidy in appearance, and possessed scholarly instincts and attainments. He was versed in mathematics, the physical sciences and the languages and had been a professor in some school in Antrim before coming to America. He was probably a cousin to Patrick and Arthur McGill.

Roland and Margaret (Peggy) had ten children —nine sons and one daughter. The sons were Owen, Hugh, John, James, Henry, Arthur, Robert, Patrick and Charles. We are not sure of all these names or of the order in which they are mentioned, but they are names spoken of by our grandfather in connection with the family.

Owen is mentioned first because he was more frequently named, or spoken of, than any other member; but he may not have been the eldest born and some other brother may have been the successor of Roland as the head of the house.

Nancy was the name of the only daughter. She was remembered by Patrick with sentiments of great affection, and he described her as being tall,

graceful, affectionate and kind; with hazel eyes, auburn hair and a very fair complexion; that she was loved and petted by all who knew her; and he further remarked that "Nan" had a horse and gearing of her own, and could take a ditch or a hedge "like a huntress." This remark leads me to the conclusion that she was older than Patrick, who was a mere youth when he sailed away. He attested his esteem for his sister by naming his eldest daughter (1798) after her, and Nancy was his pride and pet. Aunt Nancy (Burchfield) was very proud of this distinction, and deservedly so, and often remarked that her father said she very much resembled her beautiful aunt across the sea. She was the old man's pet and when in her society, his natural reticence and reserve gave way and she was the recipient of more folk lore than any other member of the family, and to this we are indebted for many interesting details herein recorded.

These nine sons of Roland were a husky lot, and each contributed his part to the honor of the house. They were well educated for the times, having the advantage of excellent schools and the superior instructions of learned ministers of the Scotch Presbyterian church. In those times, to teach as well as preach, was a part of the work of the pastor, and they were equipped for the business.

Roland was a Godfearing man with a will of his own. He maintained family worship in his household and all his children were baptised according to the rites of the Scotch Presbyterian church. Their educational facilities were much better than those enjoyed by the generations that followed after them in America.

Roland ruled with a firm hand, and Peggy, while smoothing with a mother's love the austerities of domestic discipline, was nevertheless a factor in the economy and thrift of the home. Every one had

something to do, and did it. As the older ones grew to maturity and went forth to grapple with the world the younger bairns remained at home to cultivate the place to the limit of production and scutch the flax.

Several of Roland's sons were seafaring men, and it would seem strange if they were not, located as they were on the waters of the bay, with their own family craft moored in the cove at the mouth of the brook. One of the sons, Henry, was the owner and master of a trading vessel that plied between Belfast and Baltimore, and was known as the ship "Good Intent," while others of the family were spoken of as connected with maritime enterprises.

But, situated as they were, every man who was not a preacher was more or less of a sailor, and the fact of his being so was not sufficiently novel to occasion remark; it was not alone a business, but the management of sailing craft was an accomplishment essential to the safety of those who were frequently obliged to battle with the waves.

Roland and his forbears do not seem to have suffered seriously from the turbulent times following the bloody foray of Phelin Roe O'Neill in 1641. They escaped confiscation under James II. (1688-1689), by paying an indemnity, being included in the capitulation of Belfast and that portion of Antrim occupied by the Jacobins.

The battle of the Boyne (1690) gave them security from the Irish, and the succeeding generations dwelt in their ancestral home in comparative safety. It was not many years, however, until the Church of England began to assert her ecclesiastical prerogatives as the Established Church, and Presbyterian clergymen were barred from publicly exercising the functions of the ministry. The McGills did not demur to the payment of tithes for the support of a system of worship in which

they did not believe, but made their arrangements to meet the liability just as they did to pay any other tax, but there was something came to pass that pinched and without doubt was the real cause of the appearance of our people in America, something of deeper import than spoliation under the garb of religion.

It was the custom with well-to-do Scotch Irish families where there were a number of boys, and an estate entailed, to select one of the brightest of the younger fellows and set him apart to be educated for a professional career, and to this end all the members of the family who could contributed of their means, and he thus became practically the care and the ward of the household. It was expected of him that he would acquit himself with credit and by his achievements reflect great honor and glory on the "house," and his career was watched by all with absorbing interest. He became the center of earnest solicitude, and no sacrifice was too great to promote the ambition of the fortunate youth.

It mattered not that he might prove an ingrate and in the hour of his success cast aside his benefactors as beneath him and unworthy of the notice of one in his exalted station, but if he only took his degree in the University and became a Doctor of Divinity, or a Doctor of Laws, or an eminent barrister or statesman, they were amply rewarded by the luster his great name and high rank shed upon their humble station.

It were a boon indeed that their children might point with pride to the great one and claim kinship with one so high in the world's affairs. Even his snubs, slights and contumely were made to redound to his honor as attributes of his greatness, and their hearts swelled with gladness at these visible evidences of his superiority over other men,

themselves included. Anyone conversant with the Scotch folk of the middle class has observed this peculiar tendency. Family pride is the strongest passion of the race.

That Roland and Peggy, with the consent and approval of the older members of the family, selected young Patrick, perhaps their youngest, for this favored career, there is not the shadow of a doubt. He was not of the robust build of the other boys, and though his proportions were manly for a youth of seventeen, and his muscles hard as steel, he lacked the mighty thews of his elder brothers and seemed better fitted for a sedentary life than they. He was also of a quiet, studious habit, and from choice resorted to his books for recreation, rather than the athletic bouts usual where so many big brothers come together under the shelter of the paternal roof. He was afforded better opportunities than any of the other boys, though their educational advantages were by no means neglected, but were shaped as was the custom of the times, to best fit them for the pursuits of their choice, or for which they were intended.

Henry was versed in navigation, other sons in such learning and accomplishments as were best suited to their prospective pursuits, and every one in that well regulated household was equipped with such essential rudiments of learning and such accomplishments as would enable him at will to develop the strong commercial instincts inherent in the race.

But Patrick's training was different, his instructors were of a higher grade. His course of study indicated some contemplated pursuit out of the common. Latin was not pertinent to scutching flax, nor would the classics be any material aid in digging potatoes. He was learned for his day and generation, above other men of his class, and many

years after when visited by Dillon, early in the last century, his children, John, William and Nancy, were astonished to hear the old men conversing fluently in some unknown tongue. They had fallen back on the Latin of their schoolboy days.

But something had occurred to break in on his career and change the whole tenor of his life. We have but to read carefully the history of the times in Ulster at that period to find the cause. He was a Presbyterian born and bred, and as such, the doors to promotion in any of the learned professions were closed against him. His instructors had been silenced. He could enter no college or university outside of Scotland, nor could he be heard in any of the courts or temples of his native land. To pursue his course meant expatriation to a land where every profession was crowded to the limit. It meant great expense with no profits in sight.

To be sure, he could renounce his faith, become a High Church man, and go on swimmingly, but he was made of that moral and mental fiber that would not permit him to deny his God for all the universities in the Three Kingdoms.

Appalled by the failure to realize the bright and promising hopes he had entertained, the young fellow determined to leave the kingdom and go to a land where the blighting hand of the Anglican could not reach, and that goal was among the peaceful Quakers in Pennsylvania.

But Patrick could not leave without the consent of his parents. They were deeply afflicted with the turn affairs had taken, and while sympathizing with his ambition could not consent to his going alone to that far off land beyond the sea. It was then that the great, big-hearted Arthur came to the fore and declared that he would go along with the boy and take care of him. To this Roland

consented, and with many tearful admonitions to Arthur from Peggy and Nan to "keer for the bye," and the blessing of the old, hard-headed Patriarch, the brothers took their departure never to return.

No other members of Roland McGill's family came to America permanently, so far as we know, and Arthur's promise was sacredly kept throughout an eventful career.

THE McGILLS

VIII

On American Soil—In the Whirl of Emigration—With the Continental Army

Arthur and Patrick M'Gill came over in their brother's ship and landed at Baltimore without incident. They were not stowaways in the reeking hold of a crowded emigrant ship, nor sailors before the mast working their passage to the new world, but when they left their father's door it was to step upon the familiar deck of a brother's craft where every accommodation was as free to them as if they were in the old home. There were no hardships in store for them in making their way across the sea. The gloom of parting soon gave way to buoyant hope and no lamentations over their wrongs were heard. Everything was conducted in the quiet, orderly manner of two young men out in pursuit of the ordinary business of life.

History is replete with scenes of the migration of nations, peoples, tribes and clans from one country to another, conducted by great Chieftains and world-renowned leaders of men, usually flying from one scene of oppression to another worse than they had left. The migration of the Scotch-Irish from Ulster to America was by no means a

concerted movement of the clans. There were no Mayflowers or other ships for their exclusive use, such as the Puritans and Quakers enjoyed.

For sixty years before 1770 a continuous stream of Ulstermen had been pouring into this country through Philadelphia and other ports and, after the manner of the Celt, pushing to the frontiers. Each came on his own responsibiity—at his own expense—went where he pleased and selected his own place of settlement. They had no leaders—the leaders came afterward, but it is worthy of note that these people of one faith and blood always found one another and built up communities together.

There was nothing worthy of remark about the landing of those two young men. They had left behind them ten of the household—only two came away. They had a relationship, bearing the name, extending over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, but only two stood on the banks of the bay at Baltimore.

They were two well dressed, well behaved, self-reliant Celtic lads, with the self possession of the Scot and the polish of the Irish schools, who expected to meet with adventures and emergencies and were prepared for the encounter—in other words, they believed in themselves.

But they had no time to loiter away. Already they heard the undefinable voice of destiny singing in prophetic strains of the approaching birth of a new nation and they hastened away to join their fellow countrymen at York and Lancaster.

Arrived at their destination they were welcomed by their friends with hearty cheer. Here were men from Antrim, Down and Donegal—from all along the channel and the bay, whom they had known and with whom they had associated in former days. These met them with open arms and

hailed them openly as prospective citizens of the coming Republic. As far back as 1770 there was no secret among the Celtic population on the frontier of a fixed purpose to wrest the country from British rule.

The boys were not long idle. Their friends afforded them every available means to engage in business suited to their capabilities and inclinations.

Arthur immediately attested the family predilection for the equine by buying a horse—the first property he owned in America.

The business of transportation from Philadelphia west was in great demand, the flood of emigration pouring into that port flowing westward in search of homes in the wilderness being at high tide. Teams and wagons were procured, and the brothers soon found themselves in the whirl of a paying business. Arthur was in the saddle, directing affairs with an energy that was natural to him, while Patrick managed details with commendable skill and prudence. Their business grew rapidly and they soon had express transportation lines extending from Philadelphia west to the Susquehanna and Cumberland valleys in Pennsylvania and the Piedmont valley in Virginia. Habitations multiplied and communities grew up rapidly, and wherever a group was formed the log church and schoolhouse were erected.

But these blithe rebels were not regarded with favor by the ruling powers. The Quakers did not approve of the Scotch-Irish. They complained that they were contentious persons, always stirring up strife, and disturbing the orderly administration of the Province—a pernicious and pugnacious set, who, unless immigration were restrained, or in

some way restricted would be assuming control of things, and they petitioned the Crown to curtail emigration from Ulster. The dreamy Quaker thought aright about one thing—the pugnacious Scot intended, when the spirit moved him thereto, to take control in Pennsylvania, and he did.

The Scotch-Irish were tolerated in Virginia. They obtained permission from the Governor to settle in the Piedmont Valley on condition that they defend the Cavaliers in the Eastern counties from the incursions of the savages, with the promise of "such protection as will be consistent with the Act of Toleration" passed by the English Parliament for the benefit of nonconformists in Ulster.

They did not trouble the Puritans of New England much with their presence, preferring a wider scope of religious liberty than had been accorded to Roger Williams and others. Nor did they fancy affiliation with the Dutch of New York, whom they recognized as their hereditary enemies, marauders in ancient times and treacherous treaty breakers in later days. But right through Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt, through the Piedmont Valley of Virginia and into North Carolina they gathered their forces, planted their communities within supporting distance, bided their time and kept their powder dry. The descendants of the men whom Rome in the zenith of her power could not subdue, formed a cordon around the middle and South Country ready to confront destiny in the hour of trial, and they were not silent lookers on, but they were being heard from betimes in no uncertain notes. While others temporized and sought by conciliation to avert immediate danger, the Scotch-Irish assembled in Carlisle and defiantly demanded separation from England.

Over from the Virginia frontier came an echo of like import, and then from Mecklenburg, N. C., in the unmistakable brogue came the first formal Declaration of Independence.

The little tea party at Boston harbor was a pleasant affair and caused much merriment, but when Patrick Henry thundered from the forum "Give me Liberty or give me Death," it went down into the hearts of men and stirred the blood of the ancient Gaul, and the die was cast. Then the hand of Jefferson moved and the immortal Declaration appeared; then John Witherspoon cried, "Let my gray head be given to the executioner rather than that the cause of human liberty fail." Then John Hancock wrote his colossal signature upon the parchment, and the deed was done. Scotch-Irishmen every one of them.

The dotard government of the Penns tumbled over with the Declaration and a Provisional Government was set up instead, and a Committee of Safety appointed (Sept. 1776), with Benjamin Franklin for chairman, who was thus for the time being vested with supreme authority. There was no longer an English Colony—no more a peaceful Province—these had disappeared in a day—and in place we had a new state enrolling men—organizing battalions and making every preparation for the war which was already on. Emigrants no longer crowded our ports seeking transportation to the West.

Arthur and Patrick were alert to the situation all along the line, and they called in their teams, had their wagons painted, the harness oiled and wheels greased ready for another line of operations. They then lined up in the presence of the great Statesman and Philosopher—now clothed with absolute power—and tendered the services of themselves and their entire outfit to the use of the young

republic. There was no hesitancy with the Government about accepting the offer, and satisfactory terms were soon agreed upon and the young men entered into the employment of the country with every thing they possessed staked on the venture. They had been six years in the country and in that time had acquired some wealth. Fortune favored them at every turn, and they could now marshal a train of vehicles and teams of considerable proportions, exactly suited to the wants of the army and all ready for immediate service. The transaction was of far greater importance to the country than the enrollment of a company of men in the ranks.

In all war operations the problem of transportation is one of the most difficult to solve. There is always friction and exasperating trouble about organizing a wagon train and getting it to move with that uniform and reliable precision so essential to successful campaigning, and the animals are not always the most troublesome factor. Trained and competent men are what is most needed—and I say it advisedly—the most difficult to obtain. It requires experience, brains, application and a peculiar adaptation to the equine to make a successful wagonmaster, and there are few men who possess these qualities combined. He must have courage, patience, grit, commanding force and influence over man and beast, or he will not be a successful manipulator of an army wagon train.

Arthur M'Gill seemed to be endowed with mental and physical characteristics suited to the emergency to which they had been called. He was a large man of commanding presence, powerful sinew and nerve, and a grip firm as a blacksmith's vice. His disposition was kindly, but his will inflexible. His innate sense of justice and right was not

alone directed to the human family, but extended to the animal as well. His horses were his pets and playfellows, all his lifetime, and he always had plenty of them, and the poor beasts seemed to understand and reciprocate the kindness and enjoy the association. He never "broke" his horses, but tamed them and taught them to understand him and their prompt obedience to his will was remarkable; and all this, without seeming effort on his part; it was the quiet assertion of a strong mind over a weaker organism. Nor was this dominant peculiarity evidenced alone on the brute creation. Men as well as animals deferred to his superior judgment on most occasions and if any enterprise were on hand requiring commanding energy and skill and Arthur M'Gill appeared upon the field he was at once summoned by consent to take direction of affairs. He was one of the most unassuming men living and this uniform preference of his fellowmen was a natural tribute to his peculiar genius. Perhaps no better fitted man could have been found at that crisis in revolutionary affairs to fill the place assigned him than Arthur M'Gill.

And Patrick, though in a less conspicuous capacity, was an equally indispensable factor in the management and adjustment of the large transactions inseparable from their relations to the Continental forces. In almost every respect, then and thereafter, the brothers supplemented each other. What the one lacked the other supplied. The vigor, push and energy of Arthur making things move by sheer force was balanced and held in trim by the skilled hand of the younger brother whose diplomacy often shaped matters to their mutual advantage. Each needed the other and they both knew it; and all their lives they were inseparable.

The boys were not slow in finding their places. Things were humming and they plunged into the swim. From the start to finish there was no cessation from the movements of supplies, of munitions of war, or of the movements of men to and from the field of battle, or from one point of vantage to another as dictated by strategy, or forced by reverses, and the trains trundled along with the column, whether rushing to the assault or being hurled back by the red blast of adversity.

They were with Washington at Brandywine—in the retreat across the Jerseys—at the crossing of the Raritan—over the Pennsylvania hills and into the winter's gloom at Valley Forge. They scoured the country for supplies and brought in forage and food for the famishing soldiers. Those were dark days for the Republic. The Army was reduced to a skeleton. Terms of enlistment were expiring and men were going home. Troops were clamoring for pay and no money in sight. Hunger and cold were doing their work and mutiny threatened; all malignant forces seemed to be closing in to cap the climax of ruin. Many were glad to escape the impending crash, and good men and true were held only to duty by the obligations of their enlistment. Among the on-looking nations there were none who at that particular time believed that our country would succeed in her purposes.

Our two Irish lads were not enlisted men. They were civil employes of the state forming a contingent to the subsistence and transportation departments of the Army, and were rendering very valuable service. They could at any time retire without breach of faith, but they never entertained the thought for a moment. For them it was a fight to the finish for all time and they remained to real-

ize the crowning glory of the humiliation of their ancient enemy and the upbuilding of a mighty nation of free people.

It may here be remarked, incidentally, that these men were paid for their services in Continental Currency, which depreciated to one cent on the dollar and was never redeemed.

THE McGILLS

IX

Further Adventures in Search of a Permanent Home

At the close of the War, Patrick M'Gill was about thirty years old, and Arthur probably five years older. They had located in Northumberland County, Pa., near Duncan's Island, on the Susquehanna, and the time had arrived when it devolved on them to establish themselves as citizens of the great Commonwealth, and to this end it was proper that they marry and set up family relations in the land. Arthur, it is thought, was married about 1788 to Mary Logue, a lady of the vicinity, of good sturdy family and extensive kin among the settlers in that valley. Many of the Logue family subsequently removed to Crawford, and their descendants are favorably known throughout the county.

On the third day of April, 1792, the General Assembly of Pennsylvania passed an Act entitled "An Act for the sale of vacant lands in this Commonwealth," providing, that on the payment of a nominal sum, covering cost and expense of survey, and making proof of an actual settlement of five years, the settler should be entitled to a patent from the state for a tract of four hundred acres of land, with an allowance of six per cent for roads. Said lands to be occupied within two years from the date on which they were located. Residing at

no great distance from Harrisburg (Fort Harris), the place where the state capital had been located, the brothers were early apprised of the action of the Legislature, and having heard favorable accounts of the French Creek Country lying between the Allegheny and the Lake, they determined to explore and see for themselves "how the land lay." Accordingly, in the fall of the same year in which the Act was passed they shouldered knapsack and rifle and took up the line of march across the mountains into Westmoreland County near the lower Allegheny. The object of taking this route instead of the upper and shorter track was to meet many friends and acquaintances and obtain definite information of the state of affairs in the up-river country, for there had been hostile demonstrations by Western Indians and forays by roving bands as far East as the French Creek Country.

There are many interesting historical facts in relation to the early settlement of this section to which we can barely allude. In the first place all that portion of the state north and west of Allegheny, though included in Penn's grant, was not included in his purchase from the Indians and was never reduced to Quaker jurisdiction.

Up to the close of the Revolutionary War this territory was held and claimed by the Six Nations. England was on good terms with this Confederacy of red men, and forbade the whites to make settlement on their lands. When the war came on the redskins sided with England, and committed horrible depredations on struggling settlements wherever found.

In 1783, relieved from British pressure, the United States sent General Sullivan with a competent force to pacify the noble red man, which he did to such effect that there was never any

more fight in the Senecas, and by the treaty of 1784, they relinquished all claim to the territory in question, and thenceforth became good Indians.

After the treaty the State sent surveyors into the wilderness and the land was laid out in four hundred acre tracts and offered for sale to settlers.

It will be seen that under the management of the Crown and the hostility of the Indians, emigration had been stopped on the east bank of the Allegheny and all the northwestern part of the state was uninhabited except by the Indians, but the venturesome Celts crowded the frontier for all there was in it, and Westmoreland was well peopled at this early date almost exclusively by Irish and Scotch-Irish people, who had pushed on through Northumberland and other counties east, keeping the Star of Empire well in view. The Act of 1792 was designed to encourage settlement and open up the country—or such was supposed to be the purpose.

Adventurous men, however, followed the surveyors and located lands before the Act was passed or any adequate provision was made for their protection, and in 1789 the Meads and others from Northumberland County had commenced a settlement in the French Creek Country and brought back favorable reports of the beauty and fertility of the valley, and it was this point our ancestors had in view when they went down into Westmoreland and Allegheny.

At Pittsburg (Fort Pitt) they obtained information as to the route to be explored and the best way to proceed, and in pursuance of this they bought a "dugout" (canoe) and camp equipage and proceeded to paddle and pole their way up the Allegheny. In due time and without mishap they arrived at Fort Venango (Franklin) and turned

the prow of their rude craft up the French Creek, having followed the identical route pursued by George Washington in 1754.

On arrival at the mouth of the Cussewago they met a cheery welcome from the Meads, Fitz Randolph, Van Horn, Wentworth, Lord and others, who three years before had broken the first ground in the new settlement.

These pioneers had come in from Sunbury while the M'Gills were from Duncan's Island, in the same county, farther down the Susquehanna.

After enjoying the rude, but hearty, honest hospitality of their friends and looking over the new settlement the brothers on the following morning pushed on up the stream. They had heard rumors, from hunters and trappers, of the wonderful fertility of the Le Boeuf meadows some twenty miles beyond, and they thought of looking over the ground before effecting a permanent settlement.

At Magoffins Falls, three miles north of the Meads, on a little flat bordered by a romantic glen, certain hard-headed old Scotchmen by the name of Dickson had located claims on the west side of the stream, and where the Dicksons located they were likely to stay. Farther on they came to the mouth of Woodcock Creek, on the east side, and here opened up to their view a vista of unparalleled beauty. The banks of French Creek were fringed to the water's edge with evergreen bushes and trees, while ranged along on the higher bank was a row of stately pines beautiful in their majesty as the cedars of Lebanon. In rear of the pines half a mile in extent was a very gently undulating plain on which grew great old oak trees with spreading tops, the rare old oak that tells of Centuries, a variety that now seems to be extinct. They grew

with ample space between without underbrush or obstruction to the view, to the limits of this wonderful park. Around the outer semi-circle of the park there arose a little plateau, not ten feet in elevation, and from its base flowed springs of pure cool soft water, which fed a circlet of mighty elms, unrivaled in size and beauty by the cultured growth of the princely gardens of the Old World, and there were hundreds of these great trees with wide spreading branches supplementing in grandeur the giant oaks they encircled. Beneath these grew hazel bushes, blackberry and raspberry bushes, hawthorn and crabapple trees and many varieties of beautiful shrubs and plants, while near the northern extremity there was a veritable orchard of wild plums bearing a great variety of large red and yellow fruit. The ground rose from the river margin in regular successive plateaus of easy grade covered with the finest timber of the most valuable and useful kind. The view was enchanting and they moored the canoe to the bank to make further explorations. Here they were met by John Fredebaugh, who had located a claim that took in the Woodcock Creek and joined on the north the land that had attracted their attention. His land being at the confluence of the two streams was naturally alluvial and very rich, but rather low and liable to overflow in case of high water. It was a forest of white walnut (butternut) with here and there a great sycamore towering above and extending its weird white arms over the umbrageous growth beneath. The wild grape vine interlaced the trees and hung in festoons from the branches, forming arborial recesses of rare and inviting beauty. Birds of bright plumage and resonant song fluttered in the trees and woodcock and grouse in great numbers clucked and crowed unawed by the presence of man.

John was one of those honest souls who are seldom immortalized in history, but he was useful in the forest and by the camp fire, and now he came blithely forward to welcome the adventurers in broken dialect and guide them through the everglades and the thickets. He showed them the springs—the finest trees—and where the brownest nuts and richest wild fruits might be gathered. He led them over a wide territory, adjoining the jungle wherein he had taken up his abode, and showed them that on all the broad acres there was not a foot of waste land, unless they wanted to plow up the bed of the trout brooks that here and there meandered through the downs, watering the trees and irrigating the meadows. There was no vantage ground with which John was not familiar, and his enthusiasm was simple, genuine and entertaining.

As evening approached John led them toward the river to a great spring, near the head of the valley, about a mile above the place where they had moored the canoe, from whence rippled a bubbling brook meandering its way to the head of a bayou that reached out from the creek to no great distance from the spring. It was an ideal camping ground and the canoe was brought up, and on a level spot just above the spring, the canvas was spread, cooking utensils brought forth and a campfire lighted—and on that identical spot Arthur M'Gill afterward built his house.

Woodcock and quail, fried and roasted and boiled, formed the substantial part of the banquet that signalized this first arrival of the future lords of the Manor. John was a handy man with the ax, and these old campaigners knew well how to extract comfort and enjoyment from less favorable surroundings—the day's scout had proved the most satisfactory of their lives and they were content.

They no longer had any desire to explore the Le Beouf meadows, seventeen miles away, for had they not here found a place that for wealth of beauty rivaled the fabled gardens of the East?

Fredebaugh was their guest during the night and they were lulled to sleep by the hooting of the owls down along the bayou.

At early morning the orchestra of the forest waked them from their slumbers and they proceeded to take their bearings.

To the east some sixty miles away were the Camps of Cornplanter, the reconstructed Seneca Chief, extending along the Allegheny. There was little danger to be apprehended from these thoroughly licked savages. To the west, within striking distance, were the hunting grounds of many hostile tribes, but they seldom ventured so near their ancient foes the Senecas. Thirty miles to the north was Lake Erie, and so far as they knew there was not a white man north of them in the French Creek Valley.

But it required no elaborate consideration to determine what was to be done. They had looked over and found unoccupied the most beautiful spot in the new Commonwealth and here they would plant—the M'Gills.

Arthur, always the leader and more impulsive and energetic of the two, with the aid of Patrick and Fredebaugh, immediately proceeded to the erection of a rude shack that was to stand as the sign-manual of his ownership and possession of the four hundred acre tract of land on which it stood.

This completed, they dropped down the river to the head of the great oak park where they landed and Patrick proceeded to formally take possession of the tract located between that of Fredebaugh and Arthur. He drove the stakes for his improve-

ment with his own hands and then and there hired Fredebaugh to clear off one-half acre of ground and build thereon a cabin for his occupancy when he returned with his family.

That this improvement was made, all except building the cabin, is proven by a memorandum made in the Surveyor General's office at Harrisburg, of a resurvey of the land for Patrick McGill in the presence of an improvement made for him in February, 1793. Now several things happen right here. This record fixes the date of the expedition as in the fall of 1792, just as tradition gave it. It could not have been made in midwinter.

It settles the question as to any other person taking up the land and then making a present of it to Patrick as has been often stated. He "took it up" himself.

It changes our name and here we drop the good old Scotch apostrophe M'Gill that had traveled with us down the centuries and adopt the Irish form McGill.

The Clerks in the Land Office made it necessary.

With their future homes located on the outer edge, our ancestors, true to the instincts of their race, were now pioneers in the broadest sense. It is a notable circumstance that these two Irish lads —now men—were in America before there was any United States—were in Pennsylvania before there was any Commonwealth—were in the French Creek Country, permanently, before there was any Crawford County—or township of any description.

They were on the frontier ahead of all the political subdivisions that followed in their trail. They were pioneers, not alone of population, but of civilization, blazing the westward course of empire.

Bestowing their canoe and other trappings on Fredebaugh and charging him with the care of their great landed interests they struck out by the upper trail for the Susquehanna land to prepare for removal to their new home.

THE McGILLS

X

They Cross the Mountains Are Pioneers in Fact

Northumberland had been the home of the McGills for about ten years—at any rate it is the first place we found them after the close of the war, and they had taken unto themselves wives and began the process of gathering families around them. Arthur had been married several years and had a number of children.

That he was engaged in farming was evident by the kind of property he had gathered together. Just what Patrick's pursuits had been during this decade is not certain. It was always an accepted tradition that he was a married man at the time they made the expedition into the French Creek Country, but had no children.

Light shines dimly on these old affairs. However, it is known that he had married Anna Maria Baird, who was also a lady of good family of the old Scotch Irish stock; well educated for the times; amiable, motherly, strong and resolute as became the dames of those olden days.

Arthur McGill had fixed the date of his departure for 1794, and he went when the time came. It was not a trifling matter to transport family and effects under existing circumstances from the valley of the Susquehanna to the regions beyond the Allegheny. The blazed tree alone pointed the way

from spring to spring and from mountain top to river ford, and to make the journey with horses, oxen and wagons was a great undertaking. Hardy men were they to plunge into the depths of those dark forest defiles with wife, children, babes in arms, and their little all, seeking a spot where they could plant a habitation and found a family home for their posterity.

The spirit of the Revolution had aroused the hearts of men, and the poor emigrant was asking himself: "Why should I and my children always remain the down-trodden of the earth? Why may not I become a lord of the soil and build up for myself a house from whence I may send forth sons and the sons of sons to win achievements in the peaceful lines of industry and art that will redound to the honor of the name and the glory of my race?" The inspiration was upon the people, and slowly the files were moving along the untrodden mountain ways.

As might be expected from a man of Arthur McGill's disposition he did not propose to go empty-handed to the new home. He had taken ample time for preparation and was not the man to waste time and had collected a very complete outfit of things essential to founding the new settlement. No man knew better than he just what was needed and his goods were selected accordingly—everything for utility—not a thing for sentiment or show.

He had three wagons of the massive Pennsylvania type, with horses and drivers to match each vehicle, packed snug and taut by a master hand at the business. It was a bright autumn day in 1794, that Arthur stowed his sturdy wife and three small boys into one of the great mountain arks fitted for the purpose, and swinging himself into the saddle moved off out of sight behind the ad-

jacent hills. There was no thought of the old wagonmaster being unable to take his snug train safely through. Patrick remained behind, and here for the first time in the twenty-four years they had been in America the brothers were separated for any considerable time.

Arthur made good his long, tough journey, and one day as the sun was going down, pulled up with his little cavalcade at the great spring and again the campfire was lighted, not to be again extinguished for many long years.

Things moved where Arthur McGill was, and if he wanted logs the logs rolled. There was no time spent in jubilating over the safe arrival, but the next morning the ax was resounding on the fine, tall young oaks thereabouts and the teams were snaking in the "cuts" to the location selected for the domicile. Great piles of long, smooth logs soon accumulated around the site—large boulders that ages past had been dropped from festive icebergs—were placed for corners and foundation stones. From a giant poplar, straight as a ribbon, puncheons were hewn for the floors, and clapboards were riven from red oak boles to make the roof. The raising day came—men came from afar to help, and in a single day the house was built. The goods were transferred from the wagons, and the family moved in, and Arthur McGill gave thanks to God under his own vine and figtree, where he spent the remainder of his days. As he needed more room in his dwelling, he added more structures, all of the unhewn log variety, until his place resembled a fortress built to withstand a siege and barring the moat and drawbridge was as strong as the defenses of Cedric the Saxon.

But Patrick was still in the Susquehanna valley. He was not as forceful as Arthur; was more cautious and conservative, of gentle mold, stu-

dious and thoughtful, but in an emergency could and would assume the offensive and act with prompt aggressive energy. Circumstances beyond his control delayed his removal west for more than a year beyond the time fixed, and, no doubt, was the cause of some uneasiness in Arthur's family; they not being aware that he was fully protecting his landed interests on the state records at Harrisburg.

My father, John McGill, was born at Duncan's Island in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, October 19, 1795, and in six weeks from the day of his birth, the family were in the mountain ranges on the way to French Creek Country. Their outfit was not so imposing as that of Arthur's. It consisted of one wagon only, such as we have already described, well suited to the purpose, drawn by a pair of very fine oxen said to have been the first that crossed the range from east to west. The wagon was packed with their bedding, provisions for the journey and short forage for the beasts. Grandmother rode a strong, active, young saddle-horse caparisoned with plush-seated side saddle, curb bit, double-reined bridle, martingale, crupper-pad with straps and all the customary hooks, buckles and loops invented for carrying light baggage, and in her arms rested the six weeks' old son John, taking his first lesson in overland travel. Anna Maria led the procession, while Patrick, goad in hand, encouraged his swift walking beasts to such speed as seemed necessary. He was flanker, rearguard and general scout combined, and nimbly discharged his several duties with great satisfaction to himseif.

Anna Maria McGill was not a woman to borrow trouble, but when confronted with it, she was always ready to meet it. She was of the Maryland Bairds; a family distinguished in colonial annals.

In her veins flowed blood of ancient repute, and from the same source, men have arisen whose deeds have added to the glory and renown of the Republic.

On her good steed she would have charged a battalion in defense of her loved ones, and the feudal dame of story would have been a puff of wind in contact with this gentle Amazon of the forest and the ford. When perilous streams were to be crossed, she fearlessly plunged her horse into the water and found the shallow and smooth places, and the patient oxen followed her through safely.

This compact outfit of Patrick's was an inspiration. It moved with more safety, ease and celerity than any of the more cumbersome trains, and was less trouble—less expense and far more comfortable. It seems to have been suggested by his innate good sense and judgment, as up to that time we find no account of oxen being used in transportation over the Allegheny range, though in after years it was fairly demonstrated that no better method was known.

They made the journey safely, but encountered some adventures on the way. At one time after passing a little mountain settlement, and while in the dense forest, a cross bull suddenly obstructed the way. He was fierce and implacable, and though Patrick confronted him with temerity and valiantly plied the goad he could not drive the brute away. Here was an ugly dilemma. His rifle was swung to the wagon bows, and was not in reach, otherwise the debate would have been brief, but the old campaigner was not slow to determine the right thing to do. His off ox was a fighter from away back that had whipped all the ambitious bovines on the Susquehanna; so the old man slipped quickly around and drawing the bow from the yoke, turned "Ned" loose. That was all

the case required. "Ned" walked straight for the bully; they met in fierce encounter, and for a minute there was a whirlwind among the falling leaves in that forest. The bull was astonished at the terrible onset—dismayed—terrorized; and losing all his courage turned tail and fled bellowing into the brush and disappeared, while old "Ned" returned to his yoke and they went on their way. Had the bull slain the ox, Patrick would have killed the bull, for, at the first dash of the encounter, he secured his gun, but even then, what would have been the situation? With one horse, one ox, a wagon and a baby, in a mountain defile, beyond the reach of immediate help, with winter whispering in the peaks and threatening to submerge the gorges below, with all these contingencies imminent, the destiny of the Patrick branch of the McGills was in hazardous lines that day.

At another time, darkness came down upon them before they could reach the spring where they proposed to camp; for the days were short and twilight did not linger. There was no road; nothing but a trail often obscured by the falling leaves, and progress was impossible in the dark. The cattle were unhooked and cared for, and a fire lighted at the foot of an old tree nearby, and the little party went into bivouac in the most approved style.

Day was breaking when they were awakened by ominous sounds, followed by a great crash. The embers of the fire were scattered far and near. Springing up startled, they found that the old tree had fallen, but fortunately in a direction that did no harm. It was decayed and punky and the fire had eaten into the pedestal on which it had stood firmly for more than a century, and it went down. Grandfather, with all his experience, was learning new lessons in woodcraft.

The most exciting adventure of the journey, however, remains to be told. Some place on the western slope, if, indeed, dropping down successive declivities, may be called a slope, was a great spring from which the waters gurgled forth in a bold rushing stream. Here some well disposed hunter had built a cabin for the purpose of affording shelter to such wayfarers as might need the accommodation, and chose to avail themselves of it. The spring, I am told, is known as the headwaters of the Black Mashon. Here in this rude hospice the weary traveler sought rest and recuperation before making the descent into the valley below. This mountain country was at that season of the year infested with wolves—not, my dear Western cousins, with your little yelping curs of the prairie, but with packs of the great timber wolves of the North, fierce, audacious and dangerous. The moving trains of emigrants had held them at bay during the summer months, but now, at the signs of winter, with only an occasional pack-horse or wagon passing, or once in a while a few returning adventurers on foot, the cowardly brutes were emboldened to come forth from their lairs and infest the trail in search of such offal as the emigrants had cast away along the route.

Patrick was aware of all this, and since the bull incident his gun was not slung up in the wagon to any great extent. For twenty-four hours he had observed signs of the prowling devils, so on their arrival at the hospice he at once proceeded to put matters in shape to stand a siege. The wagon was placed parallel with the building and blockaded to afford protection to the animals. Fires were arranged for, on either flank and rear, and an ample supply of fuel provided. The infant John was safely stowed under the arch of the wagon cover, out of harm's way, and seemed to

take things very philosophically. Pans, kettles, coffee pots and skillets were arranged at hand, and the deadly rifle primed with murderous intent. Night closed in and everything was still. The usual night birds were not heard—they had withdrawn from the scene. Vigilant and alert, the defenders stood at their posts. Midnight passed and there was no sign, but the watchers were not for a moment deceived by the silence; it was too silent, and told of the presence of a sneaking, cowardly foe.

A faint glow from the embers of the fire reflects the gleam of two yellow savage eyes, out in the darkness. "Crack," the rifle speaks—a dead wolf —and simultaneously a fire flashes up—another—and another, as if lighted by electric circuit. Anna Maria was getting in her work—a howl as if the gates of hell were thrown open paralyzes the still night air—recedes—dies away in the distance. The projected rush of the gang had been disconcerted, and they fled back to reorganize.

The gray timber wolves of the North are cunning and strategic beyond other wild animals. They act in concert, and though veritable cowards alone, gain courage with numbers. Old hunters used to tell how the pack by cunning and strategy would capture and destroy the fleetest deer on the range. They are sagacious and sensitive to sound, and any new note or sound unfamiliar to their ears will send them scampering until they have learned the cause.

The gang that waylaid our travelers was strong in numbers, consequently, in dangerous mood. They scented the domestic animals and for days had been on the trail, their numbers increasing as they advanced, and they were no doubt familiar with the point of attack.

A shadow was seen further out in the woods. "Crack!"—another dead wolf, and an answering howl came from far away on the hillside. They now had not long to wait for another onset. The fires were not an unfamiliar sight to the wary beasts—it was the sudden and unexpected flash that frightened them. This time they advanced with a bold front—the flash of the rifle and the expiring yelps of the leader did not intimidate them and they swarmed up howling toward the little barricade, when the infernal clatter of those pans and kettles called a halt and they fled in dismay to their place of rendezvous among the rocks.

The besieged now looked on one another and smiled—the horrid night would soon be past and with daylight safety would be assured. They looked for another attack, but they had yet one resource to fend against assault—the dinner horn was brought forth ready for action. The beasts came as was anticipated, and from this on adopted different tactics. They scattered around the camp and howled dismally—would approach noisily on one side while another gang tried to sneak up on the other side, but they were met by vigilant defenders, and the rifle now cracked frequently, and every time a varmint went to join the harpies. It was close to daylight when there were signs of another rush. They were becoming bolder and more terribly fierce, and their approach more compact and determined, and just when they seemed ready to make the deadly onset, the dinner horn pealed forth a heavenly blast that echoed from hilltop to hilltop, and filled the murky forest with a roaring melody, divinely sweet. The fierce howling of the wolves diminished to a miserable whine, and a roar like the rushing of a tempest told of the mad flight of the now thoroughly frightened gang.

Anna played the horn as if she was sounding the hosannas of the saints, and as the last echo rolled back from the mountain crags, the sun tipped them with amber and gold and the day of deliverance was at hand.

The barricades were now thrown down, the animals watered and fed, a frugal meal dispatched, the mistress vaulted into saddle, Patrick handed up the boy, and the unique outfit rolled and tumbled down the mountain and across the stream to safety.

No other incident deemed worthy of mention occurred to impede their progress, and in the finest weather ever experienced in Western Pennsylvania at that season of the year they pushed briskly on to their destination and finally, at the close of day, pulled into the little clearing John Fredebaugh had made on the banks of French Creek in February, 1793.

The blaze of their campfire quickly brought Arthur to the scene. It was the first intimation he had of their approach. His doors and stores were open to them, but Patrick said "Nay, nay, we are used to camping and we will bide here the night, and to-morrow I'll build the hoose."

THE McGILLS

XI

Patrick's Primeval Park and His Title to the Lands

After Patrick had completed "the hoose" which was like unto that of his brother, built of unhewn logs and shingled with clapboards riven from the surrounding oaks, he could sit in his front door facing south and look out over every part of that lordly park so deftly planted hundreds of years before.

It may have been a matter of conjecture with him whether the hand of some prehistoric race had not had something to do in laying it out on lines so well adapted to the surroundings and so harmoniously arranged.

On the right, the river gently curved around with its evergreen border, and across the stream a bold bluff arose heavily timbered, and here and there a little cascade spouted from living springs and glistened in the morning sun. To the south, the far away jungle of John Fredebaugh displayed an umbrageous growth of great beauty, and to the east, extending north, those great elms were scattered about, a hundred feet apart, with their broad tops interlaced, forming a vista unsurpassed. It was a wonderland! And the cultured old pioneer contemplated it with emotion as he realized that

he was really the owner of this great place and that here his children and grandchildren might grow up and become useful in the world.

But how came it there?

No landscape gardener ever planned on so grand a scale! The French trail led by his door, but was of too recent date to justify the thought that the Franks had aught to do with it. Was it really the work of chance—a freak of nature—or had some fabled Geni from the far East passed that way and touched the jungle with its magic wand, transforming it into this lovely glade? All that was wanting to complete the delusion was the fairy castle set with gems—it was not there, but instead the settler's rude cabin devoid of beauty or adornment—the smoke curling from the stick topped chimney. No! this was not the work of chance or enchantment. "Gitche Manito the Mighty" had planted the grove and given it to his red children of the forest, whom he loved better than he did the Dutch, and for centuries this identical spot had been a playground at the back door of the "long house" of the Six Nations.

But there was no time to indulge in illusions—the bushes must be grubbed from the ground, the sod broken and potatoes and corn planted—the young oaks felled and riven into rails—log heaps piled up and burned and land cleared for future crops. Arduous labors were these, requiring all the physical energies these men possessed, and there was no time for idleness or play. Appleseed John came along and seeds were planted from which in after years great orchards were grown.

At that time there were no apprehensions of trouble from the Indians, and as a matter of fact the French Creek Country was peculiarly exempt from savage incursions. No state of organized warfare existed that affected the settlement.

One morning, however, when Patrick arose from his slumbers and looked out over his great park, he was astonished to see at least a dozen Indian tepees near the southern margin, erected under the great oaks, and there were many dusky forms moving about. Without exciting the curiosity of Anna Maria he marched directly to the scene of action. Approaching in dignified form he addressed the assembled braves in stately tones with words of amity and good will. Not a man answered, but by signs they gave him to understand that none present could pow-wow in English, but on the morrow interpreters would be present with whom he could communicate in a satisfactory manner. Without relaxing his stern stoicism he pointed out his wigwam and making signs of welcome withdrew without a glance to the right, left or rear, erect as a post.

This arrival of redskins caused uneasiness in the settlement, and Arthur wanted to collect a company of settlers and drive the intruders away, but Patrick insisted on being permitted to manage the "noble red man" in his own diplomatic way, and finally prevailed.

On the morrow the promised addition to the party arrived, and with them came several braves who could talk a smattering of English, French and Indian's dialect; they could, however, make themselves intelligible and seemed to readily comprehend the words of the pioneer. A very interesting pow-wow now took place, in which they communicated to each other matters of import on the frontiers; and at the close Patrick was honored with an invitation to a banquet on the following day, and with great dignity he acknowledged the courtesy and accepted the invitation.

On the next day Patrick dined with the red men and was received with great distinction—was adopted into the tribe under the title of "The White Crow," and had many honors conferred upon him. Among other things, he learned the real object of the visit of the Indians to his great park. For many generations it had been their custom during the season of low water in the creek to camp in the vicinity ostensibly to hunt and fish, but for the real purpose of drinking from the "sweet waters" of a spring supposed to possess certain medicinal virtues, very highly prized by the tribe. The spring was located near the southwest corner of "White Crow's" lands, but not on them. It oozed from the earth just above low water mark and when the stream was swollen it was submerged and inaccessible. He was shown the spring and drank of the water, which he pronounced detestable. That this mineral spring was the real attraction to the place is indicated by the fact that for several years they came regularly, and the time of their visit was surely indicated by the stage of water in the stream. These annual encampments continued until a dam was built just below the spring submerging it permanently and after that the red man appeared no more.

Patrick and his whole family attached no importance to this discovery, believing the whole affair to be an Indian superstition, and but for the rediscovery of the mineral water a few years since by some little Dutchmen who were boring for ice the interesting fact that in ages gone by the place had been a summer resort for dusky maidens and husky bucks would have been lost to local history, as many other incidents of the early days have been buried in oblivion. Elated, however, by their accidental find the owners of the spring sought fame and fortune by eliminating all the traditions and

romance that clustered around the story of the ancient Indian spring of healing waters and gave it a new name that they might conserve unto themselves the honors of original discovery and even set up the claim that they were the "first settlers" of the domain on which the mineral waters were found, and with the perspicacity of their kind they launched out into unknown depths in the financial sea—a great hotel and sanitarium went up and the little Dutchmen went down—incidentally.

Many erroneous and conflicting statements have found place in local history and been given wide circulation as to how and by what means Patrick McGill became possessed of his estate. I will, without condescending to argument, quote from the public records of the times a history of the transaction so full and complete as to forever silence all contention and controversy on the subject. We have already shown the fact of his having located the lands in person. Technically, the lands were located by re-survey and here follows the most indisputable evidence of original title from the State.

SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, PA.

Diagram.

A diagram of lands surveyed to Patrick McGill on the east side of French Creek, beginning at a white oak on the banks of said creek; thence up the same by the several courses thereof two hundred and ten perches and eight-tenths of a perch to a white walnut; thence by vacant land east four hundred and fourteen perches and two-tenths of a perch to a post; thence by land of John Meece south one hundred and eighty-four perches and eight-tenths of a perch to a post; and thence by

land of John Fredebaugh west four hundred and twenty-six perches to the beginning; containing four hundred and thirty-nine acres and one hundred and fifty-seven perches.

Memoranda.

In pursuance of an actual settlement commenced by Patrick McGill in the month of September, 1796, was re-surveyed for him the 20th day of December, 1800, the above described land containing four hundred and thirty-nine acres, one hundred and fifty-seven perches and allowance of six per cent for roads. Situated on the eastern side of French Creek in Mead township, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, it being the same land that was re-surveyed for the said Patrick McGill on the 28th day of June, 1794, in the presence of his improvements beginning the 25th day of February, 1793.

(Signed) WM. McARTHUR,
Deputy Surveyor.

SAMUEL COCHRAN,
Surveyor General.

Patent of
PATRICK McGILL,
429 Acres—157 Perches of Land,
Crawford County.

This is a venerable parchment bearing date the 24th day of July, 1802. It recites in part: "That in consideration of monies paid by Patrick McGill into the Receiver General's office of the sum of twenty pounds, sixteen shilling and three pence lawful money; also in consideration of his having made it appear that he made or caused to be made an actual settlement and continued residence on

the herein described tract of land, agreeably to the Ninth Section of an Act of the General Assembly passed the third day of April, 1792 * * * which said tract was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant dated the sixth day of June, 1801, granted to the said Patrick McGill, a certain tract of land, etc. In this patent Roger Alden is mentioned as adjoiner on the south, instead of John Fredebaugh, who seems to have been separated from his jungle and disappears from the record. Over the Great Seal of the Commonwealth is the autograph signature of Thos. McKean, Governor—below is the signature of T. M. Thompson, Sec. On the reverse side is the certificate and seal of the "Rolls Office," giving date of enrollment in Patent Book No. 48, Page 57. This 6th day of July, 1802.

A critical examination of the records and documents in the case discloses the fact that from the first inception Patrick McGill had carefully and in due legal form protected his claims to the lands in question. He drove his stakes in 1792—he caused an improvement to be made for him by John Fredebaugh in February, 1793—he had a resurvey by the Deputy Surveyor of the Commonwealth in the presence of his improvement in 1794—he appeared on the ground with his family and effects in 1795 and had a re-survey to prove his actual occupancy in 1796.

On the 20th day of December, 1800, he had a survey for warrant—a re-survey upon which warrant was granted June 6th, 1801. Patent issued July 24, 1802.

It is difficult to see how any one could squeeze through this legal barrier to make a gift of the land to Patrick—yet all local history says, "Arthur McGill took up 800 acres of land and afterwards gave 400 to his brother Patrick."

Now real estate cannot be transferred by gift or otherwise without leaving tracks upon the record. We have faithfully and truthfully traced the footprints of Patrick and will now turn to those of Arthur. These tracks, be it remembered, are still on record and open to the inspection of any one who chooses to look over the ancient tomes.

DIAGRAM.

ARTHUR McGILL, 398 acres, 60 perches.

Beginning at a white walnut on the bank of French Creek, S. W. corner, thence east four hundred and twelve perches and one-tenth to a post; thence north one hundred and ninety-eight perches to a thornbush; thence west two hundred and forty-eight perches to a hemlock on the bank of French Creek; thence S. W. by the several meanderings of said creek two hundred and sixty-seven perches to the place of beginning.

The bearings down stream are shown on the record, but are so many and intricate that we omit them.

The adjoiners marked are south, Patrick McGill; east, Holland Co.; north, Thomas Campbell; west, French Creek.

MEMORANDA.

In pursuance of warrant for 400 acres, dated the 24th day of April, A. D. 1816, was surveyed to Arthur McGill on the 17th day of June, A. D. 1816, the above described tract of land containing 398 acres, 60 perches and the allowance of six per cent for roads, etc., and at the time of making said survey the said Arthur McGill was in possession of the same, and there appeared to be upward of

fifty acres of land cleared and fenced, a house and barn, etc., and that the same is situate in Rockdail township, Crawford County, Pennsylvania.

(Signed) JAMES HERRINGTON, Dp. Sr.

To Richard Leech, Esquire, Surveyor General
Land Office, Pa.

The above appears to be the only real estate transaction that Arthur ever had with the Commonwealth, at least, there is no record of any other transaction in the Old Land Office.

On the final survey of Patrick McGill's land it was found that the original surveyors had left vacant a strip thirty perches wide containing seventy-three acres lying between Patrick's land and Arthur's claim. They therefore did not join lands as they supposed, and as a matter of sentiment did not wish to have a stranger settle down between them. Neither wanted the land—they had each enough without it and to effect a settlement and perfect title would involve considerable expense. They finally amicably adjusted the matter, Patrick being much the wealthiest, consented to take up the strip, which he did, by building a cabin and putting a tenant (Fred'k Hickernell) in possession and finally it was added to his estate, making a total acquired by settlement of between five and six hundred acres of the finest land in the State.

THE McGILLS

XII

The Ancestral Home, Built 1802 Standing in Good Repair 1908

Major Roger Alden, who is mentioned as an adjoiner on the South of Patrick McGill in place of John Fredebaugh, the original occupant of the jungle, was a man highly esteemed in military, social and financial circles. He was connected with the Army—had been a soldier of some renown in the Revolution and had served on the staff of General Washington and General Greene, and filled several responsible positions in the war. His career had been distinguished and honorable. He was the first Agent of the Holland Land Company in this county and acquired local celebrity by being one of the principals in the only duel ever fought, according to the code, in the county.

He acquired possession of the Fredebaugh lands with a view to the erection of mills at this point, which was, and is, the best mill site on French Creek. The natural place for a dam was just south of the Patrick McGill line. The east bank below the intersection of this line with the river fell away and the adjacent territory was liable to overflow in high water times, and would become more liable after the building of the dam. Alden therefore, for the successful operation of the proposed improvement, wanted more and higher land in its vicinity, and the land exactly suited to the

purpose belonged to Patrick McGill. Now the erection of mills was a prime necessity to the success of the settlement, and in consideration of this and a liberal price paid in cash, Patrick sold his park to Major Alden and lived to see it converted into a log yard. The amount of land sold was two hundred acres and the transfer took place in 1802. This left Patrick three hundred and fifty acres including the vacant strip heretofore mentioned and was a good transaction for the pioneer. The mills were built in good shape and the value of the remaining tract was increased four-fold.

The locality had heretofore been known as the "McGill Settlement," but the name was now very properly changed to "Alden's Mills," and as such it was known all over Western Pennsylvania and beyond. In very dry times people came from afar and camped around, waiting for the grinding of their grain.

Major Alden was a good friend of the McGills and they esteemed him highly.

It was not far from this time (1802) that Patrick McGill's house burned down. The loss was considerable, not on account of the value of the goods destroyed, but by reason of the difficulty of replacing them and it was thus that the first house erected on the present site of the borough of Saegerstown went out of existence. Another house, however, was immediately built and is still standing, the most ancient dwelling in the historic valley of French Creek.

This second house was of hewn logs of uniform size, dove-tailed at the corners and was a good story and a half high. The chimney was in the center of the building with a fireplace opening into each room large enough to take in four-foot wood. This stone stack with center back wall was carried up square to the top of the first story where the

back wall or partition was discontinued, and from thence one flue of smaller dimensions built of brick gave vent to both furnaces below. Great stone hearths were laid even with the floors and iron cranes, secured in the masonry, swung back and forth laden with hooks, kettles and pots. On each side of the chimney there was a passage way, the one being utilized for an abrupt stairway leading to the rooms in the upper story, and the other for the ordinary purpose of passing from one room to the other. The space under the stairs was partitioned off for a closet in which stood sundry utensils for culinary purposes. The floors were laid with wide matched pine flooring, which I suppose was of the earliest product of the mill. Now it so happened that the boards contained many sound pine knots and as the pine knot is eternal and the surrounding wood is soft and pliable, readily yielding to rough shod tread, and the wear and tear of scrub-broom and brush, the knots, in the course of time, became prominent in the floors of our ancestral halls.

To the north side a cellar was built, over which was a lien one story high and wide enough to furnish a kitchen and bedroom. On the front, facing south, was a porch extending the whole length of the building.

With pioneers, the spring is always a ruling factor in locating the dwelling. We have seen how the great spring lured Arthur to the site of his castle, and a spring was not wanting in the case of Patrick. It bubbled up strong and pure from the bank of the creek, and at the building of the dam was protected from pollution by a sycamore gum. When this ceased to be effective a well was dug in front of the porch, and walled with flat stones, a curb constructed and a sweep mounted on a fork from which dangled "the old oaken

bucket." This in turn gave way to the great pump-log, with ponderous iron handle and nicely rounded cap all painted red—a thing of beauty to youthful eyes, but the remorseless march of progress would not spare even the beautiful red pump and it had to give way to the clatter of the chain device, and it to the force pump, all in front of that old porch, covering a period of more than one hundred years. The porch I know is still there, but what has become of all those pumps I do not know.

My earliest recollection of the inclosure is of a strong rail fence with a stile over which youth and beauty vaulted with nimble feet, but the rails decayed and became food for the outdoor oven. Then the ground was graded smooth and a high close board fence was built that shut from outside view the beauties enclosed, and hid from the sight of boys and men the large ripe apples that strewed the ground, but the winds beat hard against this wooden barrier and it became warped and twisted and anything but attractive in appearance, and finally toppled over and also went to the bake oven. Then a very fair open barred board fence, with swinging gate and spring steel latch was substituted that outlived the age of gates and then went out of existence, leaving an open lawn.

About fifty years ago, or more, it became necessary to grade for a sidewalk in front of the premises and in making the necessary excavations the ashes and burned stone foundations of the original cabin built in 1796 were unearthed, fixing the exact location which was directly in front of the present old building.

The original barns and outbuildings on the premises were of the roughest and crudest kind, constructed of great round logs, built up in cribs with a view to shelter only, and placed where most convenient, without any regard to harmony of propor-

tions or astronomical bearings; and it could not well be otherwise when we consider that necessity was the architect and master builder, and want of means financed the job. They were, however, large, commodious and filled the bill, but one can well imagine their uncouth appearance and the singular view the group presented to traveler or tourist passing that way. Those old structures are long since gone, torn down, destroyed—yes, forgotten; for there are very few men living now who were cotemporaneous with the last days of the old log barn.

At an early date the old house was weather boarded and painted and has undergone many changes and repairs, but being built of sound timber on solid foundations it has withstood the ravages of time, and although out of fashion still presents a respectable appearance. Its quaint gables and scanty verge tell tales of the passing years, but they do not grumble or shrink from the appointed task of affording shelter to the generations of men. Few people would suspect that those heavy walls were built of solid oak. I know of no building of greater age in the French Creek valley, and there was certainly no private dwelling of greater local celebrity than this in the early years of the last century. During grandfather's lifetime it was the home of hospitality, that did not give but shared the good things of life with friend and wayfarer alike. There was always plenty around the board flavored with the good will of the host. True, there was no money in sight and markets were far away, but the earth yielded of its abundance and the larder was rich from the forest and stream and no cry of want ever went up from the hospitable roof, nor was the door ever closed to the wayfarer, be he white, black or red.

After the war the tide of immigration was renewed from the old Antrim-land, and many came and "tarried a bit wid Paddy McGill," while they looked up a suitable location on which to establish the home, and among them were men who in after years became prominent in local affairs, and some of their descendants have been heard from in matters of importance to the state and nation.

Another line of population came in from other portions of the Green Isle representing a different class of Celts. These were the Catholic Irish, who, near the beginning of the Nineteenth century settled on the upper Cussewago—near the great divide, some eight or ten miles northwest of the McGill settlement. What good genius guided their wandering footsteps to this beautifully secluded vale we will probably never know, but they came and made good their claims to land against the rapacity of Foreign Land Thieves, and this one fact sufficiently explains why their history has never been written or their names inscribed on the maps published under the auspices of the representatives of the Dutch Despoilers. These predatory cabals had no use for such men as they. They were poor —they were Irish—they were Catholics! These three reasons were sufficient for the fake historians hired by the representatives of the old gang of thieves to consign them to oblivion. But they made good their lands, and their descendants, now widely peopling this and adjoining counties, will have something to say as to who shall pose as the great benefactor of the people they robbed or tried to rob.

These men came straggling in as they could, just as all our old Celtic ancestors did, and their road to the divide was by the door of our old ancestral home, and many a weary Celt was rested, fed and

warmed and sent rejoicing on his way to the "beyant." The rites of hospitality were sacred within those old walls as long as the old pioneer lived.

And the old place is memorable for other reasons—great men have been born beneath that hospitable roof—men known to history, and from thence descendants have gone out to the Atlantic shores and others dwell far away on the great Pacific Strand—a strong, proud, prolific race have spread out across the continent, each working out his destiny as God has appointed him to do all looking back to the old house by the placid little river as the starting point of our people in this great New World.

Venerable eyes of past generations have been forever closed, as well as those of youth and beauty under this ancient roof-tree—joys and sorrows have been blended—and within its old walls prayers have been said—songs sung—the cheery laughter of merry childhood heard, and bitter tears shed. Men and women have been born, lived their allotted time and died, but the old house remains a monument to the crude handicraft of a dead century.

THE McGILLS

XIII

Arthur on the Highways
The Teuton Came with Itching Palm to Rob and Steal

Arthur McGill pushed on his hustling way. He was in his element—a free country and a free hand to any conceivable enterprise that promised fair results in public good and private gain. His was a broad culture and he possessed wide, liberal views of men and affairs. His domestic relations were a model of kindest solicitude and love and his doors were open to wayfarers and friends alike with a welcome so hearty and free that it gave zest to his bounteous fare. His heart went out after the poor people of his native land, who were straggling into the wilds to find a home in a free land—a blessing unknown to them for many generations, but for which their souls longed. He picked them up by the wayside and gathered them into his castle by the big spring, fed them, lodged them and journeyed over the hills with them to point out the way, and his place became famed from the Delaware to the Lakes for its unstinted hospitality, especially to people from the "old sod."

As soon as the erection and armament of his fortress was completed he turned his attention to the approaches, and the highways became the dominating object of his energies. The instincts of the old wagon-master were strong within him, he knew

the value of a good road and how to make it. His men and teams were at work building bridges and culverts all the way to Lake Erie, corduroying swamps, grading down hillocks and making communication as easy as possible from his home to the great natural channels of commerce and trade. He was not the man to sit down and make plans and drawings and estimate expenses and profits, as Patrick would probably have done, but it was his to take hold and force the barriers and complete the job before the plans were finished. There seemed to be no limit to his force and compulsion of men and material when energetic push was required. It was said of him that he never had any friction with his employes, but had a faculty of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm and zeal in the work which enabled him to accomplish more in less time and at less cost than any contractor on the line.

In 1801 a one-horse mail route was established between Erie and Franklin, which supplied the French Creek valley with mail transportation. In 1806 the route was changed to Warren, and a one-horse route opened from Erie to Pittsburg, and Arthur McGill had the contract of carrying the mail. Arthur, the son of Arthur, the Pioneer, was then a youth of about sixteen years—mounted in the saddle and carried the first U. S. mail over the route. It was from Pittsburgh to Butler—to Mercer—to Meadville—to Waterford—to Erie and return, there being postoffices, I think, at each of the points named, and the young postman passed his father's door both going and returning. The route was over one hundred and thirty miles, mostly through woodland and forest. After the completion of the Waterford and Susquehanna turnpike the mail was transferred to that route, two miles east. The mode of transportation was soon

changed from one horse to two—one to carry the mail bags, the other the carrier. This method soon gave way to a two-horse conveyance, and then came the Stage Company, with its four-horse coaches and aristocratic drivers, who posed as the social equals of river pilots and other great personages of the frontier. Arthur became interested, not only in opening up the routes over the mountains, but also in the stage lines and other methods of transportation from the East to the shores of the Great Lakes. How long he continued in the coach and mail business I am unable to say, but he at least held his grip on the lines until his son Arthur was firmly seated on the box.

The first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century were strenuous years for the people of Western Pennsylvania. Dr. Bates says "they were very poor," and then like several other writers expends large store of rhetoric on the dangers they encountered from the wild beasts of the forest, venomous reptiles and ruthless savages.

Their hardships, woes and privations, in their lonely cabins, have been sung in song, told in story and rehearsed in the declamatory efforts of theological students from time immemorial, or, at least, until they have become stale, but a careful survey of the ground fails to disclose a solitary instance of the human form being torn by wild beasts within the limits of our county nor any one being destroyed by the venomous rattlers. "They were very poor," saith Dr. Bates—and that is what hurt most.

The soil was good and very productive—the water and air the best on earth—the grazing grounds the finest—the pastures the sweetest—the men and women were frugal and industrious and by no means devoid of intelligence and enterprise. They were not forlorn on account of the wild beasts! and

there was no failure of crops nor destruction by flood, famine or fire! How is it then that they were very poor?

There were other reasons for the hard times that had fallen upon them. They were four hundred miles away from a market for their products. Pittsburg was not then the "Birmingham of America" as it afterwards became and afforded them no market, and the great river trade that in time developed unheard of proportions was not available for them—their only outlet was over the mountains to Philadelphia four hundred miles away, and their only method of reaching that mart was on horseback or on wheels. Under these conditions their means of making money were very limited, yet they could live and be happy. They had resources within themselves to improve their lands and furnish their dwellings with comforts of home production independent of the far away traffic of the East. They could feed, clothe and shelter their little ones and bide the time for the incoming tide of improvement trending their way.

But other troubles came to thwart their purposes and absorb the hard earned fruits of their industry. Their ancient enemy and oppressor of their race found them out, hidden away as they were beyond rivers and behind mountains, and with the keen instinct of a predatory beast made a descent upon their homes.

THE TEUTON CAME.

Dr. Samuel P. Bates, the historian and champion apologist for the misdeeds of corporations and men, in his history, entitled "Our Country and Our People," page 182, thus records the coming of the Dutch, "At the close of the Revolutionary War several wealthy gentlemen of Holland, who had loaned money to the Government to carry on the

war, desiring to keep their money invested in this country, accepted lands in payment. The company holding these lands was known as the Holland Land Company, and their holdings in the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania were about 900,000 acres."

This would seem to be a plain statement of a business transaction between the state and the company, and whatever might be thought of the justice or policy of compelling the northwestern corner to pay the state's quota of the expenses of the Revolutionary War, the Holland Company appears in the light of a very innocent purchaser, simply accepting lands in payment for money loaned. But on looking further into the methods of the transfer of this vast property the deal is presented in a very different light, and the statement of Dr. Bates seemingly so beautifully candid appears misleading, and untrue, in fact. The Holland Land Company did not accept lands in payment of their loan, but, instead, availing themselves of certain conditions in the Act of April 3, 1792, that made a gigantic fraud possible, they, with unlimited capital at command, entered into competition with the actual settlers for possession of the lands, and won out!

Sitting in their offices in the City of Philadelphia, or on the Zuyder Zee for aught we know, with the maps of the state survey of the lands acquired by the treaty of 1784 spread out before them, those "several wealthy gentlemen in Holland" located their claims on every available foot of land in "the corner" under the provisions of the Settlement Act of 1792, without having driven a stake, or blazed a tree, or placed an occupant on the ground. This Act contained a clause known as the prevention clause, which provided that if the settler was prevented from entering upon the lands he claimed

by Indian hostilities he might by showing such fact obtain warrant for survey on that account. This clause was ostensibly in the interests of the actual settler, but was later believed to have been in furtherance of the great conspiracy to steal 900,000 acres of land in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania.

Having technically located these lands which gave them a pre-emption of two years in which to commence permanent and continuous settlement the Hollanders promptly proceeded to become frightened on account of Indian incursions and claimed title to all that vast domain under the "prevention clause of the Settlement Act." A more preposterous claim could not be conceived! From 1784, the date of the treaty at Fort Stanwix, when the state acquired title from the Indians, to 1804—a period of twenty years during which this villainy was hatched—two men only had been killed by savages within the limits of Crawford County, and that occurred in 1791 and did not drive away the half dozen settlers who in company with the murdered men had located lands in the French Creek valley—nor did it prevent the coming and remaining of the Humes, Dicksons, McGills and others, who made good their titles in spite of the Indians and the Dutch, having secured their rights to title before the Hollanders got their clutches on the property. All the time this villainous scheme was in embryo poor men from the East and from over the water were toiling along the rugged ways toward this land of promise, unaware of the impending robbery that awaited them. The Indians kept no emigrants out and the Holland Land Company brought none in. They were coming all the time as fast as they could—coming to be skinned, though they knew it not.

The company set up a test case to establish their titles, which after going through the lower courts with unsatisfactory results finally reached the United States tribunals and upon pretexts too frivolous to mention the pretentions of the Hollanders were sustained.

With the hostile Indians on the Maumee more than three hundred miles away, not daring to venture farther East, it was held by the learned court that their presence at that remote distance, and their known hostility, prevented the Holland Land Company from putting settlers on their lands along Muddy Creek and elsewhere, and that because the would-be occupants were scared at the rumor of hostiles therefore this foreign company, who never did anything for this or any other country, except in gratification of greed, were entitled to those nine hundred thousand acres of the most fertile and beautiful lands in the state at a cost of twenty-five cents per acre, to the exclusion of our own people! The real facts were, whatever may have been proven before the court, that not a soul outside the offices of the land company was scared a bit, and no one was prevented from entering upon the lands except by the Holland Land Company! This was the substance of the whole matter. It was a fraud from start to finish, and everybody knew it, but in the presence of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States the old men in the woods were powerless. Once in the saddle, the land business was soon reduced to a system. Every settler whose title was found defective was ousted or given the alternative of buying his own settled acres from this foreign corporation at an advance of one thousand per cent, which was very cheap and reasonable for such elegant lands; $2.50 per acre was certainly not exorbitant, and of this the state got twenty-five cents and the company

$2.25, and the settler got skinned. I do not give the above figures as exact (except the last item), but they approximate the real facts. The rate of purchase given (.25) is the same as paid by actual settlers under the Act of 1792, and it is a sure case that these speculators did not pay more than the law allowed. Millions of dollars were paid by the people for those lands, all of which went over the sea never to return. It is not necessary to say that the struggling little settlements in Western Pennsylvania for twenty-five years, suffered a financial stringency unknown in any other part of this great free country. Our old men who paid the state for their homesteads found themselves marooned in this sea of poverty, without means of escape—yea, "They were very poor!"

THE McGILLS

XIV

The Incubus is Being Raised
Prospects Brighten
The First School

Arthur and Patrick McGill had no dealings directly with the Holland Land company. Their titles and possessions were never called in question, and their personal relations with the management were strictly formal. They were not of the kind who fall in line and keep step with file leaders; they acknowledged no leaders, and though always courteous, were never obsequious to assumed authority. They made their own plans and executed them in their own way—they blazed their own trail and followed it at will. Encroach upon them wrongfully, and the spines of the thistle hardened—"Touch and I pierce," was the ancient motto of their race, and it held good on French Creek as it had for a thousand years on the banks of the Clyde.

Their holdings were comparatively small, but they were the free unimpeached lords of the soil, owing no service to company or gang, and as such in the sight of God and humanity, ranked high over sordid aims and lust of gain. They cringed to no man—it was theirs to strike hands with destiny on the higher plane of the inalienable rights of man—and look down with scorn on the mercenary tools of foreign wealth who were ravaging this fair "garden of the Gods."

It was during this crisis from 1799 to 1824 that the "actual settlers" did their most strenuous work in expanding and advancing the interests of the people in the French Creek country. They were safe from the terror of forfeiture and eviction that menaced so many homes, and they grappled with strong arms the difficulties with which they were environed. They hewed ways through the forests to open communication with the outside world. They built flatboats and barges and constructed rafts to float lumber and anything salable down the stream and subsidized keel-boats to bring up supplies. Their numbers were limited, for the spoilers hewed close to the line. Four tracts of land only in the McGill Settlement escaped spoliation, and they were those of Roger Alden, Patrick and Arthur McGill and Thomas Campbell, all adjoining—the last named being a triangle on the stream containing one hundred and sixty-eight acres. All the remainder of Woodcock township except the Humes tract (then in Rockdale) was seized and appropriated to the use of "several wealthy gentlemen in Holland."

It will be readily seen that though the "actual settler" did not pay tribute directly to the beast his hands were tied for want of money, all of which was sent over the sea, and he had no means to break through to the markets. However, he came to the front and did all that man could do. In this time of sore need the plunging energies of Arthur McGill and a few more like him were beyond value—they were a beneficence. It was these men who opened a highway over the mountains and rivers to the city of Philadelphia, four hundred miles away, and started the Conestoga to climbing the hills on its voyage of relief. Many of them sacrificed every-

thing they had and went down into obscurity and are never to be mentioned in the history of "Our Country and Our People."

The Holland Land Company built no roads, except perchance a trail to lead purchasers to remote vacant lands. They built no mills but those of the most temporary character, designed solely to enhance the value and sale of their property, and these were disposed of at a profit as soon as they had fulfilled the purpose of their erection. They opened no avenues to wealth that did not empty the proceeds into their coffers. They did not promote the prosperity of the country, but they retarded it. They did not advance civilization, but by their greed they debauched it. They were not a blessing to "Our Country and Our People," but a curse. They present a theme for Dante; I am not equal to the possibilities of the epic.

It has been intimated that the little Dutchmen behind the dykes had some glimmering of the hereafter when they looked over those nine hundred thousand acres of stolen land—and being great theologians they proceeded promptly to abolish hell and set up a new religion better adapted to the circumstances of the case.

Patrick was not built for the rough and tumble of the frontier, at least, he was not as sturdy physically as his distinguished brother and many others, but was none the less useful. He associated himself with other pioneers who were interested in building up the country and by combining their means brought sheep, cattle, hogs and horses from the Rappahannock valley in Virginia and distributed them among the farmers at cost, without one cent of profit, and the result was that in a few years droves of animals were being driven over the mountains and cash returned to the producers.

Their stock was not of the fancy imported kind —they could not afford such—but were animals adapted to the climate and existing conditions in the bush. The cattle were of the hardy white oak brand that could winter on the twigs of fallen trees and come out strong in the spring—coarse wooled sheep that could stand the rigors of the climate and yield large supplies of wool, mutton and tallow; and the razorback hog that could forage for roots after the mast failed in the fall of the year—animals tough as the settlers and inured to the thumps of adversity.

The razorback hog, often spoken of with much contumely, was really a useful animal to the husbandman in the early days.

In the fall of the year the hills were rich with mast, all kinds of nuts and other edible growths upon which the beasts fed and fattened with great content. Each farmer had from thirty to forty head bearing his mark, and they roamed the forest at will, devoured the nuts, slept under the trees and grew fat. When they were gathered in and slaughtered, the meat, smoked and reduced to bacon, was a most delectable article of food, as well as a valuable commodity of commerce and trade. The hogs left over after the butchering generally returned to the woods and rooted their way through the winter, requiring no further care and coming out in the spring, thin, flexible and ready to pick up anything in sight. They were little or no trouble to the owners, cost comparatively nothing to keep and were the scavengers of the farm and forest.

The much maligned razorback was not pretty to look upon. His body was long, thin, wide, slab-sided and covered with sandy red bristles—his limbs long, and he could outrun a deer—if he could be taught to run in the right direction he would

have proved a wonder on the race track—but this could never be done. His eyes were close together and had a mean look, but his snout was the crowning deformity of the poor beast—it beat the Jews. He was exceedingly handy with that offensive member, and to ward against it was a work of high art, and, really the greatest item of expense in keeping the razorback was to fence him out of the growing crops. But at that time the ungainly brute was more valuable to the farmer than Berkshire or Chester White could possibly have been. He was made to live on the only forage they could provide, and with all his ugliness he had some useful qualities. Razorback bacon that had been smoked over a green hickory fire was a dainty that the great Chefs of London and Paris could never approach, and the article became a staple in trade and proved a valuable factor in raising the Dutch incubus that oppressed the people.

The scheme to stock the country with domestic animals suited to the climate and forage conditions worked admirably and was a considerable relief to the financial pressure of the times. And there were other agencies that brought aid and assistance to the good work.

The transportation of salt from the Saline works in New York by way of Erie and Waterford and thence by French Creek to the lower country created a great demand for flatboats and consequent market for lumber, and the ke-chuck-ke-chuck-ke-chuck of every little sash-saw in the country could be heard day and night. Times began to brighten as the poor people began to feel money in their pockets. Other people came in with means to pay for their farms and help on with the improvements without sensibly feeling the pressure; the incubus was being raised, and hope re-

newed. Spinning wheels, looms, and flax brakes were running; the wheels of domestic industry hummed, and no more frugal and industrious people ever lived than those old pioneers in the French Creek valley.

The operation of Alden's Mills at their doors was a great relief to Arthur and Patrick McGill. They were located on the best water power on the river and one that never failed. Other mills, for thirty miles around, were compelled to shut down a portion of each year on account of the drouth, but such has never been the case at this point. When constructing the mills, Major Alden built a log blacksmith shop on or near the spot where the trolley depot now stands, and used it for the purpose of forging the nails used for the building, every one of which was made by hand. While engaged at this work the smith did jobs of custom work which was a great convenience, but when the mills were completed Vulcan banked his fires and went on strike and the building was left vacant. Patrick McGill obtained from Major Alden the temporary use of the structure for school purposes, and it was thoroughly renovated and whitewashed with blue clay inside and out, a plank floor laid—glass windows put in—a fireplace constructed and other improvements made. Slabs were procured from the mill, holes bored and legs inserted—long ones for the large pupils and short for the little ones. Miss Betsy McCall, a bright-eyed girl recently imported from the Susquehanna country, who had learned the rudiments, was duly installed as teacher. Thus the first school at Alden's Mills where Sagerstown now stands was inaugurated through the agency, efforts and at the expense of Patrick McGill. It was not a great institution, but it filled a long felt want.

Betsy kept on teaching, whether paid or not, relieved once in a while by some tramp pedagogue who would teach a term of two or three months—gather up what little money he could—and then leave, when Patient Betsy would return to her work and pursue her unrequited way. She was not a great teacher, but was useful in her patient, humble way.

The drunken little Irish schoolmaster was much in evidence during the early days. He was a literary tramp—a scholar—a sot and a gentleman. He was always a graduate of some great institution of learning in the Old Country, and this was sober truth, for he carried the credentials to show and was unquestionably a scholar of no mean attainments, but his erratic habits were such as to exclude him from the profession in higher schools of repute. He was always neatly dressed, polite and affable—loaded with a fund of wit, anecdote and pleasantry that rendered him a welcome guest to cultured men who had long been sequestered from congenial society. He would tarry awhile, instruct the boys, not only in learning, but also in deportment, and in the manners and customs of polite society, but just when he had made himself almost indispensable in the family circle, he would get on a glorious drunk and have a hilarious old time, after which he would betake himself to the road and be seen no more.

Several of these roving gentlemen from time to time bestowed their society on Patrick, and it is thought that he was not averse to their entertainment, for by that means he secured facilities for instructing his boys that could not otherwise be obtained. He enjoyed their company and retained them as private tutors for his family. It is believed that Arthur's family were given the same advantages, for there was not one of Arthur's four boys

and Patrick's three who was not well equipped for the transaction of business in any ordinary line. They never attended Betsy McCall's academy and there is no record of any of them having attended school away from home, except that my father, John, went one term to the Meadville Academy, and it is very probable that Arthur's John enjoyed the advantages of the schools at Erie, where he lived from fourteen years of age to twenty-one. They were well educated at home by private instructors. When grown they were fully competent to take positions with any of the "landed gentry" with whom they chose to associate.

The Betsy McCall Academy was purely a beneficence on the part of Major Alden and Patrick McGill for the benefit of those who were otherwise deprived of all chances of schooling, and though very humble, it was really a blessing. Much has been written about that first school.

One great historian says that Jonathan G. David taught the first school in the old blacksmith shop. Jonathan G. David never taught any school at Alden's Mills or in Sagerstown, but his father, Rev. Owen David, a Baptist clergyman, came in later and did supplant Betsy for a term or two. Betsy's labors and toils and triumphs preceded the advent of all this trash. She taught the first school on French Creek, between Meadville and the Deadwater.

THE McGILLS

XV

The War of 1812
The Deadwater and Yankee Hill

The boys were ripening into manhood and they were a strong, sturdy lot—each one a worker—not a slouch among them. Arthur had four sons and four daughters—Patrick, three sons and two daughters. Arthur's sons were Arthur, Jr., Henry, John and Robert—and the sons of Patrick were John, William P. and Charles D. The second generation in America was starting in with seven healthy, wholesome, virile scions, giving fair promise to perpetuate the race.

In 1812, when the war with England occurred, Arthur, Jr., must have been about 22 years old, Henry 20, John 18, and Robert 12. Of Patrick's sons—John was 17, William P. 16 and Charles D. 10 years old. Arthur, Jr., was probably engaged in his mail route affairs, but was nevertheless at Erie when the attack was threatened by the British fleet. Henry was there from the first inception of the building of Perry's fleet. John was already in Erie learning his trade. These young men did not march with Captain Long's company of Penn's Militia called out in the crisis of affairs, but they were there long before Long was ordered out, putting in their best licks at getting out timbers for the ships, building fortifications and defensive works and doing whatever was to be done prompt-

ly and efficiently. Arthur, the Pioneer, the father of these boys, was then quite old, but age did not deter him from moving in a body to the threatened point. He was there with all his teams, rolling, dragging, sliding and pulling great timbers from the forest to the bay for building the war vessels. At his advanced years he was not supposed to put his shoulder to the canthook as in former days, but his experience and peculiar push were invaluable.

My father, John, was not permitted to take part in the campaign, whereat he was very sad. Patrick made him stay at home and attend to the growing responsibilities of a large farm, which were fast being transferred from the old to the younger shoulders. He submitted with filial obedience, but a sore heart.

Patrick, however, did not propose that his family should be unrepresented in the stirring events of the hour, and having unlimited confidence in his own valor, as proven in former wars—he took his old long-barreled rifle from the hooks, picked his flints, filled the pouch and horn and boldly marched for the scene of action.

They do say, that as he marched along through the dark defiles of the forest he kept step with true military precision. The gloom of night was closing in when he arrived in front of the battlements of the historic fortress of Fort Le Boeuf. He was not unknown in the little hamlet of Waterford and was soon surrounded by old cronies who patted him on the back and extolled his patriotism. They brought water and bade him wash his dirty feet —oil with which to anoint his blistered heels, and they gave him stimulants to make his heart glad.

He retired early and slept late, but was awakened in the morning by the trumpet of a courier just arrived from Erie announcing that the British fleet had retired up the lake and everything was

safe. No further incentive to heroic deeds remained, and there was nothing left but to return home. But our great ancestor was in trouble. His feet were swollen and sorely blistered—his joints crackled for want of lubrication—his back ached viciously from having so long maintained the position of a soldier bold, but by dint of his indomitable will with the aid of potent irrigation he was enabled to fall into line and take up his march homeward by easy stages which required several days.

While all this was going on, John, who was pouting about his enforced absence from the scene of military activity, happened upon an incident that gave him great distinction and prestige.

It was the custom in those days to turn out the teams to graze on the Commons at will during the nights, and one morning when John was seeking his horses down on the flats in a very dense fog he came across a man sitting on a log at the bank of the Creek. They exchanged greetings, but before they could open conversation a mounted officer dashed out of the fog and riding straight at them called out, "Halt!" The man on the log plunged into the river—the rider, without a moment's hesitation plunged his horse right in after him. The footman evaded the horse and took to the shore again, the officer called to John, "Stop that man—he is a deserter!" John buckled right in with the stranger and there was a deadly struggle for a half minute, but the boy brought down his man. "Hold him," ordered the officer, as he extricated himself from the saddle, "there will be help here instantly."

Just at that instant two armed soldiers rushed out of the fog and pinioned the prisoner. Present-

ing their bayonets close to the person of the deserter the order was given to "move on," and he moved on into the fog and to his doom.

Before remounting his dripping steed the officer shook hands with the boy and said: "Thank you, my lad—you are a good one and a bold—you will be heard from some day."

Father said that during the whole affair there was no back talk—not a useless word spoken and orders were given so peremptorily that there was nothing to do but to obey, and the whole encounter did not last two minutes from start to finish—that he was not disconcerted but rather dazed by the unusual occurrence, and did not utter a word himself. He gathered up his bridles and went off into the fog after his horses, wondering whether he would really like a military career or not; however, he cherished with much pride the words of commendation so freely and heartily spoken by the warlike trooper.

Commodore Perry heaved his fleet over the bar armed and equipped for the fray. Furious at the non-arrival of the marines from New York, who were to man the squadron, he drafted a complement of yokels from the Militia and sailed up the lake in search of the enemy, and after a cruise of three days returned, and the marines having arrived, the yokels were discharged and sent home, having served fifty-nine to sixty-two days.

The country never had long to wait for results when Oliver Hazzard Perry took matters in hand, and on the "tenth of September" the famous dispatch came floating down the lake. "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Never before since the morning stars sang together had such a wave of joy swept over the hills of western Pennsylvania. A halo of glory rested

upon the people and even the "very poor" were transfigured and became characters of light. There was glory enough to go around and every man who dwelt within forty miles of the lake felt that he was in some sort a hero. But the real heroes, the men who marched to the front under Captain Long and General Mead, men who faced the apex of danger under the focus of hostile telescopes! What of them? Why, they were immortalized! The day was made a legal holiday to be ushered in with the roar of artillery, the firing of guns and the snapping of firecrackers, ostensibly in honor of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, but really to render luminous the deeds of our ancestors who boldly marched through the brush to the rescue of the fleet in the day of its helplessness.

On these occasions they were elevated on great platforms and eulogized by eloquent orators as the "venerable men who have come down to us from a former generation; heroes in bloody conflicts and fathers of the republic." They were mollycoddled, fed, treated and soaked, and when they became weary were carefully laid away to sleep it off.

The war of 1812 did not affect our local interests adversely—if anything it promoted rather than retarded development in the vicinity of Alden's Mills. Troops marched through the country and its superior quality of soil became better known. One detachment camped on our place, and some of those men after seeing the valley returned, bought lands and became residents. It also brought some money into circulation, which was a great relief.

The lands offered for sale by the Holland Land Company were really very cheap, quality considered, and the payments were arranged on liberal terms.

Such inducements could not fail to attract the notice of our Yankee friends in the East and soon brought an influx of emigrants from the Eastern States, more generally from Massachusetts. They were a hardy race of first-class men, and they and their descendants proved to be just the kind needed to build up the country. There were, however, prejudices among our people against the Yankee that could only be overcome by time and attrition. Unfortunately, with our Eastern friends came an undesirable class of people for whom the better element were not responsible, but we did not know this, and for some time regarded the Yankee with little favor. The early arrivals were mostly located in Rockdale township along the Deadwater, and their central habitation became known as Yankee Hill. Few of the undesirable drift were located permanently any place. They consisted of peddlers, sharps, gamblers, cheats, horse traders and thieves, and they overran the country to an alarming extent, cheating and swindling the people of the isolated settlements, stealing and running off their cattle and sheep—trading them worthless contrivances and deluding them by all kinds of fraudulent practices. The result was that any one who called a cow—ceow, or pronounced now—neow, was not only looked upon with suspicion, but was honestly regarded as a knave and cheat.

Grandfather Patrick had a little experience with that class of Yankee that is worth relating. He was a shrewd man and had enjoyed a wide experience with men and things and considered himself competent to cope with anything that came along. But in these Yankees he encountered a new element in rascality that baffled his wits, humbled his self esteem and to a small extent depleted his purse. One morning he encountered at his stile a man leading the finest looking ram he had ever

seen, and at once his hereditary admiration for the fine wooled sheep, begotten on the highland slopes, was alert, and he greatly admired the animal. "Neow, Mister (said the Yank), that ere anamile is the best blodded sheep in Ameraky—Hes right offen the Barkshire hills—I driv three on em cross Kintry at great trubble and expense jest to interjuce the stock inter this ere new diggins. I sold one on em to Mister Wilson King in Erie ceounty and the other to Mr. Fullerton at the Dedwater, but this ere animile, the best on em, I resarved for yeow—havin hearn tell that yeow wor enterprisin abeout sich. Of cose, I expec pay for my trouble and expense, but nuthen for my time."

All this time the Pioneer's eyes were covetously fixed upon the sheep and he forgot to study the man, and therein he erred. He bought the "animile" and paid a great price, but he never would tell how much. The sheep proved to be of the Virginia stock—one that Patrick had imported and sold to a neighbor, three or four miles away. The scamp had stolen it and spent two days in the woods combing out its wool and fitting it for sale.

It was such acts as this, and there were many of them perpetrated, that fanned distrust into hostility, and combats with the Yankees became of frequent occurrence.

In good society it was considered the proper thing to have a knockdown on all suitable occasions. Henry McGill, a young man of ample proportions and mighty arm, took it upon himself by way of recreation to trounce any one he thought needed it, especially if he said "ceow," and the encounters were sometimes swift and furious, for many of those raw-boned Yanks had pugilistic proclivities under their hats, and it was not un-

usual to see a big fellow step out, bare a brawny arm and say, "Neow, Mister—if ye think well on't wade in"—

These little pleasantries usually took place on "training days," when the militia mustered, and election days when the politician blustered, but the consequences were not all bad. Courage and pluck begat mutual respect and these people learned to know one another. The law soon weeded out the tares that had been sown along the Deadwater and around Yankee Hill and the wheat remained. The good Yankees were as desirous to get rid of the rogues as were the Scotch-Irish, and the courts had business every session until the nuisance was abated.

Among the sturdy, manly settlers from the East were Ames, Perkins, Cummings, Snow, the Roots and many more. The Birchards were a great people. They were relatives of the late President, Rutherford Birchard Hayes. There were several of them, large, stalwart, God-fearing men, and long life was theirs. These Eastern people were Presbyterians of Puritan derivation—ours were of the John Knox school. Their differences were in form only, originating beyond the sea, under conditions dissimilar to those existing on the Deadwater. The faith was the same, as everlasting as the decrees of God, and the bond of the Spirit was the personal righteousness of these men. They came to know each other and worshipped at the same altar, and there was no strife.

And were they not compatriots in our great revolutionary struggle—these Puritans of the East and Scotch-Irish of the Middle West—the two Pillar men appointed by Jehovah upon whose shoulders rested the Ark of the Republic?

THE McGILLS

XVI

The Burgomaster in the Valley
The Town of Saeger Inaugurated

From 1800 to 1812 the lands in the vicinity of Alden's Mills had been "taken up" (by purchase) quite rapidly, and the settlement was assuming character and building slowly and surely for permanent advancement in moral and mental achievement. Wealth was not yet within their reach, nor was it a primary object of their ambition. They sought a new life in a new land, conserving whatever made for goodness and greatness in the old, and extended hearty welcome to the honest, worthy people who were gathering in around them. To the east on the J. Meece tract, came the Flaughs; beyond them the Rusts; north of the Flaughs Nathaniel Clark, a wheelwright. To the northwest, across the broad ford, were the Straws and Hoffman. Opposite the hamlet on the west, the Brookhousers settled; south of them the Logues and Gills, while on the east side of the creek, south of the mills, were the Peiffers, thus completing on every side the environment of the lands first settled by Arthur and Patrick McGill. All these bought their lands from the Holland Company, and with the exception of Clarke, Logue and Gill, were of German extraction, but not of the Hessian variety.

Up the Woodcock valley, due east, were the Blairs, Longs, Carrs, Prices, Wilsons, Ryans, Dicksons, Clarks, Wykoffs, McCollughs and Gilmores, all people of the true Celtic grit—intelligent and educated to the limit possible within their means—and they, too, all bought their land from the Holland Company. They were "very poor," as Dr. Bates quaintly remarks, their money having been sent across the sea, but they were not poor devils, and there were enough of them at crisis to organize a company of militia and march under Captain Long to the defense of Erie.

From 1812 to 1824 things progressed steadily and surely; the great drawback being the want of adequate transportation to a ready market, but the trade on the Great Lakes was in course of development and our contiguity to this world's thoroughfare gave promise of a bright future that was never realized. 1824 proved an epoch in the affairs of Alden's Mills, the history-making days of the little hamlet were at an end, and from henceforth it was to be obliterated from the map—its tally wiped off the slate and new notches cut on the stick from the beginning, as if no former period of life had existed, and its requiem was sung in another tongue.

Major Roger Alden sold his holdings of 624 acres, more or less, and his mills, including the water privileges and riparian rights thereunto belonging, to Daniel Saeger of Lehigh county, Pa. Mr. Saeger at once entered upon possession of his property and proceeded to lay out a town or village plot, principally located on the Alden purchase from the McGill tract, and named his town Saeger's Town. He built several houses and imported the people for his town from the Lehigh valley. There were probably from one hundred to one hundred and fifty of them in the first con-

signment. They were an innocent lot of little drunkards, very crude in the amenities of pioneer life. I do not wish to speak unkindly of those people; from childhood I grew up alongside of them and knew them well, and believe that before God they were not responsible for their mental and moral delinquencies, but I cannot do justice to posterity for whom I am writing without giving a more or less faithful description of their peculiarities.

These people were called Pennsylvania Dutch; but the title is a misnomer. We speak of the "Holland Dutch" and other varieties of Dutch, indicating the derivation of each variety. There is no variety of Dutch indigenous to Pennsylvania. They are exotics, transplanted from a far away land that have taken root on American soil with prolific energy. They were Hessians, and in 1824 had not been fifty years in the country. They came from several of the small Germanic principalities of Europe, not as voluntary emigrants, for their rulers did not permit them to stray away as long as they had a market value at home, but they were sold or leased by the Princes who owned them to George III. of England, for the specific purpose of subduing his rebellious colonies in America, and they came in a body armed and equipped for business, without any volition of their own, and formed a warlike contingent to the British Army in our Revolutionary War. General Washington picked up choice lots of them at Trenton and Princeton, and they were gathered in elsewhere, and some deserted, and the whole aggregation was sent into the Lehigh valley, Pa., and Shenandoah valley, Va., and turned loose in stockades and held as prisoners of war. It did not require guards to keep them. The rank and file did not know enough to find their way back to the British Army, without

a driver if turned loose, and did not want to find it. They had no interest whatever in the controversy, and no ambition higher than food and shelter.

In their own country they had been fearfully oppressed by their brutal rulers and beaten into a condition of servile submission, incredible at this age. They were small men, five feet high, and wore fierce mustaches.

At the close of the war a majority of them remained, picked up "vrows" somehow, and entered upon an isolated citizenship of their own, retaining the habits and customs of their native land, and learning nothing from their new environment, but were, in fact, a block quarried from the middle ages and polished by the crucifixion of manhood. It was from the sons and daughters of these "revolutionary soldiers" that Daniel Saeger selected the material with which to people his new town of Saeger. It is not likely that in 1824 there were among these people any survivors of the Revolutionary period.

They were men of mature growth when brought over, and they were not a long-lived people. If any survived they were not included in Daniel's invoice, and I do not believe a native Hessian of our Revolutionary type was ever seen in the French Creek valley.

Their descendants, however, in form somewhat modified by intercourse with German-speaking people of the East and the Jew peddlers of Philadelphia, continued to arrive in installments, and the new town of Saeger became in a short time the most populous village in the county outside of Meadville. The language of these people on their arrival was an unknown tongue even to our German neighbors, who all could read the Bible and write letters in quaint German text, but the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as it was called, was be-

yond them, and there was no lexicon on earth that shed any light upon the mystery of its construction. This dialect was also an outgrowth of the mixed intercourse above mentioned.

The new arrivals seemed to comprise three distinct classes of people drawn or classified on lines strange and wonderful to the earlier inhabitants. There was the dominating or ruling class, which for the sake of distinction we will term the Burgomasters. This class consisted of the proprietor, his family and near relatives. The preachers of the Lutheran and Reformed churches and the leading physician were admitted to this circle socially, but horse and cow doctors were barred. There was no courtesy whatever extended to professional men, however learned and eminent they might be, who were not connected with their church organizations; and the rule of the priesthood was absolute in matters ceremonial and educational. In temporal matters the Burgomaster was the boss.

The males of this class were educated to the extent of transacting the current business of the day, but their literary attainments never extended beyond the day-book and ledger. The ladies of this group could not speak a word of English, and none of them could read or write. They were utterly illiterate and necessarily exclusive. When the ladies of the pioneer class, my grandmother and mother among them, made formal calls to extend kindly welcome to the newcomers, they found that anything like social intercourse was not only impracticable, but altogether undesirable. A sharp line of demarkation was then and there drawn, and for the first time in its history there were two distinct impassable and incompatible social systems set up in the community. No further advances toward amity on the part of our people

were ever made, and, as a matter of fact, the coarse vulgarity developed by these Hessian dames made further association impossible.

Next to the Burgomasters came the "Handwarrakers." These were a jolly lot of little people addicted to schnapps and were the really useful contingent to the population. Among them almost every kind of handicraft was represented. There were hatters, tailors, shoemakers, weavers, cabinet-makers, masons, carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, watch-makers, tinkers, butchers, tanners, saddlers and nearly every avocation in the mechanical line was filled by one or more workmen skilled in his trade after the manner of his tribe.

He would do his work remarkably well after the pattern and in the way his family predecessors had done it of old, but not otherwise. They were industrious, thrifty, and sometimes reasonably honest, but were hopelessly non-progressive and could construct things only as they had been taught, and their models and fashion plates came from the Rhine.

The vrows of the Handwarrakers were hearty, wholesome, good-natured women, always cheerful and pleasant to look upon. Their husbands were little, shriveled up fellows generally, but the vrows were large, fat, muscular, fresh in the face and big of hand and foot. They were industrious and ready to take a hand at any kind of work whenever help was needed. They cultivated their own gardens and you may be sure there was no spot of ground on the lot that was not made to yield edible roots and plants for the family table.

There was nothing about the whole aggregation that was more agreeable and pleasing than the Dutchman's wife. Of all the products of the Teutonic tribes from prehistoric times she takes the front rank among the useful and the good. She

had no society fads—made no pretention to rank or position—put on no airs—would plunge into frolic and fun with childlike zest, and take her schnapps with the rest, but there was no household duty left undone, no comfort or pleasure that was not bestowed on her guests—no kindness withheld from suffering, and even her little, tipsy husband would be carefully fixed up into presentable shape and made to appear respectable.

It is a well authenticated fact that the brute sometimes beat her, but she suffered the indignity with patient tears, the virtue of submission to power being an ingrained quality of the Dutch peasantry. Her language was coarse; her voice loud and her stride ungainly, but her heart was in the right place and she was a redeeming feature in a population not otherwise attractive.

The third and culminating class of the Hessian invoice was the Narrowentles. This consisted of several rather large families, who were the menials of the community. The Wentle himself was a narrow-chested, bandy-legged, flat-footed fellow, with a small peaked head, enormously wide mouth and close, set eyes. He was an incessant talker, and his jabberings were interspersed with great oaths emphasized by such contortions of his twisted little body as rendered his delivery exceedingly grotesque.

The Handwarrakers were very submissive to the Burgomasters, but the Wentles were servile. They were laborers, but never rose to the dignity of any kind of mechanical employment. They would do any kind of dirty work required of them. Their drunken immorality was repulsive, but they could be used for any purpose, however degrading. They were consigned to Water Street as a place of residence, and a look into one of their homes will not be uninteresting. The building is a cabin roofed

with slabs, and is fairly comfortable as a shelter or place to stay, but limited as to room for the group huddled within its walls. There are all sizes and grades in the family, and several different names, for in those days the law gave the name of the alleged father to illegitimate children, and we find such all through the little Water Street slum. Nearly every family had one or more idiots or semi-idiots, and many of the children were deformed in body and mind.

Several had fingers grown together, and toes also joined by skin or membrane such as connect the claws of aquatic fowls. Malformations were common among these poor degenerates. This picture is not overdrawn, incredible as it may seem, but they were not unhappy, and the Wentle was proud of his brood, and the old "mutter" with all her faults and moral delinquencies is far away the best one of the lot. She has a kindly face and gentle eye, and smiles with real pleasure if you pat one of her dirty brats on the head and speak approvingly to it—to caress it is impossible.

The Handwarrakers bought lots and built comfortable houses and shops on Main street, all in the quaint low Dutch style of the Sixteenth century, with the gable end to the street, set out to the exact line—the steps to the front door extending into the highway. The proprietor sold the lots at reasonable rates and his mills furnished the lumber for the dwellings—his stores supplied other wants and long credits were given—which enabled the industrious, thrifty inhabitants to secure respectable homes of their own in fee simple—a condition never before known in the history of their race—and this generosity on the part of the Burgomasters yielded them great gains—it was not a philanthropic movement on their part, but a shrewd,

business transaction, by which both parties were benefited and for which they deserve due commendation.

South of the village plot on the most beautiful site, where once was the Fredebaugh jungle, the Burgomasters established their residences. Three dwellings, modern in that day, were erected and set back from the street far enough to afford a lawn in front enclosed by a paling fence. The houses were finished in very good shape, the grounds graded and walks laid. The front was toward the west with an unobstructed view of the river and the hills beyond. Shade trees were planted and the form and finish of the establishment showed in most respects correct taste and good judgment. The beauties of nature were blended with a crude glimmering of artistic skill in a manner that made this first abode of the masters very attractive.

A hotel was erected where whisky was sold over the bar at three cents a drink, which at once became a place of nightly resort and gross profanity, and obscene jests were the principal attraction. From top to bottom the whole Hessian outfit seemed to delight in coarse vulgarity.

The old pioneers looked with consternation on this influx of ignorance and vice; this open immorality to which their sons were necessarily exposed; but the young fellows did not take it seriously and extracted lots of fun out of the predicament. Thus at this era and under these auspices was the town of Saeger inaugurated.

THE McGILLS

XVII

The Building of the Temple Holiness in Shares. Military Priesthood. Unknown Power. Fall of Babylon

It was certainly a very wonderful scheme to attempt to build up in Western Pennsylvania, a little community on strictly mediaeval lines. It was a small affair, too insignificant to attract the notice of the general historian, yet so unique in its inception, operation and design, and cutting so closely into our ancestral prerogatives and domains that it furnishes, at least, an excuse for taking any notice of the footy little thing.

The town of Saeger had no corporate existence during the first twenty-five years of its life, but was simply a community located in the southwest corner of Woodcock township, without any civic or municipal jurisdiction whatever over the inhabitants. The only organic basis upon which it rested was the town plat made by Daniel Saeger, which I am informed was never put on record and there is no one living who ever saw it so far as I can learn. A part of the scheme as afterward developed was ultimate control of all religious and educational functions permitted within the limits, and to this end the said Daniel set apart a triangular lot in the northwest corner of the plat for

church and school purposes, also a lot adjoining Patrick McGill's line and within two hundred feet of his front door for a graveyard. These lots were said to have been donated to the public, but they were not—they were given to the Dutch Reformed and Lutheran churches—these organizations having formed a combine in matters spiritual wherein profits were equally divided.

A church and school house had to be built to which the Burgomaster brought his acute methods forcefully to bear and the designed temple was erected on a joint stock basis. It was arranged that all who felt so disposed take stock in the building and the majority stockholders should have preference in its use for public services—the minority having a right to use the edifice when not occupied by their betters. Under the Reformed and Lutheran combine their absolute control could never be jeopardized, and all other stockholders could take their chances about getting their money's worth out of the investment. The Methodists had grown to be a factor in the surrounding country, and being anxious to secure a place of worship in town took stock and ranked third.

The building of the temple having been accomplished on a purely commercial basis in which the contributors acquired a property interest in the structure—or thought they did, the next movement in the deep laid scheme developed.

There arrived in the town two gentlemen from Europe who were heralded as men of great learning and piety, and after looking over the field these erudite personages proposed to enter into a contract to do all the preaching that was necessary to be done—both in German and English—in all the territory between Meadville and Erie, and they were willing to guarantee for a stipulated sal-

ary that the preaching should be of good quality with doctrines suited to the beliefs, predilections and prejudices of each congregation, all in good order and warranted to fit, the goods to be delivered on time at stated intervals.

These men—Shultz by name, father and son—were the guests of the Burgomaster and supposed to have been present in the place at his invitation, as the entire Burgomaster class interested themselves actively in promoting the scheme. The proposition, elaborately outlined in writing, was laid before my father—who was the leading Methodist in the community—by one high in the Dutch conclave. He smiled audibly as the ramifications of the plan were unfolded, declined the coalition and informed the emissary that, in this country, such a combination could never be effected. The man was astonished, and could not conceive it possible that men of scant means could reject such an economical and advantageous way of working out their salvation. He said the Shultz aggregation was the finest, and would bring to the community accomplishments such as they could not otherwise afford to employ; that it would consolidate and harmonize the church building combine so happily effected and greatly enhance the value of the stock and from every point of view would prove of advantage to the weaker congregations.

The Shultzs, father and son, he said, were men of great learning, had been educated for the Army and were officers of high rank in the Old Country, but becoming involved in political troubles they were obliged to flee for their lives to this country. That they had lost all they had, and not being trained to any other pursuits they were obliged to enter the ministry as a means of support, and he thought it a patriotic duty to rally to their assistance, especially as by so doing salvation could

be assured at such cheap rates. He was indignant that the "Tam Irisher" should turn down benefits so benignantly tendered and waddled away in high dudgeon.

The canvass was continued over the proposed territory and proved an utter failure and the Burgomasters found that outside their own bailiwick the people were altogether indifferent as to their pretentions.

The Shultz outfit remained a year or two, confirmed some classes in the rudiments of Christianity, as they understood it, and then departed for pastures new. Their habits were not conducive to good morals, even measured by Dutch standards and their inebriety—the result of their military education for the ministry—was such as to provoke criticism unfavorable to the organizations they served. So they departed, and the brilliant scheme of reducing all religious organizations to the civic control of the Burgomasters was practically, for the time being, abandoned.

A long low school building was erected in rear of the church and was in after years known as the "Yellow School House." It was built by popular subscription and designed as an adjunct to the church, aud while not strictly a parochial school, was under the control of the resident minister and was frequently taught by him up to the time of the adoption of the free school system in A. D. 1834.

The Methodists were becoming rather an active factor in spiritual matters in the vicinity; the proximity of Allegheny college bringing many able men almost to our doors, who were available for services any Sabbath when required, and these sometimes preached in the sacred edifice in the afternoon to large assemblages of people.

There were several very strong men connected with the Methodistic aggregation of that day—men of stern convictions of right, who were not disturbed or intimidated by the pretentious mass of ignorance and stupidity confronting them, who in their class meetings and prayer meetings, held sometimes in the yellow school house and sometimes at their private residences, had crystalized a force against which the gates of hell could not prevail.

They were honest, brave, intelligent, zealous, and without a thought of opposition to other churches, or of proselytizing their members, intent only on doing the Master's work as they thought it ought to be done, they had pushed to the front and became an unconscious force in the moral world. Stern character and ability made them a potent factor in community and meekly submitting to the inconvenience of time and place imposed upon them, but firmly standing on their legal right to the unoccupied pulpit, they brought strong men to preach to the people. A spirit of religious inquiry was aroused—men and women crowded to the sanctuary at all available times to hear the burning words of truth and listen to the new songs that were being sung in Zion. A wonderful awakening of the Wesley and Whitfield type swept over the community overwhelming Deutcher and Irisher alike. The Presbyterian friends, always a spiritual people, held not aloof, but joined in the fray.

There was consternation in the Burgomaster Camp. A new problem was presented for their consideration—a problem such as they had never heard of before! God was in the problem! and had they not forgotten Him for lo! these many years and left Him out of all their little calculations.

A fateful day arrived. It was a Sabbath that left the pulpit vacant by the ruling powers—the Methodists promptly claimed it. There was a great assemblage of people far beyond the capacity of the auditorium. A slim, pale-faced young man stepped into the pulpit and cast a swift, earnest look over the crowd. Every sound was hushed, and it seemed that by some strange magnetic force he held his audience in thrall before he spoke a word.

Then in clear, soft musical voice he delivered his message from on high. Smooth and even came words of mighty import like the flow of a great river. There was no rhetorical effort—no frantic gesticulation—no attempt at display, but with growing fervor and expanding power, truth piled on truth was launched upon the devoted heads of spell-bound people, who shook and trembled under their force. Unwilling tears dropped from the eyes of unbelievers who came to scoff and went away to pray. Such eloquence had never before been heard in Saegerstown, and never since, I believe. The young Burgomasters on the front seats were thrilled as they never were before, as also were the poor Wentles standing in the aisles and lobby. There was no other man on the continent who could speak with such unconstrained natural eloquence as did that student youth that day. The name of the fair-faced orator was—Matthew Simpson—then unknown to fame, but afterwards the great American Bishop, who was the friend and associate of President Grant. He was that day a guest at my father's house.

The spiritual awakening was general and seemed, in some form, to enter every home and heart. The sturdy old men behind the guns were not slow to grasp the situation and make the most of it. Meetings were held every night and couriers rode back

and forth between the college and the village, bringing great speakers, strong in the faith and zealous in the work to speak to the people and reason with them of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come. The space around the altar was crowded with men and women kneeling for prayers until there was no more room, and they were not alone country people, but Handwarrakers of substance, and standing with their wives, sons and daughters —stern old Boers with their hard, stubborn hearts all broken up and the more tender-hearted Lutherans melting in the fervor of dissolving grace, alike cried aloud for the forgiveness of their sins and sought redemption through the atonement of Christ. The old droning perfunctory litany crooned from unclean lips was then and there repudiated for the light of the Gospel, and the punkey old combine seemed tottering to a fall. The meetings were continued night after night with unabating interest, and when the doors were opened for uniting with the church a strong Methodist class was organized, drawing largely from the hitherto impregnable ranks of the larger organizations. Affairs were looking desperate from the other side of the fence. Secret meetings were being held day and night by the official directorate, and plans discussed to stem the tide of personal righteousness that threatened to overwhelm by mere moral force the little oligarchy with its machine worships so deftly builded on mediaeval lines by the crafty Burgomasters.

All pure animal organisms, however brave to encounter a known antagonist, are timid in the presence of the unknown, and our little friends were certainly up against it.

No such proceedings had ever been heard in Lehigh County, from whence they came, and how to encounter this spiritual revelry was the question

of the hour. Strange as it may appear, with all their acknowledged executive ability, they were nonplussed and stood aghast while the revival rushed on like a torrent, penetrating the sacred precincts of their homes and making their old vrows crazy. Something must be done without delay!

A plan was finally agreed upon and a protest more than a yard long was drawn up reciting the outrages committed by the revivalists—their abuse of the sacred edifice by attracting great crowds thereto—injuring the building and depleting the value of the stock, and furthermore disturbing the peace and quiet of the town by their tumultuous proceedings, penetrating the homes of quiet citizens and saturating them with their vile doctrines —setting husbands against wives and wives against husbands, thus creating domestic discord.

It was further charged that members of their churches were being proselytized and led astray from their vows and were being decoyed to eternal damnation, and they peremptorily demanded that these hellish proceedings be stopped and the meetings discontinued forthwith.

It happened on an evening when there was no preacher present, and John McGill, the ranking lay official, was conducting an informal prayer service, that the combine preacher with his official retinue and the most daring of his adherents formed a procession and marched to the church where they ranged themselves in front of the altar and the preacher read the paper; then, having delivered their fire, they silently marched out in the same order in which they came.

John McGill arose from his seat and said:

"Bro. S.—Will you please lead in the singing—

> Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
> And did my Sovereign die?"

The congregation arose to their feet, and the rich "Irish brogue" and the "Sweet German accent" blended together in such royal harmony that the gates of Heaven seemed to open and Angels come forth to listen to the lofty theme.

"Bro. R.—Please lead in prayer!"

Down on their knees to the last man the congregation bent and Bro. R.—fired with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and the belligerency of the occasion—poured forth the inspirations of his grand old soul in resistless appeals to the Most High. The responses rolled up like the murmurs of the sea, not in the cold, stilted form of the ritual, but as the yearnings of the heart brought forth the cry for help, forgiveness, charity and love.

"There will be no more meetings of our people in this house," said the leader.

"We will meet at the usual hour in the schoolhouse for Sabbath school and class meeting. We are turned out of God's house, but God has not done this thing, and so sure as God liveth, He will provide a way for His people. You are dismissed."

The next day John McGill appeared at the office of Daniel Saeger—the proprietor—with his certificate of stock in the church property, and producing it said, "Mr. Saeger, I wish to surrender all my right, title, interest and claim in your church property. I will have nothing more to do with it. I have been wrongfully, insultingly and, I think, unlawfully turned out, and I wish to peacefully retire from the combination. Others may do as they please. Some will probably seek reprisals at law for the trespass and breach of contract, but I, acting solely for myself, will not do so, and as the best evidence I can give of that fact wish to surrender my stock. In my judgment the whole scheme was ill advised from the start and ought

not to have been done, and I do not want to make matters worse and more disgraceful by fighting over them. We will build a church of our own."

The troubled gray face of the old proprietor brightened as he listened to this last remark, which to his quick apprehension suggested an honorable way out of the trouble. "No, John," he said, "You will not give away your stock—we will buy it from you. You say you will build a church. I will donate to you one of the best lots on our town plat for the purpose. It is worth one hundred dollars and you may put that down as my contribution, and if you need more I will help you more—and if your people will agree to the transaction we will buy all their stock and pay the face value into your building fund, and that will give you a good start." Then, thoughtfully, "You will build a church of your own, John; well, it is better so." In thirty minutes those old men, each practically the head of his clan, had established relations of amity and good-will and out of bitterness of strife there came forth sentiments of mutual confidence and respect. Mr. Saeger had made concessions not expected of him, and John McGill came out of the office confident that the project for which he had hoped and prayed for many years, of planting a Methodist church in Saegerstown was about to be accomplished. Public sentiment was at fever heat over the outrage perpetrated on the inoffensive Methodists, who sought only the welfare of their fellowmen, and McGill was not slow to take advantage of this state of affairs, and within an hour after leaving the office of the Burgomaster he was in the saddle, scouring the country soliciting pledges of funds for the erection of the new church.

It was built and served its purpose for many years, when it was rebuilt on the same ground on

ampler lines, and it is now the finest, and the congregation the largest, and most influential in the town.

The building of this church was the first break in the lines of the little mediaeval autocracy that had been set up in the valley with the coming in of the Hessians, and John McGill and no other led the assault and won.

THE McGILLS

XVIII

The Passing Away of the Pioneers
February 11, 1832

Patrick McGill was not blind to the consequences of the changed conditions brought to his doors by the sudden influx of a population foreign in all respects to the habits and culture of his race. It came upon him like an avalanche from the mountain slope, but did not stir him from his well established moral base. He saw the fountains of purity contaminated—the avenues to intellectual development obstructed—and the hand of achievement palsied for generations to come.

The incubus of the Holland Land Company villainy was just being raised—the opening of the grandest and most fertile valley in the state was at hand—his fond dreams of a homogeneous population of intellectual force and high ideals of life seemed about to be realized, when this mass of ignorance, superstition and stupidity was swatted down before him. It was a rude awakening, but he did not foolishly antagonize the inevitable. He reflected that the poor devils were driven to our shores without any volition of their own, and must have some place to stay where they could be nurtured in the ways of civilization and human progress, but it seemed to him a sore dispensation of Providence that his lovely park, the pride of his tender heart, should have been selected as a nurs-

ery for the Dutch. He, however, tried to receive the people kindly and courteously—and no man could be more courteous than he—but the Boers did not know what that kind of treatment meant. To them he was a curiosity—a "tam old Irisher" —and they were rude, insulting and abusive to the old man. They soon, however, learned that it was policy to reserve their acts of contumely to times when none of his friends were around, lest bloody noses follow as a consequence. It was thus that our people acquired a dislike for the Dutch and the Dutch did not like our people.

The effect on grandfather was, that always reticent, he retired more and more within himself, and to some extent lost interest in business affairs. He turned his back upon the offending populace and took no further notice of them. He constructed for himself an easy seat under the shade of a beautiful apple tree that he himself had planted more than thirty years before, and there, on pleasant days, he betook himself to his pipe and the study of his books. The Holy Bible he had always with him and spent much time in perusing the sacred pages.

Old age was creeping on—his work was done—his youth and manhood had been expended for his God—his country and his home, and the results were spread out before him, and he was content.

In the course of time he divided his estate among his five children, giving each of his sons one hundred acres—to Nancy fifty and to Maria—the youngest—a farm he owned in Cussewago township.

John, my father, about 1831, when I was three years old, had built a fine frame barn, the first of the kind put up in the neighborhood, and the improvement greatly pleased grandfather. During the summer and autumn preceding his death it be-

came a custom with him to come up to our place when the weather permitted, and, swinging me upon his back, carry me out to the new barn. There was a spacious threshing floor and plenty of sheepskin rugs. These were spread out on the floor and we would lie down and take an afternoon nap. After the sleep he would again swing me up and carry me to the house, and I presume that I was the last burden the old pioneer ever bore on his back.

Patrick McGill never swerved from the faith of his fathers, always adhering to Calvinistic doctrines and maintaining family devotions as he had been taught on the banks of the Belfast Bay.

Arthur McGill—the Field Marshal of Enterprise—the driving Captain of Industry—the open-hearted, generous soul of hospitality—the happy, laughing child of wit and humor and the tender, sympathetic friend of the lowly and the poor, was nearing the end of his long and useful life. He was probably about 85 years old. The expenditure of his great energies had possibly shortened his days, but taking into consideration the hardships he had encountered and overcome, he had arrived at a ripe old age. Death was hovering over him in the quaint castle he had builded by the big, bubbling spring, but he was not dismayed. The motto of his house—"In Domino Confido"—borne for centuries on the escutcheon of his ancestors, asserted itself in his waning days and he manfully girded himself up for the encounter with the grim monster.

Word was conveyed to Patrick that his brother was seriously ill. It was a bleak, wintry day and he himself was weak and fluttering on the verge of time, but no remonstrance availed to prevent him from going two-thirds of a mile for a last interview. Arriving, they communed together for

a long time alone and then parted. No one ever knew what passed between the brothers at this, their last meeting at the end of the long journey they had pursued together.

Patrick returned to his home apparently in cheerful mood, divested himself of his wraps, laid down as if to rest and DIED. This was February 11, 1832.

His remains were accorded a favorable place in the village graveyard and with formal ceremonies and with the deep grief of those who knew him best and loved him most, he was tenderly laid away to await the resurrection of the just.

In a few days after Patrick's interment, Arthur, surrounded by his loved ones, passed away and was interred in the Presbyterian burying ground at the mouth of Gravel Run, four miles distant.

The departure of the pioneers who all their lives had been so closely associated, at so nearly the same time, was an impressive coincidence. It seldom occurs in the history of men's lives that brothers are so closely attached to each other and for so long a period inseparable, without an incident to disturb the harmony of their existence, and at the last hour, each seemed waiting to give the other precedence in their departure for the realms of the unknown, God was good to them and they were not long separated. They were great men, measured by all just standards of greatness.

Their names were not registered high in the annals of fame, nor trumpeted to the generations of men for deeds of high emprise, but they had come forth from the ranks of the oppressed in the Old World with integrity untarnished and manhood unimpaired and ranged themselves in line to hurl back the would-be oppressor of the new. They did not come like driven cattle, at the behest of power, nor were they ticketed across the sea

by the hand of charity, but they came of their own volition. They were God-fearing men, educated, intelligent, endowed with all the attributes of a rare and disciplined manhood, and with the persistent energy of their race they became, in their limited sphere, potent factors in planting and building that civic and ethical system that has placed America at the head of all nations of the earth—that system with vital roots in the hearts of men propagated at the family altar.

Their homes were models of purity and affection. Honesty, truthfulness and integrity were exacted of every member of the household, and they were taught that falsehood and hypocrisy were low and disgraceful and not to be tolerated under any circumstances. The family government, however, was not austere or repulsive—it could not be—for these jolly old men were the soul of irrepressible wit and humor of that spontaneous kind that sparkles forth when least expected and causes the soul of youth to bound with joy.

Their death was mourned by a very large circle of friends of their own nationality and faith. Old men with white beards and bent forms came from afar and shed copious tears—Ulstermen, whose confidence and respect originated beyond the sea and had abided with them through all the turmoil of eventful years paid this last tribute to departed worth and strewed their graves with the thistle and the shamrock green. No two gentler hearts were ever laid to rest in the lovely vale their hands had rescued from the wild—and yet so strong—so brave—so valiant for the right. When the descendants of Arthur and Patrick McGill allow their honored names to sink into oblivion, then, indeed, has the clan become degenerate and is no longer worthy of a place in the history of the passing years.

A very singular circumstance came to light soon after Patrick's death. Among his papers was found a deed for a farm near Waterford, in Erie county, Pennsylvania. None of his heirs had ever heard of such a possession and were at a loss to account for it, but when it was found that one Captain Samuel Magill was the grantor they began to take an interest in the find.

This Captain Samuel Magill put in an appearance in the valley soon after the War of 1812. He claimed relationship to our people through the English branch of the House of Rankeilleur. He was a well built, polite, plausible man, well informed and an entertaining conversationalist, well up in genealogy and family lore. He represented himself as having been a captain in the British Army commanding a company of Irish infantry and that he and his whole company had, some place on the Canadian frontier, deserted and come over to the American forces. Grandfather was much entertained with his talk and treated him very courteously; however, Magill did not secure the entire confidence of the pioneer and his family. The simple fact that he had deserted his colors did not commend him, in their estimation, and he was looked upon as not strictly reliable. He had settled near Waterford and became a quite frequent visitor not altogether unwelcome.

He knew all about the dormant Peerage at Oxford and Causeland and his knowledge was substantially correct, and he was very willing to undertake the management of an effort to recover the title if a suitable heir could be found.

It was reported that he was financially embarrassed, though the reputed owner of the property above mentioned.

Knowing all these circumstances it is not wonderful that the heirs of Patrick were perplexed over the matter. They did not believe that there had been a bona fide purchase of the premises described because they knew that the old gentleman did not have the money to make such a purchase at that time, and furthermore, that he had not visited Waterford since the war and that he would not have bought the property without first seeing it. But here was the deed all in proper legal form and there was nothing to prevent them from ousting the occupants and entering upon possession—but if there was wrong behind this transaction they wanted nothing to do with it. They, therefore, concluded to lay the matter over and await further developments.

Many years afterwards a lady arrived at our gates on horseback. I lifted her from the saddle and took care of her horse. She was the daughter and only living child of Captain Samuel Magill, She at once made known her business. Her parents had been dead for many years and she had been living on the place supposing it belonged to her. She was either married or going to be married soon, and contemplated selling the property when she found that she had no legal right to convey and that the title was in the heirs of Patrick McGill. Father explained the situation and told her that the heirs of Patrick McGill contemplated no wrong, and proposed to shun the appearance of evil and that they would never molest her in the possession of her home. This, however, did not fill the bill, for she wanted to sell and had no power to convey.

It was at my suggestion that the heirs quitclaimed all their interest in the premises, and I myself drew up the document that gave her the land and the next day the poor girl went home happy.

The point in this narrative is, where can you find a parallel case of conscientious regard for the right? By no possible means could those heirs prove that the Waterford place did not belong to them, but there was a suspicion that their father had not contemplated holding it against Samuel's heir, and they would not touch it. It was a gracious act, worthy of the sons and daughters of the pioneer, and shows how deeply he and his wife had instilled into their minds the doctrines of personal righteousness.

There never lived a man who was more respected and venerated by his family than Patrick McGill. He was far the superior of any of his local contemporaries in learning, literature and intellectual culture and was withal modest and unassuming, never arrogating to himself any assumption of superiority, or claim to deference above his fellowmen.

Five years later, April 27th, 1837, Anna Maria, his faithful coadjutor, companion and comforter through all the strenuous years of life's battle for the right, died and was laid by the side of her beloved in the old graveyard.

The date of the death of Mary (Logue) McGill, the wife and sturdy partner of Arthur, I have been unable to learn. Arthur's family, at an early date, with the exception of Henry, went out from the ancestral home and made for themselves habitations in far away lands, and the consecutive history of them and theirs is thus impaired for want of definite and specific information upon which to build the story.

But, having followed the trail, often dim, of our American ancestors from the banks of Belfast to their last resting place in the beautiful valley, we will come forward from the obscurity of tradition into the light of active history and record some events that have taken place since 1832.

THE McGILLS

XIX

The Old Yellow School House
The McGill School
The Great Shinny Game

One of the sorest points of difference between the Teutons and the Celts in our valley arose from the management and direction of the public schools. The Proprietor was in favor of schools, and for this purpose had made provision on the triangle set apart for church purposes, but the kind of school he contemplated was the parochial school under the supervision of the pastor of his own church. Others not belonging to the church were not excluded if they paid their proportion of the expenses, but they had no voice whatever in the selection of a teacher, course of study or general management.

The "Old Yellow School House" was built in the rear of the church. It was a long, low structure with two doors in the side near together, with a partition between the doors, dividing the floor room into two equal parts, and in one part English was taught and in the other Dutch. The house was good enough, but the instruction and discipline were not. Rude vulgarity characterized the deportment of the pupils, and as for any proficiency in learning there was no such thing. But here we were, and there was no getting away. Children

must put up with the coarse treatment to which they were exposed, or stay away from school. The latter was preferable.

In 1834 the free school law was enacted by the General Assembly after being submitted to a vote of the people. It was a burning question while it was up and our Lehigh contingent was dead set against the measure, but outside their own village they were of no force.

Under the provisions of the law each township was a school district under the direction and control of a Board of Directors, who were elected by ballot at the township elections. The district was then divided into as many sub-districts as were considered necessary and suitable buildings erected. The voters in each sub-district met at the school house and elected a school committee consisting of three resident citizens whose duty it was to employ the teacher, provide fuel and generally supervise the management of the school.

Now it was easy for the Teutons to run the Saegerstown school, where they had everything their own way, but Saegerstown was not a corporation and the school under the law was only a sub-district of Woodcock township and was subject to the control of the township board. Outside the village our oppressors were not thumb high and our solid old men were not long in letting them know it. They secured the township board and then petitioned for a sub-district two miles square adjoining the town line. This effectually left the Dutch to themselves. The people of the township stood by our folks and all their measures were promptly carried through. The district was outlined and called the McGill sub-district of Woodcock township. The building was erected on the line between Henry and John McGill, on land donated by them for that purpose.

Somehow the word "sub-district" perplexed the Saegerstown folks. They had never heard of such a thing in Leigh county, but after consulting their preachers they came to the conclusion that they were the original district and that we were only a sub and consequently we were yet under their control; so when a meeting was called to elect a school committee they turned out in great force to perform that important duty.

My father, all my uncles and their allies were present looking on at the performance. When the time arrived for organizing the meeting the leader of the town force called order and proceeded to nominate three Wentles of the town as committee men to take charge of the McGill school—a vote was taken and the candidates were declared elected. They then adjourned and took their departure.

No citizen of the sub-district voted or took any part in the proceedings, but after the departure of the Narrowentles they selected a committee in an orderly manner and certified their action to the board of directors, and thenceforth the regular committee of citizens of the sub-district took charge of affairs without further molestation. A competent teacher was employed and in due time the school was opened and became famous.

The preachers peeht and pooht and turned up their noses and took snuff; and the other little fellows haw-haw-hawed at the presumption of running a school without clerical supervision; and all kinds of ridiculous predictions and vulgar jests were perpetrated at the expense of the new and unheard of innovation. But there was joy and gladness at our end of the line. A school of our own, made up almost entirely of our own kind of people, was a boon almost beyond realization. The nice new forms, each for two pupils with aisles be-

tween; the seats and desks all fronting the teacher's table, and the blackboard on the blank wall; windows to the right and left and rear—plenty of light everywhere, all so different from the old low yellow pen with its old, long dirty desks, mutilated and carved with every imaginable form of vicious obscenity. Our pretty forms were smooth and bright and clean and pure as were the faces behind them.

Yes, the McGill school opened like the sunrise of a bright clear day—classes were organized, lessons assigned and from that hour on it was an institution of learning; humble and unpretentious, 'tis true, but fraught in many ways with matters of great import to the coming generations of men.

I do not wish to boast or claim mental superiority for the urchins of this school, but I do say that a more aggressive lot was never turned out in search of learning. They were after knowledge and they pursued it with relentless activity. They were not very quiet or submissive, but they were hustlers, and the teacher who came expecting a period of rest and recuperation from his college toils found himself in a whirl of belligerent youths fighting their way for higher attainments in the intellectual life.

They had been starved and beaten down and oppressed by the stupidity of the old masters in the vulgar, dirty, yellow den, and now that they were free and the road to knowledge open to them they were not content with any gentle pace, but rushed for the fountain head and would not be restrained.

They were not restive or disobedient to the rules of the school, but were brigands when the recitation came. "Stand and deliver!" was the stern order that confronted the pedagogue when some knotty problem required elucidation.

Every teacher who amounted to anything was delighted with the progress of the school and the few who did not amount to much never after had business our way.

To my uncle, William P. McGill, more than to any other man was due the honor of securing and organizing the McGill school. At the cost of many personal friendships he had fought the local contest for the free school law and he was a fighter reckless of consequences.

He then took the saddle to wrest control from the Dutch or rather to effect a separation from them. This was bitterly contested, but "Uncle Bill" smashed opposition regardless of personal consequences to himself and made some implacable enemies who pursued him to the grave, without disturbing his equanimity in the least. He now stood at the head of the school committee and as long as he lived kept an open eye and a firm hand on the management and exacted in every department the greatest efficiency possible to attain. His personal and social relations with the faculty of Allegheny college afforded him an advantage in the selection of able and competent teachers and several men taught our schools who in after life became prominent in affairs. At the first session of the school taught by one Dwight Virgil, two aspirants for professional careers took lessons in Latin.

As the school progressed it expanded and reached out after better things and higher attainments. There was no limit to study and research, ambition had full scope and the push in the right direction was unrestrained. The rules of the text book were practically discarded and "the reason why" was in popular demand, and it had to be rendered then and there. Forms and formulas gave place to analysis and brain power was brought

into requisition in delving after the why and wherefore of things. The most remarkable feature in this anomalous process was that there was scarcely a "chump" in the whole outfit, but all were crowding to the front eager to be taught and to learn.

It is not therefore to be wondered that our young people began to think they knew a great deal—in fact, became self-conceited and were quite ready to tackle anything that came along. They reached out after accomplishments other than those taught in the regular course and began to show an unmistakable disposition to run things without help.

A singing society was organized and sacred music cultivated, and a Debating and Dramatic Club formed. It devolved upon me to write a constitution and by-laws for this organization and after profound study I produced a document that to this day I consider the greatest achievement of my life. I had no model to go by, but out of my own inner consciousness I evolved rules for the mental and moral government of incipient manhood and provided penalties for their infraction. It was a great work, and to add to its dignity was very lengthy.

Had I known of the Army Regulations and had access to them I might have made it a little more binding, but it was the best I could do under the circumstances, and it was adopted unanimously.

Debates, always interesting, became the order of the day. Questions of great national importance were discussed with the energy and zeal, if not the ability of Senators. The girls wrote pretty essays and real, original poetry, some of which was by no means commonplace.

But do not imagine that all our time was employed with these forensic exercises. We were not the pale-faced, dreamy students of romance, but wide-awake, roystering young Americans full of frolic and fun. We took our athletics in the open field where we hustled each other, rough and tumbled, wrestled and fought; a bloody nose or a black eye were only artistic trophies of our gladiatorial contests, and we could play shinny!

In the hey-day of life and unrestrained youthful joy we bethought ourselves of our old oppressors in the low, dirty, yellow den. We would decoy them forth and lambast them. We sent them a formal challenge to meet us on the stage, but they declined, and in no way could we bring to a contest in which brains were a ruling factor. Then we tampered with them on the shinny question.

In an evil hour for them they proposed to play school against school. They outnumbered us more than two to one, yet we promptly accepted the challenge—the game to be played on our grounds. We had emissaries in their camp and we were advised that our adversaries intended to beat us down by force if they failed to outplay us. We expected this and were glad that the enemy had been so indiscreet as to show his hand, for we wanted an excuse for a little side play we had in view; as we had reprisals to make and old scores to settle with that crowd.

We were fully prepared and trained up to the highest stage of efficiency. Just before the battle our Captain lined us up and gave his orders as to the manner of conducting the contest. They were brief and to the point, viz.:

"If any one gets in your way, no odds how big he is, bust him—put him out of action."

And the fun of it was that the least cub we had was as ready and keen for the fray as any of the larger boys.

The enemy arrived in large numbers. We lined twenty warriors, of whom eight were McGills, five were Burchfields (cousins), and the remaining seven were from the outlying homes in the district, four or five of them being of German extraction, but loyal to the school.

The game opened fast and furious from the start. We played lightly for a few minutes to get their gait, then brought our discipline and tactics to bear with effect. The ball was used merely as a decoy to induce mad, disorganized rushes of the enemy, who tumbled over one another and were mercilessly thumped and whacked by our nimble footed players. The round ended with at least half a dozen fellows limping to the fence out of the game.

In the second round every one was thoroughly in earnest—it was not played for fun but to win and was a battle royal. It was skill and agility against numbers, and ill directed force, and it also ended disastrously for our opponents, many more being sent to the fence discouraged.

By the time the third round was called those Dutchmen were becoming as dangerous as wild animals and our Captain saw that the crisis of the battle was at hand and gave orders to wind it up without further ceremony. It was no longer a ball game, but a battle with clubs.

Organization and concert of action will always tell against disorganized masses, and before the third round was half out we drove them in terror from the field.

Fortunately no one was killed or seriously injured. It taught our friends that an aggressive element had grown up alongside of them that were

better let alone, and thereafter we were treated with the respect that was our due, and not with the contumely of other days. The news of the battle was carried up and down the valley and over the hills and was everywhere received by our friends who understood the situation with great mirth, and instead of acquiring a reputation for ruffianism as we feared, a halo of heroism was thrown around the act, and we were given celebrity as spirited young men who knew how to do the right thing at the right time, and the McGill school was thereafter a celebrated institution and was soon furnishing from among its pupils teachers for the new schols that were being organized all around under beneficent action of the free school law.

The people of the country were always our friends and rallied to our support and public opinion veered in our direction in a manner gratifying to our pride to say the least.

THE McGILLS

XX

The Era of Improvements Building, Lumbering and Rafting

The McGill school ran its course and accomplished its mission nobly, and for several years was the best and most useful primary educational institution our locality ever had. A welcome innovation, however, came in the building of the Saegerstown Academy under the auspices of our late opponents.

The town of Saeger became the Borough of Saegerstown by an Act of Assembly passed in 1849 and its boundaries as outlined by the Act cut off a slice from the McGill district, materially reducing its area and population. This was a master stroke of policy that finally resulted in the extinction of the school. The erection of the Academy, however, about the same time, to some extent relieved the stringency of the situation and afforded an elegant outlet in educational channels. Able and accomplished professors were imported from Dr. Nevins' German Reformed College (Franklin & Marshal), at Mercersburg, Pa., to manipulate the new institution. They were gentlemen and scholars and we immediately affiliated with them and filled their classes from the McGill school.

It would no doubt be interesting to the alumni of the "Old Brick" to here peruse a sketch of its brief and brilliant career—its professors—its students—its orators and poets, many of whom became distinguished in after life, but that is another story, and we must pass by the attractive theme and pursue the more strenuous affairs of our own people.

Henry McGill, the home son of Arthur, the Pioneer, had built for himself a small house in which he and his family resided near the old mansion. After his father's death Henry came into possession of a tract of pine land in the Muddy Creek Country, which he bartered to parties who moved on the place, cut the timber and made payments in lumber delivered in flat boats at such times as would be practicable for the delivery. It was through this transaction that the McGills became amateur lumbermen and boatmen on French Creek and the Allegheny. They were never lumbermen in the proper sense of the word, but were only temporarily engaged in the business in pursuance of their interests and necessities. By this means Henry procured plenty of lumber of the finest quality for building purposes and stuck it up to dry, loading the empty boats with produce and running them to Pittsburgh where he also disposed of his surplus lumber at a profit. This was a master stroke of business that enabled him at an early date to build a fine, commodious farm house, which stands to-day as good and substantial as when first erected.

It was, in those days, want of money that drove farmers to many expedients to erect suitable dwellings on their broad acres. Country produce of the best quality was plentiful, but could only be disposed of for "dicker" or exchange of commodities and a man could not build without some

money. Uncle Henry by means of this "dicker" got out ahead of his associates, in placing his family in a mansion suitable to their condition in life, and it certainly added much to their social standing in the community.

Uncle William P. McGill, who was a sturdy, pushing man, near the same time or soon after, built a fine, substantial house, with commodious barns and outbuildings, which together formed an establishment of creditable and thrifty appearance, all of which remains in fairly good condition, though since his death it has passed through several hands.

Uncle Charles D. McGill built a house near the ancestral home, about 1829, where he lived until after grandfather's death in 1832, when he moved into the old place. He afterwards sold the house he had built, and it was removed to a lot near by that he had also sold. This building was quite recently burned. He built the barns that are now on the place.

When my father, John McGill, was married in 1822, his father, Patrick, assigned him to the north hundred of his 350-acre farm. This included the vacant strip whereon the Hickernell cabin had been erected to hold possession.

Father immediately commenced building from the stump. He shouldered his ax—went into the woods—cut down and hauled to the saw mill the logs designed for boards, joists and rafters, including cherry, poplar and pine for the inside work—then the logs for the walls were hewn to the proper thickness and "hauled up" and the building erected about the same size and on the same model as the home of the Pioneer, except that the big chimney was at the end and not in the middle of the structure. The house faced east and the porch extended the entire length, and was about

seven feet wide. The posts were of poplar and were nicely beveled and there was a railing along the front. When the honeysuckle and the woodbine twined along the eves and softened and scented the breeze from the Southland it was an ideal place to rest. Many, many times when perishing on the bleak, soggy hills of old Virginia have I thought of that homely old porch and wished that I could make it a habitation forever.

The domicile was sufficiently commodious for our simple wants on the farm, but as a "Methodist Tavern" it was altogether inadequate, so along about 1853-4 it was determined to build a more pretentious residence, one that would compare favorably with our progressive neighbors, where we could dispense hospitality to our distinguished guests in a manner suited to our acknowledged worth and prominence in social life.

With this end in view, and in compliance with the traditions of building from the stump, John McGill, John McCloskey and Charles D. McGill set forth for the mouth of Muddy Creek at the head of the Deadwater, where they bought a small tract of very nice pine land—McCloskey and C. D. were after gunwale timber, while father wanted such as would be suitable for building purposes. They divided the trees as they stood in the forest, each marking those that fell to his share with his own peculiar blaze, and he then took them off when it suited him.

My brother, William R., then about 22 years old, bossed the job of taking the timber from the stump, hauling the logs and dumping them into the bayou at the mouth of the creek—shaping them into rafts and floating them to the Saegerstown Saw Mills, where they were sawed into lumber suitable for the purpose. This was then hauled to the home ground and stuck up in assorted lots

to dry and properly season for the work. In those days there was no such thing as a planing mill, or lumber yards where building material was kept in stock and cut to order, but everything was done by hand. Under temporary sheds the siding was planed and the flooring matched. The frame was then set up enclosed and roofed when the work benches were taken inside and all other parts of the building, including doors, window sash, stairs and banisters were manufactured on the premises by hand.

The amount of manual labor involved in building from the stump such a structure as John McGill erected is almost incredible. The building was completed in 1856 and is today one of the most creditable structures in the community. Father was proud of his new home, not on account of any prominence it gave him, but because he could now entertain the Bishops and Presiding Elders in good style and not be obliged to stow them away on the old loft, as in former days.

William R. was the banner man in this enterprise. He seemed to like the flavor of the lumber camp and soon after constructed several flat boats on his own account, loaded them with lumber and ran them to the Pittsburg market. John McCloskey and Charles D. McGill had become inveterate boatmen, not for the fun of boating, but as an adjunct to their farming operations. Their lands were well adapted to the growth of potatoes, and the neshannock, a tuber of the finest fiber, grew luxuriantly under their skillful cultivation. Pittsburgh afforded a fairly good market for this variety, while they were worthless at home. They therefore, plotted to get their product down the river and to this end each built one or more flat boats, in which they loaded their crops and floated it down to the market every season. Now, I was

a great favorite with Uncle Charles, and from the time I was seventeen years of age often assisted him on the farm; and whenever he had an enterprise on hand requiring pith, courage and energy, such as digging potatoes, hoeing corn or hauling out manure, he would call for my help, which was always cheerfully rendered. He seldom made a trip to Pittsburg without taking me along, and I sometimes went with other people, and early became familiar with the route, the channel and the trick of boating and I made friends with many noted raftsman of that day. These excursions awakened an interest in the upper lumber regions and a desire to look further into the mystery of the disappearing forests above and growing cities below; and I went over to the Brokenstraw—the Tionesta and the Upper Allegheny and worked in the lumber camps, and when the floods came rode down on the great Allegheny fleets that covered more than half an acre. Rafting on the Brokenstraw and boating on French Creek sixty years ago were very dissimilar propositions.

Standing on the bridge over the Brokenstraw at Youngsville, Warren County, Pa., watching the raging torrent rushing by, I was approached by two men—one of them a big grizzly-looking man past middle age, who was the boss—who asked me if I wanted a job. I answered, Yes. He then said, "Go with this man and he will show you what to do." I went, without changing clothes.

At Siggins pond we detached from its moorings a five platform piece which was a raft of boards, about sixteen feet wide and eighty feet long, and I don't know how many courses deep. The pond was not the placid sheet of water one might infer from the name, but through its center rushed a

roaring tide that more than intimated that the Brokenstraw was on the rampage. It was no pond-freshet, but a genuine flood.

At the foot of the pond, below the bridge, was a dam several feet high over which the torrent plunged, rolling up mighty billows below. I manned the bow oar, and a few sturdy strokes placed us on the rounding bosom of the current. Away we went under the bridge and straight for the dam. Without the least hesitancy we plunged over the breast and down into the abyss below; but those five platform pieces were flexible at the joints and our little raft rode the billows like a duck.

The Allegheny was low, but was rising rapidly from the smaller streams pouring into it, swollen by the recent storm.

As we approached the mouth of the Brokenstraw, I noticed our accelerated speed caused by the higher water debouching into the lower, rushing clear to the other side, but Dunn's eddy was on our side of the Allegheny and the pilot skillfully rounded the point and we swung gracefully into the tranquil bay. It had been a real pleasure trip, and I was delighted with it.

On going ashore we met the Boss, who had driven across by the shorter route and arrived about the same time we did, though we came with great speed. He had picked up two men on the ground and, indicating one, said to me, "McGill, take this man, who is a green hand, and bring out No. 22."

"Davy, you and this other man follow him with No. 16."

I was about to expostulate, but Davy winked and shook his head at me, and I said nothing, and we struck out overland for Siggins pond. When I got a chance I told Davy that I did not think

my knowledge of the stream would justify the undertaking, but he poohed at me and said, "You can do it as well as any one; all you have to do is to keep in the water."

Arrived at the pond I found that No. 22 was a raft of spars; that is, long, straight pine trees lashed together, intended for masts for sea-going vessels; they were all in the rough, just as they had fallen in the forest. A more unwieldly looking thing with which to jump over dams and cataracts could not well be imagined.

At sight of this inflexible lumbering craft I felt for a moment like skipping the skidway and cutting over the hills for home; however, grit came to the rescue and we boarded the darned thing and cast off the lashings.

I told my man that we would dive in, going over the dam and most likely unship his oar, but by all means to hang on to the sweep and we would re-ship when we came to the surface. He proved to be a game lad ready for anything, and we rushed down through the pond like a battering ram—plunged over the dam and out of sight under the turbulent waves. On the stern I was waist deep when she began to rise and I could see my jolly mate coming up out of the deep hanging on to his unshipped oar. The plunge momentarily checked our headlong speed and I ran forward and together we put the gouger in position for service. Then ensued the ride of my life. Down that infernally rapid stream—so tranquil and smooth in the summer days, now so savage in its rage—around those tortuous bends—knocking the corners off adjacent farms—onward we went as if hell bent for perdition. Swift as a runaway trolley on a Pittsburg incline we surged into the Irvington pond, throwing up spray from the bow of every

pine, but Irvington pond was no stopping place for us. Men on shore and on the bridge hallooed to us about the Sheute—devil take the Sheute—we had no time to hunt for Sheutes! "Keep on top the spars," I shouted. "All right," came back the jubilant response of the jolly bowsman, and over the great Irvington dam we plunged and went out of sight.

Sixty years ago there was a point formed at the mouth of the Brokenstraw extending out into the Allegheny, and at the extreme end an immense butternut tree had fallen outward, practically projecting the point many feet toward the river channel, and this point had to be rounded deftly in order to strike the upper draft of Dunn's eddy, where our fleet was building.

As we rose to the surface, both oars gone, the Leviathans we rode seemed to shake their manes in wrath and plunged straight for that big tree top. Into it we rushed—snap, crack, bang, rip and tear, we went through. At one moment I thought our craft was rolling up into a great log heap—but it straightened out nicely, and with slackened headway dropped into the smooth waters below without further effort on our part.

"McGill, how did you make out?" shouted the boss as we drifted up.

"On top half the time," was my quick response; and an audible grin went round the crew.

My bowsman, younger than I—and I was only twenty—was the best pleased boy I ever saw. To him the fun was immense, and he was ready to repeat at any time. I was the tenderfoot of the occasion, and this was my first, but by no means my last, experience on the Upper Allegheny.

I seldom went aboard one of Uncle Charley's potato boats on the French Creek without first

blacking my boots, feeling well assured that they would not get wet unless it rained, and the trip down was a holiday.

It was by means of these frequent excursions that I came to know personally many of the up-river men, and they were strong, brave, fearless and manly; huntsman, woodman, lumberman and raftsman—a man was not all in until he combined all these qualities in one. Quick hand, keen eye, lithe limb, ready to act, reckless of danger, self-possessed and courageous, he was a terror in conflict and mighty in battle. I later saw them and renewed old acquaintanceship on the hills of Maryland and the plains of Manassas; and they wore bucktails on their caps (1st. Pa. rifles), and before long the sight of a bucktail was more terrible to a Johnny Reb than was ever the baying of hounds to a runaway nigger.

THE McGILLS

XXI

The Descendants of Arthur the Pioneer

Arthur, the Son of Arthur

There was no son of the Pioneers ever attained the distinction of their fathers. It was no fault of theirs—no lack of natural ability and enterprise, but was the result of their environment—their limited opportunities and the insurmountable barriers that circumscribed their means of developing the best that was in them.

It must be remembered that these sons of the Pioneer first saw the light of day in the midst of the primitive forests of the western slope of the Appalachian Range, far remote from civilization and the influences and advantages of institutions of learning and the associations of older settlements. Rude dwellings were their habitations and patient toil their grinding lot. The Pioneers came out from a land of culture and light and plunged into the wilds, but these sons came forth in the wilds to fight their way to higher life and better conditions. The act of the fathers was an act of voluntary self-abnegation and sacrifice for the benefit of their posterity, but for the sons there was no volition—it was fate—and right well did each perform his part, and handicapped as they were death found each man under his own ample roof-tree surrounded by the growing generations.

Arthur—son of Arthur—was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, at Duncan's Island, on the Susquehanna, about A. D. 1790; and at the age of four years was brought to the French Creek country. We have seen the kind of schooling he received. When quite young he was on horseback carrying the mail between Pittsburg and Erie. His education was gathered up on rough roads among rougher men. He became connected with the Passenger Stage Coach and Mail business, and I think continued some kind of association with it as long as he lived. He was a great humorist, and the following clipping from the Western Press by the facile pen of Archie Blakely will serve to illustrate some of his amiable traits and irrepressible love of fun:

THE WESTERN PRESS.

(From the Butler Eagle.)

ARTHUR McGILL OF THE ERIE AND PITTSBURG STAGE COMPANY.

I was chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Butler County in 1856—our committee, hearing that Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, was on a speaking tour North, and would be in Pittsburg, instructed me to go to Pittsburg and arrange for Clay to come to Butler. The best I could get done was to have Mr. Clay brought out during the early part of the night, after he had spoken in Pittsburg, and then we were to take him back the next night.

Joseph Knox, a bachelor-member of the Pittsburg bar, living at the Monongahela House, having to make a business drive to Clarion, agreed to bring Mr. Clay out, and we were to take him back. The plank road was then new and in fine condition and good moonlight for the contemplated drive.

We arranged for quarters at the Klingler, now the Lowry House. Mr. Clay slept late, and I was there in waiting to see him when he came down. I expressed the hope that their night ride had not been unpleasant. He said, No, excepting that they had struck a toll-gatherer (he called him) on the way, who had been very insolent and insulting. I asked him at what point, and he answered that Mr. Knox said it was the Glades or something of that kind.

I saw Knox, and he said that when they approached the toll-gate at Glade Mills it was about midnight, but the moon was bright and clear, and the pole which constituted the gate was drawn across the road. This was right in front of a dwelling house, and he called several times and a man came out on the porch with nothing on but his shirt, and answered:

"What in h—l do you want?"

Knox answered: "We want to go to Butler."

The man replied: "Then, why in h—l don't you go?"

Knox answered: 'We can't go until the gate is opened."

The man answered: "I don't propose to open the gate after midnight for every fool, jail-bird, night-hawk, sheep-thief or d—d black Republican that comes along."

Knox then asserted his legal rights in the matter. The man on the porch answered: "You have no legal rights until you pay your toll."

Knox then asked him to come out to the carriage and get his toll. The man on the porch swore he wouldn't go to the carriage, as they might murder or kidnap him. Knox then got out and paid the toll, when the pole was raised and they passed through.

When I remembered that Arthur McGill was the toll-keeper, I could understand the whole thing and told Knox and Clay that he was a decided character, evidently knew who they were and was having some fun.

Mr. Clay spoke the next day and it fell to my lot to drive him to Pittsburg that night. We struck Glade Mills about 10 o'clock. The pole was down and all was as quiet as the grave. I halloed and yelled and screamed and made all kinds of noises. After awhile McGill came and called out: "What in h—l is the matter with you?"

I answered that we wanted to get through the gate.

McGill said: "Oh, is that all; I thought you had the toothache," and added, "I can't let every fool-killer through who comes along at this time of night until he pays his toll."

I answered, "Here is your toll; come out and get it."

His house was on the right side of the road, passing down, and I sat next the house, with Clay on my left. McGill came out, and as I handed him the toll, he exclaimed:

"Oh, h—l, is this you, Archie? I'll never throw a straw in the way of Lewis Blakely's white-headed boy if I can help it."

Mr. Clay spoke up and said: "You insulted me, sir, when I passed through here last night."

Mr. McGill replied: "Insult and be d—d to you."

Mr. Clay drew a revolver very deliberately from his side pocket, saying, "How do you fight, sir?"

McGill, reaching out his hand, said: "Give me your hand; you're Cassius M. Clay, I thought I could smoke you out."

He called a man to take charge of the team and had us both get out, took us in, introduced us to his wife and daughter, and passed out to a large porch running the entire length of the house, covered with vines, the moonlight streaming through them, the valley of Glade Run running away westward—the foliage all bathed in the richest moonlight I ever saw.

They had the great family table set with snow-white tablecloth and napkins, and as fine a supper as I ever tasted, and whiskies and wines galore. The play of wit and repartee between Clay and McGill was one of the richest treats of my life.

In the first year of the Civil War I met Gen. Clay in Kentucky and introduced myself, and he immediately asked for the old toll-gatherer of the Glades.

I met General Clay again in Washington, after his return from the Court of St. Petersburg, where he had been serving as Minister from our Government, and his first question was for the old toll-gatherer of the Glades, and amongst other things said that moonlight scene was the richest he had ever seen.

I have spoken of McGill's business methods, and should therefore add that he was Sheriff of the County for three years, and if any one ever lost by him in his official capacity, I never heard of it.

His kindness to the poor and needy of the world was proverbial. He would see no one suffer if he had the means to help him.

ARCHIBALD BLAKELY.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, soon after the War, I was introduced to a number of very distinguished gentlemen from Western Pennsylvania and the mention of my name immediately recalled that of Arthur of the Glades, and many amusing

incidents in the career of the old humorist were related, and I learned that he was widely known and held a high place in the esteem of many political leaders of the time. Among many incidents mentioned was a clash of wits which occurred at the Capital between McGill and the distinguished Thaddeus Stevens in which that king of satire and "man of infinite jest," did not come out ahead.

It was told of him that when Sheriff of Butler county, there was admitted to the bar a pale young man, who had fought his way through privation and want and reached the goal of his ambition, but he had also reached the crackers and cheese stage of the profession. A troubled look was on his face, and something that seemed to speak of hunger in his eyes when the Sheriff met him in the corridor slipped a fifty-dollar bill into his hand and whispered: "You can pay me when you get started."

When in the Stage Coach and Hostelry line of business, he was, one stormy day, making his way over execrable roads between Pittsburg and the Glade Mills with an empty coach-and-four, and came across two Irishmen by the wayside.

"Boys, jump in and take a ride."

"Thank ye, Mr. McGill," came the ready response; "we can't; we're in a hurry to get beyant."

"Whoa." The coach stopped.

"Now climb in," and they did. He took them to the Glades; bade them clean the mud off their boots and clothes—gave them an excellent supper —a warm, clean bed and a hearty breakfast. Then chucking a bottle of whisky into one of their pockets, he said: "Now, d—n you, be gone."

A neighbor called and asked the loan of a farming implement. "No, sir; I don't lend my tools. There is nothing in lending," was the gruff response. The man turned away with a look of

disappointment on his face. "Hold on," said Arthur, impressively, "I want to tell you something; when you see any implement or tool about my place that you want to use—take it—use it, and bring it back when you are through with it, and don't bother me about it. I have no time to waste lending tools to my neighbors. I don't lend."

A few days ago an old gentleman from Lynn, Mass., a sea coast town near Boston, who in his youth lived in Butler County, Pennsylvania, said to me: "If Arthur McGill, in his youth, had been afforded the advantages of a liberal education, he would have ranked high among the greatest humorists of the age."

The versatility of the man was wonderful—his wit was spontaneous and original. No stale jokes, nor hackneyed tales found lodgment in his active brain. The humorous side of life appealed to him and kept him always in a happy mood. He could be rough when with rough men, gentle when with gentlemen, kind with kindred and friends and had no enemies on earth.

His business led him away from the ancestral home and he never returned after his permanent settlement in Butler county, save once—when he passed through on the wing. It was when he was Sheriff. His nephew, James D. McGill, was in the mercantile business in Saegerstown. He was called to the door, and there in his buggy sat Uncle Arthur. "Get off—Get off!" cried James.

"No, I cannot. Is Charlie at home?" "I think he is," was the answer. Snap went the whip and away he whirled to the old Patrick McGill home.

John E. was in front of the house. "Tell Charlie to come out here quick." Uncle Charles came limping over the old porch. "Hurry up, Charlie, I just have time to shake hands. I have a warrant for a man who is ahead and I must catch him be-

fore he gets into Erie. If I miss him I will stop when I come back;" and the whip cracked and he was never again seen in these parts.

It is a matter of sincere regret that we know so little of this man, nothing of his wife and family—for he had children. Perhaps some of his descendants are yet living, but they seem to be lost to us.

THE McGILLS

XXII

The Descendants of Arthur, the Pioneer—Continued. Henry, the Son of Arthur the Pioneer, and John of Mercer

Henry McGill, second son of Arthur, the Pioneer, was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, at Duncan's Island, on the Susquehanna, about A. D. 1792, and was brought to the French Creek country by his parents in 1794 and his youthful days were passed in the castle by the great spring. Henry was a manly youth, and grew to be a man of great strength, easily the champion of his clan; as well as a peacemaker for outlying districts. His inclinations were for country life, and at an early age he took an interest in home matters and became the real manager and director of the farm interests. Neither his father, nor his elder brother, Arthur, were agriculturists from natural inclination, but Henry rejoiced in the products of the soil; was king of the cattle range and the playfellow of the noble equines he always had on his place.

The personality of Henry McGill was impressive. His large, stalwart form, rounded out in symmetrical, masculine proportions, was the ideal of strength and force. His features were strong and expressive and his countenance the mirror of a kindly, benevolent and happy soul. In his business relations he was prompt and thorough, and a

man of few words. And he was a man of influence and force in the community, without effort controlling to a large extent the local policies of his immediate surroundings; and in the direction of public affairs, though never holding office in his life—what Henry McGill said, went. His mental poise was admirable. He could be righteously indignant at some mean act, but never excited or mad; that were too low a quality to find a lodging place in his broad, liberal mind.

In his youth, in the turbulent days of the new settlement, Henry acquired a celebrity which he did not covet. In those days personal encounters between ambitious youths were not infrequent, and the elegant manner in which Henry could, and often did, polish off pernicious bullies gave him great fame. But he did not seek such contests nor did he allow them to disturb his equanimity. He regarded them in the light of sport without vengeful thought or purpose.

House and barn raisings, where whisky was plenty and free, were generally the occasions for such trials of strength and grit. At a raising in the southwest part of the township a large crowd of mixed races had assembled and two strong young men, well matched, engaged in pugilistic battle. They were Henry Minium, of German derivation, and Andrew Ryan, of Irish descent. Among the onlookers was one Nicholas Shaeffer, a Dutchman of powerful mold and unquestioned courage. As the battle raged furiously without any visible advantage on either side, Henry McGill arrived on the ground and, pushing through the crowd, looked on a moment and remarked, "d—d tight scutch." Whizz! came a mighty knockout blow from Schaeffer, which Henry's quick eye detected barely in time to dodge; followed by others in rapid succession, taxing all his agility and skill to fend. "Nick,

what's the matter with you?" said Henry. Up went Nick's great open hands as he exclaimed, "Ach, Hennery, is dot you? for what you say d—n de Dutch?"

"I did not, Nick, I said, D—d tight scutch."

"Mein Gott, Hennery, I'm glat you did not hurt somedings!"

Henry McGill was widely known throughout the state by party leaders and prominent men. His associations were always of the best, and men of national fame were frequent guests at his house—and this son of the forest and the field, whose normal condition was that of toil, could entertain his distinguished visitors with the ease and self-possession of a courtier.

Henry at an early date married CATHERINE CARR, a daughter of David Carr, one of the first settlers who bought lands from the Holland Land Company. The place is located directly east of the County Farm and is yet in possession of a descendant of the House of Carr.

Catherine Carr was the mother of all of Henry's children. She died in 1849. Several years later Henry married again. His second wife was a stately dame, with beautiful, brown eyes and fine presence, and was a grand, good woman. She was the mother of the late James E. McFarland, of Meadville, Pa. They have been dead for many years and rest in the Saegerstown cemetery.

ARTHUR, the eldest son, died at the age of about 17 years.

EUNICE E., the eldest daughter, was an active, energetic lady. Along about 1847 she married GRIFFITH CARR, a distant relative of her mother.

This Griffith Carr proved to be much of a man. Before the Mexican War, when emigration to the Pacific coast became active, he, with others, went

to Oregon with a view to setting up lumber mills in that country, but their machinery was lost on the plains. The War broke out and he joined the forces under Fremont and marched two hundred miles down the coast to the taking of San Francisco. Afterwards he returned to the States as a member of the Military escort for Commodore Stockton, who had been ordered home. When relieved from this duty he came home and married Eunice and removed to Illinois. From thence he sent his wife home, about 1850, and returned to the gold diggings in the Sacramento valley, where he made his stake and then came home, bought the old Carr place, made some fine improvements and spent the remainder of his days—one of the substantial, reliable men of the country. They had several children, all of whom, but one, were the victims of diphtheria. The surviving child was Thomas Carr, who owns the old place—has added many acres to it—made fine improvements and has one of the most beautiful sites in the country.

MARY, the second daughter, married WILLIAM GLENN, a carpenter and contractor of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Glenn was a successful business man and commanded the unstinted confidence and respect of his fellowmen. He has been dead for several years, but Mary is still living and is now over eighty-three years old.

They had quite a family, but I am not in possession of their record. Mrs. Glenn has a home, Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., where she spends the summer season, passing the winters in Florida. Her old age is gliding pleasantly away, and no one deserves a peaceful, happy ending better than Mary Glenn. (Mary died at Chautauqua since writing the above.)

SARAH CATHARINE, my gentle playmate in childhood, died a few years ago. She was unmarried.

DAVID, the second son, remained on the place for some time after his father's death, when the growing infirmities of age and the importunities of his affectionate daughters admonished him that his days of labor were past and induced him to move into town where his wife owns a nice home on the S. E. corner of Broad street and Euclid avenue.

David married MARY FLOYD, of Saegerstown, and they had twins, but no other children. The twins are ANNIE and ELIZABETH. Annie married WAYNE PATTERSON, a merchant and farmer, who has a fine place in Hayfield, just across the river, but his business house is in the town and they reside with the old folks. Lizzie after teaching several terms in the Saegerstown High School, married GRANT MOOK, a veteran electrician and station agent on the Erie. Mr. Mook built himself a beautiful house on Main street, where they live happy, and have three boys.

David is a good man—has many estimable qualities of head and heart and is highly esteemed by his fellowmen.

NANCY, the fourth daughter, died when quite young.

HENRY McGILL, the third son of Henry, in some respects resembles his father. He is of the same model and cast of countenance and is openhearted and generous to a fault. He left home when scarcely grown to manhood and never returned permanently. He married away, and I never saw his wife. She died a few years ago and left one son and three daughters if I am not misinformed.

HOSMER, the son, lives in Rockdale—is married and has children. One daughter married her cousin, Thomas Carr, of whom mention has been made—they have children. P. O. address, Route 1, Saegerstown, Pa. Another daughter married George Moyer; they live at Cambridge Springs, and the third daughter is also married.

Henry lives at the Fountain House, which he owns.

Since writing the above, Henry died, July 30, 1909.

PENELOPE, the youngest daughter of Henry, Sr., was fair to look upon in her youthful days. She was of stately form and attractive presence. She was unmarried and remained at the old home until after the death of her sister Sarah, when she went to live with her niece, Mrs. Mook, and soon after died.

JOSIAH, the youngest son, after his father's death, remained on the place with his two married sisters, and it is a fact that the routine of the house was unbroken, and its hospitality unabated until after Sarah and Penelope died. This sad event left Josiah bereft, for he himself had remained unmarried, but he finally turned over the management of the large place to Patterson and Mook, procured and fitted up to his taste a smaller domain in Hayfield, a mile or two away, where any curious traveler may find a genuine full-blooded McGill. Monarch of all he surveys and lord of the fowl and the brute.

JOHN McGILL, third son of Arthur, the Pioneer.

John McGill, third son of Arthur, was born in Northumberland County, Pa., April 9th, 1794, and was brought to the French Creek country the same year a babe in arms. He, therefore, ranks with the first original settlers in the valley, having a habi-

tation in Arthur's Castle by the big spring from the day it was erected. He did not, however, remain long, but at the age of fourteen years went to Erie an apprentice to the business he afterwards followed all his life. He never returned to the valley permanently, and as a matter of fact his temporary visits to the old home were infrequent and only occurred at long intervals, and he and his family became practically strangers to the Clan McGill. He was in Erie during the active operations at that place in the War of 1812.

John McGill was married Oct. 28, 1819, to MARY DAVITT, at Mercer, Pa., and thenceforth made that place his home. He was an upright man of much intellectual force and was prominent in local affairs, frequently appearing in the front ranks in matters pertaining to church and state. He was well known throughout the Commonwealth and was at one time a member of the Presidential Electoral College from Pennsylvania.

I met him in 1882, after the death of his wife, whom I never saw. He was then about 88 years of age, and he moved about with that easy dignity that is so becoming to advanced years. He was tall, straight, self-possessed and gentlemanly. He rode with me from Venango to Saegerstown, down the most beautiful stretch of the French Creek valley. He recognized points of interest and noted the transformation of scenery caused by the disappearing forests, and conversed with delightful intelligence of the great changes that had taken place in the valley since his boyhood days.

Mrs. McGill died Jan. 9, 1882, after 63 years of wedded life, aged 82 years. John McGill died April 9th, 1886, aged precisely 92 years. They rest in the cemetery at Mercer, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. McGill raised a family of ten children, all of whom grew to maturity and played their part as best they could in the great drama of life. They were as follows:

MARY JANE, the eldest, born at Mercer, Pa., July 29, 1820. She was married to D. W. Findley, July 5, 1842. Died at Mercer, Pa., May 11, 1907. She was the mother of five children.

JAMES DAVITT McGILL, born at Mercer, Pa., Jan. 18, 1822. Married same place, IMELDA PATTERSON, Nov. 12, 1845. They had four children—one survives.

James D. died at Saegerstown, Pa., April 15, 1859; buried in Mercer cemetery.

James D. McGill was the only member of the family with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was an active, energetic businessman. About 1850-1 he came to Saegerstown and opened up a dry goods and grocery store, the first successful competitor with the old regime. He made business hum, and always relieved the strenuosity of trade with a continuous flow of humor and good natured jest that made traffic a delightful pastime. People learned to like him and appreciated his genius for fun. He was very popular and became widely known. Traveling men from New York to Chicago would rush their routes to secure a few hours with "Jim," to replenish their stock of fading jests with something new and fresh. As a keen, original humorist he had few equals, and the recollection of his rare talents in the line of sportive repartee is greatly enhanced by the fact that he never descended to the low vulgar jests so common among would-be wits. His thoughts were pure and his language chaste, and his keen satire so blended with genuine hearty good-will that it left no scars.

It is sad, indeed, that one so gifted should be taken away so soon. He died at the age of thirty-seven years.

ELLEN, the second daughter, was born at Mercer, Pa., Oct. 25th, 1823; married Eliab Asper, April 30, 1846. Died at Pittsburg, Pa., May 6th, 1850, leaving two children.

ARTHUR, born at Mercer, Pa., Nov. 6, 1825; married MARY COOK. Died at New Orleans, La., August 8, 1859. Left one child.

Arthur was a printer and had been for several years foreman in the office of the Pittsburg Post. There was something tragic about his death, the particulars of which I never learned.

JOHN DAVITT McGILL, born at Mercer, Jan. 31, 1827. Died Oct. 26, 1869, Columbia, Tenn. Unmarried.

John was a lawyer, went South before the War; served as a Lieutenant in the Confederate Army. After the War he returned North and was for a time at Oil City, Pa., where he held the position of City Clerk. A great calamitous fire and flood swept down Oil Creek, carrying death and destruction on its lurid bosom. A lady was discovered on a pile of drift surrounded by flood and flame, floating on to certain death; none dared to go to her relief! McGill came up, seized a paddle, sprang into a boat and dashed throught the fiery billows to the rescue, and he brought her out of the sea of burning oil unharmed. For this act of heroism he received great commendation from the public and the press. He soon after returned South, and died as above stated.

CHARLES McGILL, the fourth son of John, born at Mercer, Pa., Oct. 18, 1829; married ELIZABETH SERGEANT, May 26, 1859. Died at Mercer, Pa., Jan. 17, 1861. No issue.

CHRISTIANA McGILL, born at Mercer, Pa., Sept. 26, 1831; married MICHAEL ZAHNISER, Sept. 26, 1854, and they have one child. Their residence is at Sharon, Pa. I am indebted to Mr. Zahniser for a few statistics relating to the family of John McGill. I have never met Mr. Zahniser, but am assured from reliable sources that he is a thorough business man of character and standing; a Gold Democrat with silver lining and a wealthy banker.

REBECCA McGILL, born at Mercer, Pa., Sept. 8, 1833; married Rev. R. McWatty, Dec. 28, 1856. Their home is in Pittsburg, and they have children.

FRANCES McGILL, born at Mercer, Pa., May 25th, 1839; married James S. Porter, Dec. 17, 1861. Died at Sharon, Pa., Sept. 8, 1900, leaving five children.

LAMONT DUNWIDDIE McGILL, born at Mercer, Pa., Oct. 10, 1841. Is not married and lives at Cochranton, Pa.

THE McGILLS

XXIII

The Descendants of Arthur, the Pioneer—Continued. Robert the Fourth Son of Arthur, and Margaret McCloskey his Daughter

Robert McGill, the fourth son of Arthur, the Pioneer, was born at the McGill Settlement in the French Creek country about 1798. The date of his birth precedes the founding of Alden's Mills, Crawford county, Woodcock township (all names applicable to the same place), and nearly thirty years before there was any Saegerstown. The locality was doubtless included at that time in Mead township, Allegheny county, Pa.

It was here that Robert spent his youthful days and was a lively participant in the wild frolics of the logging days of the valley, where brain and brawn, mingled with toil and temerity, brought forth an order of men inferior to none on the face of the earth. Tales of the escapades of these old men when they were young, could they be recounted as they were told half a century ago would be a rich contribution to the family lore, and in all these stories of the boys, the name of Robert McGill appears as a central point from which radiated bright rays of jovial mirth and irrepressible fun.

Long after he left the land of his birth for western shores, the mention of his name would extort from old associates sparkling reminiscences of his good-natured manners and mirth-provoking wit. His name was not forgotten as long as his contemporaries and coadjutors in manly sportive ways were above the sod.

About 1825, Robert married Susan Alexander of the Brokenstraw county, on the Allegheny. She was born in the state of New York in 1802. The Alexanders were prominent in Western Pennsylvania, and their name is conspicuous in the early history of Erie, Crawford and Warren counties.

Soon after his marriage Robert built a home on the ancestral patent near the village of Saegerstown, where he resided until after the death of his father, when he disposed of his interests in the old place and removed to Edinboro, in Erie county, then known as Washington, where he remained not to exceed two years, when the family took up their residence in Erie.

It was about 1843 when, with his wife and six children, he settled at or near La Porte, Ind., and thenceforth his established habitation was in Northwestern Indiana.

In 1850 Robert crossed the plains for California. Starting out with a well organized and equipped company, their prospects seemed good for a successful expedition, but they met with the usual troubles that beset the emigrant on that long and tortuous trail, and he arrived on the golden sands of the Sacrament alone and his rifle and frying pan were the only remnants of his well appointed outfit.

He was six years in California, but whether successful in accumulating much wealth, I am not informed, but it was reported of him that he was in good circumstances, highly respected by the peo-

ple among whom he lived, and much beloved by every one on account of his happy, jovial disposition and the strict integrity that characterized all his dealings with his fellowmen.

Robert died at Hebron, Ind., in February, 1878; Susan died in September, 1871. Robert and Susan McGill had seven children—three sons and four daughters.

Margaret, the eldest, was born near Saegerstown, Pa., February, 1826. She was married in Indiana to S. B. Kinney, June, 1861, and is living in Valparaiso, Ind., with her youngest son, H. B. Kinney, who is County Treasurer of Porter county. Her eldest son, Robert, lives at Hebron, Ind., and is engaged in the manufacture of tile.

Henry, the eldest son, was born near Saegerstown, Pa., October, 1827. He was married to Eliza Norton in 1867; died at La Porte, Ind., January, 1905. Mrs. McGill still lives at the above named place. They had one son, David McGill, who lives in La Porte.

Charles Archibald McGill, second son of Robert, was born near Saegerstown, Pa., June, 1829, was married to Mary F. Brownley at Hebron, Ind., in June, 1863. They have two children living, a daughter at home with her parents at Hebron, and J. H. McGill (James Henry), who lives at Valparaiso, Ind.; is married and has four children, to-wit: Charles S., Rachel, Robert and Frances. J. H., aforesaid son of Charles A., is President of the Crescent company of Valparaiso, manufacturers of electrical specialties. He is mentioned as an enterprising business man. I am indebted to his courtesy for valuable information.

Mary Ellen McGill, daughter of Robert, was born at Edinboro, Pa., in February, 1834; was mar-

ried in 1858 to David Bryant; both deceased. They left one child—Nettie (Applegate) Bryant—Mary E. died at Hebron, Ind., January, 1903.

Susanna McGill, daughter of Robert, was born at Erie, Pa., July, 1836; was twice married; September, 1855, to James Oliver—no issue—second marriage, January, 1862, to Hugh Fickle. They had three sons—David, Charles and John. David Fickle, son of Susanna, has three children: Oliver, Mary and Hugh. Another son has two: Syril and Katherine. Susanna died January, 1903, on the same day that her sister, Mary Ellen, died.

James McFarland McGill was born at Erie, Pa., June 28, 1842. He was married May 18, 1869, to Kate Starr. They have one son and two daughters living, and their present residence is Washington, D. C. The son, Rual Starr McGill, is in business in Chicago. Phoebe is married to Barnard and has two children—Catherine and Job. Flora is the youngest and is a vocalist of some celebrity.

James McFarland McGill was, no doubt, named after James E. McFarland, late of Meadville, Pa., a noted journalist, politician and banker of former years, who was an intimate friend and associate of Robert McGill.

At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, James M. was in school at Valparaiso, Ind. He enlisted in Company —, 5th Regiment, Indiana Cavalry, and was appointed Orderly Sergeant of the company, and was afterwards promoted to First Lieutenant, and in April, 1864, was made Captain, in which capacity he served until mustered out August 11, 1865.

From a school boy of nineteen to a captain of cavalry is a military record of which he and his friends may well be proud, especially when we consider the strenuous times and the bloody whirlpool of battle from which promotion and rank were

wrested by valor and worth. It was no holiday excursion that led through the battle of Franklin, where seven Confederate generals were killed in the fight, nor were they feeble blows that were struck on the desperate field of Nashville, nor on the hills at Knoxville, Tenn., where the boy lieutenant rode to victory and promotion, and carried away as trophies his commission and "a scratch." Twenty-one great engagements are placed to the credit of the Valparaiso schoolboy from 1861 to 1865.

Jane McGill, the youngest daughter of Robert, was born at La Porte, Ind., April, 1844. She died at Hebron, Ind., in 1888, unmarried.

Robert McGill has passed away, and nearly all of his children have followed, but his contributions to the light and life and happiness of those around him will not perish from off the face of the earth, but, transmitted through other generations, will live forever.

McCLOSKEY.

MARGARET, THE DAUGHTER OF ARTHUR.

Margaret McGill, daughter of Arthur the Pioneer, first saw the light in his famous castle by the big spring, May 9, 1800. The date of her marriage to John McCloskey is not given in any of the family archives that have come under my observation. She was the mother of twelve children, and a mother to be revered, one whose memory was a benefaction to her children and made her sons brighter and better men. No mother was ever more true to her trust of care than was "Aunt Peggy." She died at Venango, Pa., April 1, 1867, and all who knew her wept, for a saintly vision had gone out from before them. She was a woman entirely destitute of society fads, the whole devo-

tion of her soul being centered upon her family brood, and on them she lavished the richest treasures of her great loving heart.

John McCloskey was born at Greensburgh, Westmorland county, Pa., March 19, 1799, and died at Venango, May 29, 1881, aged eighty-two years. Their residence for more than forty years was in Saegerstown, where all their children were born, and John was Postmaster for many years.

The McGills and McCloskeys were acquainted before they ever came to the French Creek country. Whether their associations extended beyond the sea, I am unable to say, but would be very willing to be convinced that they did, and that they came down together from the Caledonian hills to the Antrim land three hundred years ago.

The McCloskeys passed through Northumberland on the Celtic trail from the seaboard to the limit of population while the McGills were at Duncan's Island on the Susquehanna. They (the McCloskeys) settled in Westmoreland county, when it was against the law for white men to go any further West, and the McCloskeys of our next preceding generation were born there and were natives of Westmoreland. They were visited by Arthur and Patrick in 1792, when on their exploring expedition to the French Creek country, before John McCloskey was born, and some kind of communication and intercourse was maintained in after years, resulting in the coming of John and Michael McCloskey to Crawford county, and the marriage of John to Margaret, the daughter of Arthur McGill, and the marriage of Michael to Maria, the daughter of Patrick McGill.

The descendants of John and Margaret McCloskey are as follows:

Mary McCloskey (—); born at Saegerstown, Pa., June 6, 1823. Died at Venango, Pa., Dec. 21, 1873. Mary was married, but left no children.

Catherine McCloskey; born at Saegerstown, Pa., Nov. 2, 1824. Died July 10, 1825.

Arthur McCloskey; born at Saegerstown, Feb. 2, 1826. Died at Venango, Pa., March 15, 1905.

Arthur was one of the best liked men of his day. His bright, sunny disposition and humorous ways attracted men to him, and he was always the popular center of every gathering in which he participated. He was a small man, and yet an athlete; muscles hard as iron, and sinews like steel.

He engaged in the boot and shoe business at Venango at an early date and continued in the same without change of occupation or place during his lifetime. His wife was Maria Sherred, a daughter of one of the oldest and most respectable families of the community, and their marriage relations were most happy. They had three sons, all of them bright, intelligent, quick-witted boys. They are now men, gone from the old home, making their tracks through the world by no devious ways.

It was not long after the death of Arthur that Maria died. If Arthur McCloskey had an enemy on earth, I never heard of him.

Michael McCloskey; born at Saegerstown, Pa., July 24, 1827. Died same place, June 16, 1897.

Michael was a man of adventurous disposition and saw much of the world in his time. He was a tanner and courier and went into the leather business. In 1849 he went to California, by way of the Isthmus, and passed through some startling adventures. Some years later he returned and with a partner bought a tannery at Venango, Pa.

This he operated until the large establishments absorbed everything when he closed out and went into the oil country, where he operated for a time.

JOHN McGILL

(From an Old Daguerreotype)

(FATHER OF THE AUTHOR)

THE McGILLS

XXIV

The Descendants of Patrick
The Pioneer

McGill, John—Son of Patrick.

John McGill, the eldest son of the family of the Pioneer, was born at Duncan's Island on the Susquehanna, in Northumberland county, Pa., Oct. 19, 1795, and in December of the same year was domiciled on the banks of French Creek on the McGill Patent "Good Intent," whereon his father established his abode and permanent dwelling place.

John grew to manhood in surroundings and under conditions already described; and June 12, 1822, married Isabella Ryan, daughter of John and Catherine Ryan of Woodcock township, Crawford county, Pennsylvania.

Isabella, aforesaid, was born Oct. 28, 1800.

They established their home on the North Hundred of the Good Intent Patent, where they passed the remainder of their days, and raised a family of two sons and six daughters; two daughters died in infancy.

Isabella McGill; died March 26th, 1876; aged 76 years.

John McGill; died Oct. 27th, 1878; aged 83 years.

Their life during the fifty-four years they lived together was entirely and happily harmonious, though each bore a strong personality independent

of the other. There was no incompatibility; their purposes ran parallel and they moved steadily to accomplish the ends in view harmoniously and without friction of any kind. The result was a well regulated household.

John McGill was five feet eleven inches high—of compact, well knit frame—symmetrical mold—quick, easy motion, and active as a deer. In the athletic sports of his youthful days he had few, if any, competitors who could excel him. He could jump higher and leap farther than most of them and was a sprinter of wonderful agility, as well as a wrestler whose back seldom touched the ground. These sports were common with the young people of his day and came in as an interlude between rolling logs and clearing the land.

They—John and Isabella—had moved into their new house on the North Hundred. "The clearing" was in front, many broad acres covered with the debris of the forest extending almost to their door. The outlook was wild and jagged, but the workers were looking beyond to the waving fields of golden grain that in after years spread a gorgeous mantle over the scene.

The rain was coming down in a steady pour, and John was standing in the door leaning against the jamb looking out toward the dripping forest.

Isabella came into the room from the pantry and in her businesslike way remarked, "John, we are nearly out of meat!"

John answered not a word, but glanced up toward his rifle that hung on the wall, then went out to the south end of the porch—scanned the outlook to the southwest—returned—took down the rifle and thoroughly cleaned and carefully loaded it. He then resumed his place, leaning against the door jamb with his rifle by his side, looking out at the falling rain.

The deluge ceased and only drops were pattering down from the tops of standing trees. Away to the northeast a magnificent buck bounded into the opening and took its way across the clearing. It was a long shot from the porch to the course of the fleeing deer, but without changing position the rifle came to his shoulder—his keen, brown gray eye, like a flash of light, glanced along the sights—"Crack!" and Isabella had her answer; the problem of the empty meat barrel was solved, for the time being, at least.

Years passed. The clearing in front of the house had lost all of its repulsive features, and in place of brush and logs and stumps was now embossed with the emerald green of the growing crops. The forest was creeping backward on the slope of the next plateau. The sound of the woodman's ax was ringing along the verge of the dying woods.

Near the summit of the next rise, on John's hundred, was a wonderful spring—wonderful in this respect; that the other springs bubbled out at the foot of the hill, while this one boiled directly up on top of the hill! It had there formed for itself a little basin which retained the water to a certain point from whence the overflow rippled off down to join the waters of the lower draft. Looking into this basin of pure, cold water one could see the tiny jets boiling right up out of the earth, causing bubbles on the surface, and here and there building up little mounds of fine sand around the jet, as if forming the crater of a mimic volcano. The water was pure, soft, cold and healthful. Nature had shaded the spot with a growth of young maples, while farther away stood the larger growth of oak and chestnut. Such a phenomenon as this spring presented had not gone unobserved and the wood-

men had carried bark and spawls and made a little platform on which they could lie down and drink out of the cauldron.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and John, who was splitting rails a few rods farther down the hill, became thirsty and went up to the spring to get a drink. It was a delightfully cool place in that alcove formed by the young maples, and he stood there for a minute fanning himself with his straw hat, and then lay down on the platform and took a long, cooling draught from the spring. As he raised up on his feet he found himself confronted by a large, black bear, and so close, that had each extended a forearm they could have shaken hands. The situation at once became interesting and the possibilities of high tragedy were imminent. The man and the beast looked one another square in the eye; the hair went up erect on the back of Bruin and he exhibited a mighty fine set of teeth. With the exception of a snarl from the bear at the instant of surprise no words were spoken or sound uttered.

There were men in the woods at work, thirty or forty rods away, but to call for assistance would precipitate an onset. The young maples might afford means of escape, as John could spring into the top of one nearest him with the agility of a cat and could then call for help. He thought of this mode of escape and determined to adopt it if he had to, but never for an instant did he glance toward the maples or remove his fixed stare from the eye of the beast; like statues they stood and stared—it was a quiet battle of the nerve force of the man and of the beast.

Bruin had approached that spring with no hostile intentions; he simply wanted a drink of water; he was not on a man hunting expedition by any means and his surprise at the encounter was very

great, but it was not in bear nature to decline a conflict when the enemy was so near at hand, and the attack would have been inevitable had the surprise been less complete, and that, with the gleam of the woodman's eye, caused him to hesitate, and he was lost. There was a fascination there that paralyzed his aggressive nature and held him sternly at bay. John saw that the bear quailed under his fixed stare and threw into it all the intensity he could command.

He had never heard of such a thing as hypnotism, and would not know the meaning of the word if he saw it, and would have been greatly amused at the theory had it been explained to him; yet, nevertheless, John hypnotized the bear.

And now began the tactics of retreat. Stealthily Bruin, without taking his eye from that of his antagonist, raised one foot and with scarcely perceptible motion, placed it a few inches to the rear—he was stealing away—then followed in the same manner another foot and minutes elapsed before the brute had moved half a yard away, at the same time maintaining a vigilant, hostile front. John was well aware of the danger of any precipitate action on his part at that crisis and stood as immovable as the Sphinx. He realized that a separation was about taking place and that such action was very desirable and he would throw no obstacles in the way, but at the same time he made up his mind to have some fun out of the predicament as a compensation for the strenuous time that had been imposed upon him.

Bruin was now going backward with accelerated speed and had half turned to flee when John sprang out toward him, giving out a yell that would discount all "Noth Calina" rebel yells that were ever heard. There was a whirlwind of dried forest leaves went over the knoll back of the spring. The

bear was ahead of the cloud, and John was in it, sending forth such howls as were never before heard along those hills. The terrorized brute now took to a tree for safety, and around its base the woodman pranced in fantastic style, still keeping up the clamor of those awful yells, until the outcry brought, as he intended it should, men with dogs and guns to investigate the cause of the tumult. Bruin then and there paid the penalty for having looked in the eye of a man, and there was a replenishment of other empty meat barrels, but not of ours, for John and Isabella did not care for bear's meat.

Numerous incidents are related of the frequent and successful intervention of John McGill in quieting riotous proceedings, and preventing personal encounters in the whisky drinking times of his early manhood. He never drank intoxicating beverages; he would not tolerate them on his premises, and on this account apparently incurred the ill-will of many of his neighbors.

The lurid light from the fires of five distilleries could be seen from his door of an autumn evening, and the morals of the community were being debauched by drink. So uniform was the custom that ministers of the Gospel imbibed the red ruin and fine minds were being wrecked by the pernicious habit.

John, standing almost alone, declared a war upon it. He gave out the mandate "Touch not; taste not; handle not the unclean thing. I will not furnish it to my men, nor shall it be used on my place if I can prevent it." Men cursed him, but it mattered not, no change of program was possible.

The necessities and isolation of the new community made co-operation indispensable, and raisings, log rollings and sundry gatherings, where the strength of the community combined to do the

heavy work were common, and at all these whisky flowed like water and men got drunk and fought and behaved badly.

With his entire force, John was always on hand rendering efficient service on these occasions, but standing aloof when the drunken orgies began. Maddened with drink, good men would quarrel and strip for the fight; great, strong, savage men whom no one could pacify. John would quietly step between them, and with a few words subdue their angry passions, the belligerents often shaking hands and parting in the best of humor. This was so common that his reputation as a peacemaker became widely known, and as long as that generation lived it was a part of the unwritten history of the times.

He as well as others had to call on his neighbors for help, even as they called on him. He was about to erect a large frame barn. The timbers were on the ground, ready to raise, and all the men along the wayside were invited, and came. It was the custom to pass the jug before putting up the first bent. Everything was ready, but the jug did not appear.

Then came a committee who informed him that the customs of the country must not be broken, and his barn could not be raised without whisky. He replied, that such being the case, the timbers must rot on the ground. "But, gentlemen," he said, "I have as fine a supper prepared for you over there in the shade of the trees as you ever sat down to; never mind the barn, but please come over and take supper with me before you go." They raised the barn.

His harvest was on hand, and it was rich and bounteous and great, and only he and a hired boy on the premises; but he had harvesters engaged, some of whom had received part pay in advance.

He set the day on which to begin the work and rode out to notify his men when to come. Some of them lived two or three miles away.

The first man he came to carelessly remarked, "Of course, you will have whisky; everybody furnishes whisky in harvest?"

"No, sir. I will not," was the reply. "I will furnish my men everything that is good, but whisky is not good for men and I will have none of it; and you know, Jake, the good book says: 'Cursed be he who putteth the bottle to his neighbors' lips,' and I don't want to be reckoned with that class."

"No whisky, no work," was the answer. He rode on, and with each one of his men substantially the same conversation took place. The situation was becoming interesting, whereat he was greatly amused. He saw that a combination had been effected to compel him to recede from the position he had taken on the temperance question, and he knew that these poor laboring men, so largely dependent on him in many ways, had not originated the objection; that it was the work of a hidden hand that dared not meet him openly, and he laughed audibly and rode blithely homeward. When he arrived he looked out over his broad fields of ripening grain with no harvesters in sight, and he laughed again and was happy.

He told Isabella all the happenings of the day. "The miserable curs," she indignantly exclaimed. "Time and again you have given them food when they were hungry and filled their meal sacks when they were empty, and for these acts have exacted nothing on the day of settlement. Where now, do they expect to get flitches of bacon, hunks of pickled pork and sacks of flour and meal when they have no money and there is no work to be had? They will find that such goods will not be handed out free at Mr. Saeger's new distillery.

"It is too bad. I will tell you, John, what we will do. Anna and Sarah must take care of Gus, and I will go out into the fields with you, and you and I will take care of that crop."

And then he smiled and gently said: "No, no, Isabella. Your plans are excellent, but wait. Those men have three days in which to think, and I left them thinking. They are not fools, and on Monday morning they will be on hand"—and they were. The harvest was gathered in, and never again was the question of whisky raised at gatherings on the North Hundred of the "Good Intent Patent."

Never, within my recollection, was there a time when homeless waifs, ranging from infancy to tottering age, were not sheltered beneath his roof, receiving all the kindness and care bestowed on members of his own family.

The humorous side of his nature was always in evidence, and he would crack a timely joke with a bishop as readily as with a farm hand, and he would extort genuine fun out of conditions and circumstances that would have been exasperating to other men.

Once in the night he came upon a man with a partly filled bag, stealing grain from his bin. John collared him, and compelled him to fill the sack full and shoulder it and carry it home, fiercely admonishing him as a scoundrel, that if he ever mentioned the theft to a living soul he would have him sent to jail.

He got great fun out of compelling a thief whom he caught stealing roasting ears, to fill a bag full, and come out into the highway and carry it home. He never prosecuted any one, but he enforced his own penalties on pilferers by threats of the law in

case of non-compliance, and the punishments he inflicted were of such unique character that no offender ever repeated the offense.

He was for over fifty years an official member of the M. E. church, and through all this strenuous life Isabella stood by his side, fully his equal in intelligence; in moral and intellectual force and his superior in learning; the mother of his children, and their instructor and guide; the queen of the household unsurpassed in the great qualities of a godly motherhood that transmits blessings that never fade.

Many years before his death, all animosities on the part of those who opposed him when he first marked out his course in life, had disappeared. He never swerved a hair's breadth from what he considered the line of duty. His honest, unassuming, straightforward, consistent bearing, at all times and under all circumstances won the hearts of men, and when the time of his departure came he was the most respected and best loved of all that strain of noble old men who came in with the settlement and cleared away the forest wilds.

THE McGILLS

XXV

The Descendants of Patrick, the Pioneer—Continued. The Sons and Daughters of John and Their Offspring

McGILL, CATHARINE—Daughter of John and Isabella.
Born: March 6th, 1823.
Died: July 16th, 1825.

McGILL, ANNA MARIA—
Born: September 6th, A. D. 1824.
Died: March 8th, A. D. 1898.
Unmarried.

Anna Maria McGill was an important factor in the family of John McGill. She early assumed responsibility for the honor and welfare of the house and when her mother's health failed Anna's sway became absolute. She voluntarily let go every other prospect in life and devoted her cogent energies to the care of others, and a more efficient manager never lived. When both her parents were laid away she bought and fitted up for herself a home in the village adjoining my residence (The Shacks), where she lived dispensing old time hospitality to all comers; and they were not few; for her home became the resort where the scattered

members of the old family and their children came often together and passed many pleasant days. The death of Anna Maria was a severance of ties that will never be restored.

McGILL, SARAH CATHARINE—
Born: Sept. 14th, 1826.
Married: Robert Hunter, September, 1854.
Died: Oct. 14, 1875.
Robert Hunter died April 4, 1876.
No children.

McGILL, AUGUSTUS—
Born: Sept. 1st, A. D. 1828—On the North Hundred, Good Intent Patent, Saegerstown, Pa.
Married: Sarah Peiffer, of Venango, March 21, 1855.

Sarah was born at Venango, Pa., Aug. 13, 1828, and died at Saegerstown, Pa., June 20, 1906.

They had four children, who were McGills of the fourth generation in America—one son and three daughters.

McGILL, WILLIAM ROLAND—
Born: May 14, A. D. 1856.
William R. McGill, above named is living in Lexington, Ohio, and has three children living.

McGILL, FLORENCE—
Born: March 22d, A. D. 1883.

Florence is living in Cleveland, Ohio, and is bookkeeper for a manufacturing establishment.

McGILL, VIDA MAUDE—
Born: Oct. 19, A. D. 1884.

Vida is a teacher in the schools at Lexington, Ohio.

McGILL, AUGUSTUS, JR.—

Born: Aug. 24, A. D. 1888.

Augustus is a husky youth. At the age of nineteen years he was over six feet high and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He is an athlete of no mean pretentions and with my entire approval enlisted in the U. S. Navy for a four-year term. At last advices his address was U. S. S. Standish, Annapolis, Md. (Is now in Erie, Pa.)

McGILL, ISABELLA (Hough)—

Born: May 11, A. D. 1859.

"Belle" married William Bloom Hough at Windfall, Ind., June 25, 1884. Mr. Hough died Nov. 15th, 1894.

He belonged to a prominent family in Central Indiana and was very much esteemed by all who knew him. He was born Oct. 31, 1856, and died at the age of thirty-eight years one month and fifteen days—and is buried in the Windfall cemetery.

Belle and Bloom had two children, viz.:

CLEO; born Feb. 15th, A. D. 1885; married ARLEY BIRD CLAWSON of Windfall, Ind., March 4, 1904.

Cleo and Arley have one child, viz.:

OLIVE JANICE CLAWSON; born July 26, 1905.

Belle's second child is

OLIVE HOUGH; born March 24, 1887.

When Mrs. McGill died, June 20th, 1906, my daughter, Mrs. Hough, who was then living in Kokomo, Ind., came on to attend the funeral and has since remained at the "Shacks"—Olive came on afterwards and they are now "at home" under the paternal roof. (Belle died July 21, 1909.)

McGILL, LILLIAN HUNTLEY (Campbell)—
Born: Aug. 6, A. D. 1861.
Married: M. O. Campbell, June 17, 1883.
Died: Sept. 30, 1896.
Lillian left one daughter.
ETHEL CAMPBELL; born Jan. 22, 1884
After the death of her mother Ethel made her home with Mrs. McGill until she also died. She then adjourned to Philadelphia and entered an institution for instructions as a trained nurse—graduated, took her degree and launched out in the profession. She has pluck and plenty of brains—and moreover is muscular, strong and good looking, and her success is well assured.

McGILL, REBECCA—
Born: May 14, A. D. 1870.
Died: May 6, A. D. 1880.
She was a loving and lovable child.

McGILL, ELIZA RYAN (Fleming)—
Born: Sept. 26, A. D. 1830.
Married: JAMES T. FLEMING Nov. 29, 1864.
James T. Fleming died May 14, 1891.
Eliza R. (McGill) Fleming died Oct. 2, 1904.
They are both buried in the McGill lot, Saegerstown cemetery. They had three children, to-wit:

EVA FLEMING—
Born: Nov. 2, A. D. 1865.
Died: Minneapolis, March 2, 1894.
Interment: McGill lot, Saegerstown cemetery.

SADIE K. (Fleming) RUSSELL—
Born: May 10, 1868.
Married: WM. P. RUSSELL, Dec. 31st, 1889.
They have two children, to-wit:

ARTHUR F. RUSSELL—
Born: Oct. 14, 1891.

MARJORIE ELIZA RUSSELL—
Born: Jan. 12, 1902.

JAMES E. FLEMING, son of J. T. and Eliza; born Feb. 23, 1872; unmarried. Plumber, Coudersport, Pa.

McGILL, WILLIAM RYAN—Son of John and Isabella.

Born on the North Hundred, Saegerstown, Pa., Feb. 1st, 1832.

Married to CAROLINE A. HARKINS, July 27, 1861.

Caroline was born April 13, 1842.

They have raised a family of eight sons and one daughter. One son (Duff) died at the age of 21 years.

The home of William R. and Caroline is in Summerhill, beautifully situated on the Inlet to Conneaut Lake and is about ten miles west of the historic Good Intent Patent.

Their posterity line up as follows:

McGILL, E. E.—

Born: May 5, 1862, at Saegerstown, Pa.

Married: SUSAN KERN, who was a daughter of the late Josiah Kern, of Saegerstown, Pa.

They were married at Saegerstown, Pa., in March, 1887, and now reside at New Castle, Pa., where Mr. McGill is Secretary and Treasurer of The Lawrence Savings & Trust Company, one of the large financial institutions of the city.

They have three children, to-wit:

McGILL, PAUL K.—
Born: Jan. 5, A. D. 1890.

McGILL, ARTHUR H.—
Born: June 24, A. D. 1892.

McGILL, MARTHA—
Born: April 22, A. D. 1904.

McGILL, JESSIE A.—
Born: Sept. 27, A. D. 1864.
Only daughter of W. R. and Caroline.

Jessie graduated at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Liepsic, Germany, in 1895, where she also studied German, 1896-1899—three and one-half years she taught music in Christian College, Columbia, Mo. She then opened a studio in Oil City and met with success. It became desirable for her to return home, and she did. For genuine practical usefulness Jessie has no superiors. She is moreover comely, graceful and intellectual.

McGILL, JOHN M.—
Born: Jan. 6, A. D. 1867, at Saegerstown, Pa.
Married: MABEL CORSON, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

John M., son of Wm. R. and Caroline, graduated at the University of Michigan in 1892 and is an attorney at law in general practice, with offices at Oil City, Pa.

John M. and Mabel have two children, to-wit:

McGILL, GERALD—
Born: At Oil City, Pa., July 17, 1898.

McGILL, DOROTHY—
Born: At Oil City, Pa., Nov. 20, 1899.

McGILL, FRANK I.—

Born: Sept. 4, A. D. 1869.

Married: JESSIE B. SMITH, at Harmonsburg, Pa., Nov. 9, 1892.

Frank I. McGill is Secretary and Treasurer of The Colonial Trust Company of South Sharon, Pa., where they reside, and have three children, viz.:

McGILL, WILLIAM F.—

Born: At South Sharon, Pa., July 26, 1903.

McGILL, DUFF S.—

Born: At South Sharon, Pa., Nov. 13, 1906.

McGILL, BERT HARKINS—

Born: At South Sharon, Pa., Jan. 21, 1909.

McGILL, FRED C.—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., Oct. 23, 1871.

Married: MARGARET L. HOFFMAN, at Franklin, Pa., April 4, 1895.

Fred C. McGill is Cashier of The Citizens' Banking Company, at Oil City, Pa. His home is at Oil City, where he has the reputation of being endowed with a quality that the natives call "push."

Fred C. and Margaret L. have two children, to-wit:

McGILL, DONALD HOFFMAN—

Born: Jan. 27, A. D. 1897.

McGILL, WILLIAM RAYMOND—

Born: Aug. 30, A. D. 1902.

McGILL, DUFF—

Son of Wm. R. and Caroline A. was born April 8, A. D. 1874.

Died: July 10, 1895. Aged 21 years, 3 months and two days.

Among a galaxy of brilliant youths he shone resplendent, but the Master called him hence.

Interment: Saegerstown cemetery.

McGILL, AUDLEY RAYMOND—

Born: Oct. 8, A. D. 1876.

Unmarried.

Audley R. McGill is Auditor for The Colonial Trust Company of Pittsburg, Pa. This is a very large concern, having extensive transactions with many local banks throughout the country. The position is very important, requiring expert knowledge and other rare business qualifications.

Audley R. has them on tap.

McGILL, EARL WILLIAM—

Born: Sept. 4, 1880.

Earl William commenced business as Cashier of the First National Bank of Conneaut Lake. After considerable experience in the banking line he accepted the position of private secretary for J. D. Downing of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Downing is one of the very wealthy men of the country, holding extensive interests in many states of the Union, and Earl was frequently entrusted with very important transactions.

While thus employed he was suddenly called upon to take charge of extensive street railway, mining and manufacturing interests owned by a wealthy Pennsylvania company at Spartanburg, S. C. It was a "hurry call" and would not admit delay. Earl was getting ready to marry, but the company hustled him off and sent the lady on after him. They were married in the Southern city.

WILLIAM R. McGILL
MEADVILLE, PA.

McGILL, NEIL W.—

Born: April 13, A. D. 1883, at Summerhill, Pa.

Neil W. of the fourth generation and the youngest son of William R. and Caroline A. McGill, graduated with distinguished honors at Oberlin college, Ohio, in June, 1907. He has chosen the law for his profession and is studying in Columbia University, New York city.

He has lots of ability, and the promise is fair that his career will not detract from the honors of his house.

REMARKS.

William Ryan McGill must be accorded the honor of having made a success in life. His opportunities in the outset were not great; in fact, they were meager, but he early acquired the habit of making the best out of every opportunity presented. He was a farmer and always made the farm the basis of all other business operations. He reached out, grasped opportunities in other and kindred lines with marked success and became widely known in this and adjoining counties and wherever he had dealings he won the respect of his fellowmen.

His personality is agreeable and pleasant and he possesses in a marked degree that humorous trait of character so largely developed in his forbears and in fact in all the family. This renders him popular, generally well liked, and is no detriment to his successful transactions in many respects.

In politics W. R. McGill is a Democrat and adheres with great tenacity to the ancient dogmas of his party. He has filled the office of Deputy Sheriff and served as a member of the Pennsylvania General Assembly, but has been by no means an office seeker.

He and all of his large family are in good circumstances. His large farm is under successful cultivation by the most approved methods—his buildings are fine, commodious and beautifully situated—his herds are among the best in the land, all of which he supervises with care and sets a long table.

He is President of The First National Bank of Conneaut Lake, Pa.

However, the greatest achievement in the busy life of W. R. McGill is the family he has raised and with unerring hand projected upon the highway to fortune and fame.

There are some peculiarities about that family worthy of notice. Of the seven surviving sons, every one is a gentleman with the easy deportment of the cultured man. Quick of apprehension—they are lightning on repartee and fun fairly fizzles when they get together.

And moreover every one of them is an accomplished musician and can play his horn or any horn for that matter with the best manipulators of wind instruments in the country.

With Jessie at the piano—the seven young men ranged around in proper order and the Patriarch in the center as erect as a dancing master, quivering with time and tone—when he gives the signal with his matchless violin you will hear a burst of music seldom equaled by any of the great musical aggregations of the country. From infancy they have been trained and learned to play together, and they delight in it, and with each returning year they will travel from all points of the compass, over mountains and rivers, to get together for the home concert.

But there is another personage who has just claims to attention in connection with this group. Seated in a rocker near by, sententiously convers-

CAROLINE A. McGILL

Wife of William R. McGill

(Taken in 1890)

ing with her comely daughters-in-law and their children, is the mother, and it will be noticed that her complacent eye is not removed for an instant from the manly array before her—all her own.

There is no solicitude upon her brow, nor aught but pleasant pride in the scene. Cares she has had and pains, but they have left no furrows, and there are no sinister marks to diminish the glow of mother's love.

W. R. McGill is not entitled to all the credit, stately and proud as he is, for building up that family and home. A softer, gentler hand than his molded those noble characters in plastic youth and fitted them well for the sterner form of manhood.

That they know it well is shown by the respectful and affectionate deference, on all occasions, bestowed upon the mother.

McGILL, ISABELLA—Daughter of John and Isabella.

Born: April 26, A. D. 1835.

Died: Dec. 23, A. D. 1851. Aged 16 years, 7 months, 26 days.

Isabella was a beautiful girl. She died of heart disease, instantly, without previous illness, premonition or warning.

McGILL, LUCINDA—

Born: May 1, A. D. 1838.

Died: June 17, A. D. 1864.

"Tinnie" was the youngest, the pet of the household. She was never physically strong, but intellectually she was gifted far above all other members of the family. She died in Pittsburg, having gone there for medical treatment. Buried at home.

THE McGILLS

XXVI

The Descendants of Patrick, the Pioneer—Continued. William Perry McGill. His Useful Career and Melancholy End. His Descendants Spread Out from the Atlantic to the Pacific

McGILL, WILLIAM PERRY—

Born: At the McGill Settlement, French Creek Country, Dec. 18, 1796.

Married: To Juliana Cochran, Dec. 27, 1827.

Died: Oct. 29, 1847.

Juliana was born Dec. 30, 1799.

Died Sept. 12, 1870.

William Perry McGill was about five feet, nine inches tall—a broad-shouldered, full chested, strong man; was well informed, self-reliant and capable, and was exceedingly systematic in the management of all his business affairs. In the erection of his buildings and putting his place under cultivation he was satisfied with nothing but the best that could be obtained, and his industry and persistency were such that he always had the best to show. His fences were the highest and most substantially built of any in the country—his outhouses, cribs, pens, coops and sheds rested on solid stone foundations and were arranged for utility and convenience as well as for appearance in the perspective.

He would tolerate no make-shifts, or slovenly, bungling work about his premises. The remotest fence corner on the place was clean and free from brush and briers and was growing the tame grasses of the fields. His live stock were of the best varieties and were always sleek and in fine condition.

For several years preceding his death (1847) his farm was easily the model farm of the French Creek valley, and notwithstanding his expensive improvements he was not in debt. It was a part of his system to pay down for what he bought, maintaining that no man needed anything until he could pay for it.

He took an active interest in public utilities, and made himself heard in relation to the same; his manner was not persuasive, but imperative. He had no toleration whatever for a hypocrite or trickster, and bores shunned him.

Of course he was not popular with some folks, his austerity holding at bay unprincipled adventurers and men of loose morality, and people of this class slandered him and spoke disrespectfully of his ways behind his back.

But the time came when public opinion veered in his direction. Men saw the honesty and integrity of his purposes, and that while he exacted what was due him, he never wronged a living soul.

He contributed liberally and judiciously to church, school and the public highways, especially to the school, in which he took a great interest, and his well-kept premises became an object lesson in the midst of the slovenly methods of the new settlement, and men who had spoken slightingly of his ways, came around to point out his improvements to strangers, and took pride in so doing, and he justly came to be looked upon as one of the foremost men of the community.

He was ambitious and self-confident, and whatever he undertook had to be done. He owned a vicious, intractable young horse, and he determined to reduce the animal to submission under the saddle. He was not a good rider, but was a fearless one, so he mounted the colt and came riding down the avenue, leading from the barn. The horse became frantic, probably under the spur, and reared and pitched terribly. The rider was unseated and thrown directly upon his head on the hard, frozen ground, and his skull was fractured. He was not killed instantly, but lived in a demented condition for some time and then died of the exhaustion of mania caused by pressure on the brain.

Juliana, wife of William P. McGill, came to the place a young lady of education and refinement, well schooled in all the gentle accomplishments of her sex. She was very proud of her big husband and greatly admired his intellectual force and strong mental caliber, however crude they were. Her pleasing personality and gentle ways won the hearts of her new made relatives, and she was held in great esteem by all.

She came from a distinguished people, prominent in affairs. The Johnstons of Kentucky and Tennessee, notable men in the annals of war and statesmanship, were relatives of hers, and she was in frequent communication with these as well as other branches of the family. She was also connected with the Culbertsons and Colters of Pennsylvania, and her standing in social life was among the best.

When her husband's reason was dethroned, and the strong arm upon which she leaned for protection became a menace to her and her children, the ordeal was terrible. All other cares became of secondary importance, and she took her place by the side of her smitten husband and her gentle hand soothed his delirium as none other could. Sleepless

vigils were hers, and during the hours of the night when the husband lay quiet on his couch, she would be found crouched down by the fireplace with a tallow dip by her side that the light might not be obtrusive, with open eyes, watching, watching, watching. The pathos of the scene cannot be written.

After the death of her husband, Juliana gathered up the shredded strands of her eventful life, and as might be expected from one of her blood and breeding, became the strong, self-reliant matron, and her home again became a place of cheerful resort for the oncoming generations. A brief sketch of the posterity of William P. and Juliana McGill, as far as can be ascertained from the family records, may be found below:

McGill, Jane Johnston—
Born: Oct. 5, 1828.
Died: Nov. 29, 1828.

McGill, Anna Maria—
Born: Nov. 15, 1829.
Died: Dec. 1, 1829.

McGill, Margaret Helen—
Born: Nov. 18, 1830.
Died: Nov. 27, 1876.

McGill, Nancy Anna (Floyd)—
Born: Oct. 7, 1832.
Married: George W. Floyd, of Blooming Valley, Pa., June 20, 1858.
Floyd was born June 15, 1836.
Died at Saegerstown, Pa., May 2, 1901.
Mr. and Mrs. Floyd had seven children, viz.:

Arthur F. Floyd—

Born: May 7, 1859.

Married: To Addie M. Latshaw, Dec. 5, 1881.

They had one son—Frank Latshaw Floyd—who was born April 28, 1883. Frank was a bright boy, took one term in the United States Army for educational purposes and is now operating in the Indiana oil fields. Arthur and Addie separated and Arthur married a second time, Feb. 15, 1894, to Ida F. Chronister. Their residence is at Bays, Ohio.

Louella A. Floyd—

Born: July 21, 1860.

Married: Wallace Mook, April 4, 1899.

Died: Nov. 5, 1901—no issue.

Charles S. Floyd, M. D.—

Born: Jan. 28, 1864.

Died: Nov. 22, 1896.

Dr. Floyd possessed in a marked degree his mother's genius for research and learning, and he was an earnest diligent student. He studied with Dr. H. E. Smith, of Saegerstown Pa., an eminently successful local practitioner, and after a course of reading entered Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, Pa., where he took his degree of M. D., developing rare talents in the line of surgery.

After a short period of practice with his old preceptor he selected Austin, in Potter County, Pa., as the field of his future operations. At Austin were located the great Goodyear Lumber Mills, where accidents were of daily occurrence, and he was there afforded ample opportunities in his favorite line of practice, and he performed some wonderful operations, which gave him great prestige in the line of his profession.

It was while thus surging to the front that he met with an accident that caused a clot on his brain and he died. It is seldom that one so young, so universally commands the respect of his fellowmen.

The profession deplored his loss, civic societies honored his memory, and the Knight Templars of Coudersport came in a body hundreds of miles down the mountains to lay him away in the Saegerstown cemetery. His old associates felt that a light had gone out that was not to be relighted again except by the miracle of resurrection.

Sheldon G. Floyd—

Born: Jan. 23, 1866.

Married: To May E. Haven, at Toledo, Ohio, July 15, 1902.

Residence: Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Julia Alberta Floyd (Mook)—

Born: Aug. 3, 1870.

Married: To Wallace Mook, June 7, 1893.

Mr. and Mrs. Mook have a fine residence on Main street, and Mr. M. is engaged in the mercantile business with the firm of Mook Bros. There are four young fellows (boys) interested in the subsistence department of the Mook household. I have not got their names.

Rose E. Floyd (Mook)—

Born: April 8, 1872.

Married: Allison Mook, Oct. 16, 1901.

Died: Jan. 7, 1907.

Before her marriage Rose was for several years principal of the Grammar Department of the Saegerstown High School. She was a lady of fine literary attainments and most attractive person-

ality. She left two children, a little boy, Morris Allison, born Jan. 22, 1904, and one daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, born Dec. 5, 1906.

A. Raymond Floyd—
Born: July 15, 1877.
Mr. Floyd is unmarried and lives at Sharon, Pa.

REMARKS.

Nancy Anna McGill, now Floyd, was from a child, brilliant. Her faculty of absorbing knowledge was phenomenal, and as a little student in school she easily led the rugged way, looking back with twinkling eyes at her laggard competitors, among whom was the writer of this sketch. As soon as she was tall enough (and she was never very tall), she mustered in the ranks of Crawford county's teachers, and her career as such was one continued success.

The Blooming Valley district secured her services and retained them as long as she could be induced to take charge of a school, and even after she was married, again and again prevailed on her to continue in the capacity of instructor of their youth.

She was a writer of clear, cogent expression, and as a poet gave utterance to some very beautiful thoughts, but she was not ambitious for a literary career, and found her place among the quiet cares of the domestic household. She became the mother and efficient manager of the large family we have noted, and while her children have gone out their several ways, grandchildren swarm around her, receiving her most affectionate caresses.

"Nan" deserves this little tribute, for among all the productions of the Clan McGill she is one of the brightest and the best.

Her address is Euclid avenue, Saegerstown, Pa.

McGill, William Johnston—

Born: July 20, 1834.

Married: To Charlotte Ross, Nov. 23, 1866.

Died: Jan. 27, 1902.

In the absence of any authentic records I have made the following compilation of the children of William Johnston McGill and Charlotte (Ross) McGill, from such data as could be procured. It is quite probable that in some respects it is erroneous.

Mrs. Charlotte McGill died at the Denny Road, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Bayonne, N. J., July 18, 1891, and was buried at New York Bay cemetery, as per official records.

McGill, Margaret Gertrude—Eldest daughter.

Born: Nov. 23, 1867.

Married: (Name of husband not known.)

Lives at Bayonne, N. J.

McGill, Anna Tina—

Born: Sept. 16, 1869.

(Same as above.)

McGill, Emma Jane—

Born: Sept. 5, 1871.

(Same as above.)

McGill, Charles and Julia—

Charles born Jan. 20, 1874.

Julia born April 16, 1876.

Deceased.

McGill, Rose—

Born: Oct. 17, 1878.

Married: To Richard Pearson. Lives near Coudersport, Pa.

McGill, William—

Born: Dec. 26, 1880.

Married. Lives at Manhattan Borough, New York City.

McGill, Edward—

Born: Nov. 6, 1884.

Married and lives at Erie, Pa.

McGill, Raymond—

Born: Oct. 2, 1889. Address not known.

REMARKS.

William Johnston McGill was a Union Soldier in the War of the Rebellion. He enlisted May 11, 1861, at Meadville, Pa., in Company F, Ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, Captain Samuel B. Dick, and was honorably discharged May 11, 1864.

He was severely wounded at the battle of Drainsville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1861. The missile that struck him was a large, round ball, shot from a smooth-bore musket, and it penetrated the deep muscles of the left side of the abdomen. The wound healed in time and he returned to the command and served out his term of enlistment, but he never recovered from the peculiar effects of that injury.

Dr. Floyd, after a most thorough examination, reported that the bullet had penetrated a sufficient depth to injure the walls of abdomen, causing an adhesion of the peritoneum that interfered with the peristaltic action of the bowels, causing intestinal troubles of a serious character.

Dr. Noah N. Sanborn, of Bayonne, N. J., his attending physician, certified that the cause of his death was consumption of the bowels. After discharge Mr. W. J. went to the Oil Creek country, where he married. When the Standard Oil com-

pany located their great plant at Bayonne, N. J., he went along as a boss trimmer, taking his family with him.

His old comrades and associates in the army have only good words to say when his name is mentioned.

McGill, John Patrick—

Born: May 4, 1836.

Died: June 25, 1862, near Richmond, Va.

In John P. McGill again came to the surface that humorous vein that for generations had characterized the clan. He was a printer, and the old-time printing office was the college of the brightest wits of the day, and that he was a past master in fun and frolic, jest and joviality, sarcasm and screaming mirth was never disputed.

He was a writer of epigrams, a perpetrator of jokes, and an all-round disturber of melancholy. A history of his hilarious deeds and doings would make the most interesting and mirth-provoking chapter that was ever read.

And withal he was a patriot, a lover of the land of his birth, and held in supreme contempt the pretensions of the man owning and mulatto breeding old vagrants of the South, who, assuming to be great, thought to disrupt the country and destroy the republic.

And so it came that when there was a call for troops he went out with McLane's Erie Regiment of three months' men, and on the reorganization for the three years' service, he enrolled at Meadville, Pa., Aug. 15, 1861, in Company B (Capt. John F. Morris), 83d Regiment, Penn. Inf. Vol., and was promptly made First Sergeant of his company. In this capacity he served with marked efficiency, and during the long period from August, 1861, to March, 1862, in which the authorities were en-

gaged in making invalids of strong men, and filling the hospitals, his services were invaluable in keeping up the spirits and promoting the healthful enjoyment of his men. When the facts of real war came in evidence he proved equal to every emergency without abating in the least his full quota of fun.

On the 24th day of June word came to me that the Sergeant was sick and had been taken to the field hospital. I hastened to see him; he was sane, but it was evident that he was smitten with that virulent type of malarial fever bred in the Chickahominy swamps.

On the 25th preparations were on for a great battle. Everything was in motion; trains and ambulances were being hurried to and fro. I went to the hospital: it was being dismantled and taken down, and my friend was dead.

The Company B boys gathered around me like lost children. They all loved their big, humorous sergeant, and they wanted to send his body home; they could not bear the thought of burying his remains in the stinking soil of the Chickahominy swamps, but they had no money and the cost of embalming, casket and express charges would be considerable. The money was raised; an ambulance and driver procured, an armed sergeant and guard detailed to act as escort.

Meanwhile his brother, William Johnston, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, arrived, also armed and equipped. The Reserves, far to our right, were already skirmishing with the approaching foe, but Colonel Dick gave Johnston a pass and himself carried it to the several headquarters, and procured the necessary endorsements, and when he handed him the document and allowed him to see to his

brother's burial, he told him to go armed and equipped as he would never again see anything he left behind.

The body was placed in the ambulance; the escort and solitary armed mourner took seats inside, and the equipage was rushed to the Heintzelman embalming establishment at White House Landing. The establishment was a private enterprise, without any official status, but sanctioned and protected by army officers. They received the body, took pay for the process, but did not perform the operation; instead, the remains were placed in a casket, hermetically sealed, and hurried on board an express boat that was about leaving the Pamunkey, and it was the last one that sailed before the place was abandoned to the enemy.

The casket was received at home, and all that remained of John Patrick McGill was consigned to mother earth where repose the bones of his ancestors. The funeral is said to have been very large, and the Woodcock Company of State Uniformed Militia interred him with military honors.

McGill, Elizabeth Lucinda (Osburn)—

Born: Dec. 11, 1838.

Married: To Edward F. Osburn. (Date of marriage not given).

Died: Aug. 13, 1894. (They had three children):

Helen A. Osburn—

She is married to Morton J. Damon, and their home is at Oregon.

Thomas Johnston Osburn—

He is supposed to be with his father who remarried and lives at Portland, Oregon.

John M. Osburn—

Died at the age of seven years, in Hayfield, Pa., and with his mother is buried in Saegerstown cemetery.

McGill, Arthur Faulkner—

Born: January 3, 1841.
Died: April 22, 1857.

William P. and Juliana had twins—a son and daughter, born May 19, 1843, and died May 20 and 21 respectively.

It will be observed that the descendants of William P. McGill have gone out to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, thus spanning the continent.

THE McGILLS

XXVII

The Descendants of Patrick, the Pioneer—Continued. Nancy (McGill) Burchfield. Her Seven Sons and Three Daughters. Charles Dillon McGill and His Interesting Family. Maria and Her Son. An Extinct Line

McGILL, NANCY (Burchfield)—

Born: At the McGill Settlement in the ancestral home, May 27, 1798.

Married: To John Burchfield in 1820.

Died: At Edinboro', Pa., Nov. 4, 1873.

JOHN BURCHFIELD was born Oct. 6, 1796.

Died: Sept. 4, 1867.

They were the parents of ten children, all of whom grew to maturity strong in body and mind, without the loss of one. They were a remarkable family, as follows:

SARAH ANN BURCHFIELD—

Born: At Greenwood, Sept. 27, 1822.

Unmarried.

Sarah Ann was one of those unselfish souls who willingly and cheerfully devote their whole lives to the welfare of others. In youth she was comely and strong and was her mother's efficient aid in bringing up and training that large family of seven

boys. A more capable woman is nowhere to be found, and now at the age of 86 years she enjoys life and is cheerful and happy.

She lives in Pittsburg, Pa. (Since died.)

James Burchfield—

Born: March 13, 1824.

Married: To Mary Watson, Feb. 12, 1857.

Died: Nov. 29, 1862, and is buried at Black's Corners, Hayfield—no children.

Mr. Burchfield was a carpenter and a skilled workman.

Charles P. Burchfield—

Born: June 15, 1826.

A mystery attends the fate of this man. He was a carpenter and many years ago when he was a young man he went to Cleveland, O., to work at his trade, and was never afterwards heard from.

William P. Burchfield—

Born: Jan. 15, 1828.

Married: To Carrie Robinson, Aug. 23, 1868.

Died: Sept. 7, 1892, Edinboro', Pa.—left one child.

He was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion; served in Company E, 98th Reg't. Pa. Vet. Vol. Infantry.

Robert R. Burchfield—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1830.

Married: To Emeline Austin, Oct. 7, 1862, at Edinboro', Pa.

Died: At Florence, S. C., Jan. 31, 1865. They had three children.

Robert Ried Burchfield was a gentleman from boyhood. He was a mild mannered, well behaved youth, and possessed a great memory.

He attended the Union Dutch Sunday School at Saegerstown, and in competition for a prize, recited the Four Evangelists without a break, and had he been permitted to go on there is no knowing how far he would have gone into the Acts of the Apostles.

He was a good speaker; his enunciation was faultless; and as a writer—though not a professional—his productions were interesting and elegant.

The people of Edinboro' made him a Justice of the Peace, and he naturally became prominent in local affairs. The war came on, and he went into the Army and wrote interesting letters to the Erie papers of what he saw and experienced there.

I have no memorandum of the company or regiment in which Squire Burchfield served, or how and where he was captured, but he was taken prisoner and thrown into the filthy prison pens of the South, where he died two months and nine days before Lee's surrender.

Robert was a good looking man (as a matter of fact, all of Aunt Nancy's ten children were fine looking people). He was of manly form, and his countenance was of that pale intellectual cast that attracts attention everywhere. He was my playmate in early youth, my school mate in the hustling days of the McGill school, and always a congenial spirit in the associations of after life.

Augustus I. Burchfield—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., March 15, 1832.

Married: To Nancy Lick, July 4, 18—.

They have six children and live at St. Petersburg, Clarion County, Pa. (My affable, old friend.)

Samuel Montgomery Burchfield—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., Aug. 12, 1834.

Married: Matilda Hart at Edinboro', Pa., March 10, 1866.

Died: Jan. 27, 1895.

They had a family of six children. S. M. Burchfield served through the War of the Rebellion in Company —, 145th Regt., Penna. Vol. He distinguished himself in battle, and was promoted to First Lieutenant of his company. When his regiment surrendered to the enemy, Burchfield looked on a minute, took in the situation, then exclaimed, "D—d, if I surrender on such easy terms. I am going out of here. Boys, come on!" The most of his company followed him, and made good their escape, though the big, daring, red-headed lieutenant received a dangerous scalp wound in the operation.

Hester Burchfield (Winters)—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., Jan. 2, 1837.

Married: To Eugene Winters, Nov. 24, 1861.

Hester with her two children lives in Pittsburg, Pa.

Caroline A. Burchfield (Minnely)—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., April 8, 1839.

Married: To Henry Minnely, March 13, 1869.

They have one daughter and live in Edinboro'. Henry Minnely served in the War of the Rebellion in the 56th Reg't., P. V. M., commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Dick, and is a pensioner.

John M. Burchfield—

Born: Sept. 8, 1841, at Saegerstown, Pa.

Married: Elvira Hamilton, Feb. 10, 1882.

Died: At Bradford, Pa., Dec. 20, 1903.

No children.

THE OLD MANSE

Log House Erected by Patrick McGill over 100 Years Ago on French Creek. This House Still Survives (1910) on the Main Street of Saegerstown, Which Has Sprung Up About It. Andrew R. McGill, as well as His Father Before Him, Were Born and Raised Here

REMARKS.

Aunt Nancy Burchfield deserves a place in the front rank of the second generation of the McGills to which she belonged by birth and blood. A review of her labors in life discloses the imprint of a patient, painstaking, capable and strong-minded woman, who under circumstances not always adventitious, grappled conditions and forced her way to ultimate success—always cheerful and joyous—she made heavy burdens light and removed obstructions as if by the hand of magic. Her seven sons and three daughters brought through the perils of infancy and youth, and nurtured to manhood and womanhood were the jewels she brought to her God, saying: "These thou has intrusted to me, and lo! I return them to thee again: not a gem missing!"

Her husband, sorely afflicted and broken down, became a burden instead of a help, but her management of their affairs was superb and poverty or want never approached the doors of the Burchfield home.

She was a grand, good woman; grand in stature; grand in intellectual wealth and moral force; grand to the last throb of her great generous heart; and the generations of today may well look up with wonder at the purity of life, and goodness of heart that so beautifully developed in the little "Nan" of yore who resembled the beautiful aunt across the sea.

Charles Dillon McGill—

Youngest son of Patrick, the Pioneer—and his family of ten children.

McGill, Charles Dillon—

Born: At McGill Settlement, Good Intent Patent, A. D. 1802.

Married: To Angeline Martin, of Waterford, Pa., A. D. 1829.

Second Marriage: To Elmira Clark, of North East, Pa.

Died: A. D. 1875, at Saegerstown, Pa.

Of his ten children, nine were the offspring of Angeline, the youngest, James Buchanan McGill, being the son of Elmira.

The family records were in the custody of the eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Hites, who died suddenly a few years since, leaving no posterity, and the archives are not available for information which accounts for lack of dates and other important data and information in the following compilation:

McGill, Angeline Martin—

Born: A. D. 1811, at Waterford, Pa.

Died: A. D. 1848, at Saegerstown, Pa.

Angeline was a beautiful and accomplished woman and the mother of a very bright and interesting family. She was the daughter of Armand Martin, a soldier of 1812, who was a son of Gen. Charles Martin, who gained celebrity in the Revolutionary War as a staff officer with Colonel Armand, commander of the famous corps known as Armand's Legion. Angeline's mother was Mary Ryan, daughter of John and Catherine Ryan, an elder sister of my mother, Isabella.

McGill, Elmira (Clark)—

Died: At Saegerstown, Pa., in 1898, and was buried in the Saegerstown cemetery.

Her son—

McGill, James Buchanan—

Lives at McKeesport, Pa., an employe in the offices of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

McGill, Oscar—

Was the oldest child of Charles D. and Angeline. He was an unusually bright and well behaved boy. He died at the age of 16 years

McGill, Mary Ann—

Was the eldest daughter of C. D. and Angeline. She was quite young when her mother died and many heavy cares fell on her young shoulders.

She married Jacob L. Hites about 1854 and they had one son, Corydon Hites, who married and soon after died, leaving no issue. When Mary Ann died the books were closed. She leaves no posterity.

McGill, Armand Martin—

Married: Miss ———— Briggs, of Erie county, Pennsylvania.

They had one son, Charles. They separated and were divorced—the son went with his mother and died in the West. Armand M. married again: Celestia Renner, of Saegerstown. They had one son, Alvin R.

Armand died, and about two years since Alvin R. died, unmarried, and the line of Armand became extinct.

Both his former wives re-married and are living in affluent circumstances.

McGill, John Eudolphus—

Born: August 13, 1835.

Married: Amelia A. Boyd, September 28, 1861. Amelia A. was born: March 10, 1841, and died: March 5, 1907.

John Eudolphus and Amelia A. had children as follows:

McGill, Charles Snowden—

Born: May 28, A. D. 1865.

Married: July 25, 1887, to Sarah A. Baker, who was born: June 11, A. D. 1867.

They have three children, to-wit:

McGill, Bessie A.—

Born: May 19, 1889.

Bessie is "Hello Girl" in the Telephone Exchange at Saegerstown.

McGill, Clarence A.—

Born: June 24, 1892.

Employed by the Trolley Company.

C. Snowden McGill has charge of Electric Plant at "The Inn."

McGill, Leon M.—

Born: Oct. 9, 1866.

Unmarried.

Leon is an engineer and electrician.

McGill, H. Lois—

Born: April 7, 1868.

Married: To Wm. Maynard, Oct. 6, 1897.

Mr. Maynard and wife live in Erie, Pa., and have three children, to-wit:..Leon L. Maynard (1899), Inez M. (1901) and Lucilla B. (1903).

McGill, A. Adelaide—

Born: Nov. 9, 1871.

Married: To Frank A. Way, March 25, 1893.

They have two children, to-wit: Helen F. (1894) and F. Elvira (1895).

McGill, Emeline (Affentranger)—

Married: William Affentranger, who was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Meadville, Pa.

They had four children, to-wit: Alice A., Emma, Edna and Alta.

When Mr. Affentranger died, Alice A. took charge of the business, and has ever since carried it on successfully.

They live on Pine street, with business place on Water street, Meadville, Pa.

McGill, Augusta A. (Powell)—

Married: Edward Powell, whose occupation was that of miller, and when the roller process was introduced his services were in great demand. They had three sons. Mr. Powell died and the family reside in Greenville, Mercer county, Pa.

McGill, Frances (Twichell)—

Married: Henry C. Twichell, a business man of Edinboro, Pa.

They have children grown up and engaged in business pursuits. In a nice home in the great school town of the State their lives are gliding peacefully and happily along.

Henry C. Twichell served in the Army of the United States through the War of the Rebellion in Company B, 145th Reg't., Pennsylvania Vol. Inf. He was twice wounded in battle, once at Gettysburg and again at Spottsylvania, Va., and he has a splendid military record.

McGill, Andrew Ryan—

Born: At Saegerstown, Pa., Feb. 19, 1840.

Married: To Eliza E. Bryant, daughter of Bryant, the historian of the Indian Massacre in 1862. She died in 1877, survived by two sons and one daughter.

He was again married in 1879 to Miss Mary E. Wilson, daughter of Dr. J. C. Wilson, of Edinboro, Pa. By this marriage they had two sons.

Andrew R. McGill died Oct. 31, 1905.

He rose to great distinction and was rated among the great men of his day. (See chapter XXVIII.)

The following are the descendants of Governor McGill:

McGill, Charles H., son of Andrew R. and Eliza E.—

Born: In 1866, at St. Peter, Minn.

McGill, Robert C., son of A. R. and Eliza E.—

Born: in 1869.

Resides in St. Paul, Minn.

McGill, Lida B. (Boynton), daughter of A. R. and Eliza E.—

Born: In 1874.

Married: William Boynton, Meadville, Pa.

McGill, Wilson, son of A. R. and Mary E.—

Born: 1884, St. Paul, Minn.

McGill, Thomas, son of A. R. and Mary E.—

Born: A. D. 1889, St. Paul, Minn.

McGill, Helen, youngest daughter of the third generation—

Soon after the close of the war Helen married Joseph L. Kopp, and they had two children, to-wit: Harry and Angeline. Harry married a daughter

of Oliver Beebe, of West Hayfield, and Angeline married Frank Smith, of Summerhill. They all went to California and live at Santa Barbara, Cal. Joseph L. Kopp was a valiant little man. He served in both the army and navy during the war.

McGill, Maria (McCloskey) and her son—

She was the youngest daughter of the second generation. She married Michael McCloskey, of Westmoreland county, Pa., who was a younger brother of John McCloskey, who married Margaret, daughter of Arthur. I can remember Aunt Maria as a very beautiful woman. Michael was a genius in his way. Elegant in manners, address and attire, conscientious and sensitive in matters of faith and politics, a man of integrity and courage, endowed with the keenest sense of the ludicrous, quick as a flash to resent an insult or slight, yet so heartily cheerful and happy, he was an apostle of fun. When he lived in Saegerstown, in the early days of the corporation, he set at defiance the bungling ordinances of the town—licked the Burgomaster—took the authorities into court and beat them for heavy costs, all in such a pleasant, cheerful way that everybody laughed.

He extracted great fun out of his legal controversies with the Dutch lawmakers.

Michael and Maria lived for a time after marriage at Cambridge by the Deadwater (now Cambridge Springs). Two children were born there and died. Then came a little boy, and Maria died. The infant was named James Ellis McCloskey and was brought to "Aunt Ibby" and Uncle John, where he was tenderly cared for until he was a slashing, fine boy of ten or twelve years, when his father, having re-married, took him away.

Years passed on and many things were forgotten, but I always cherished a fond recollection of that manly, little cousin. * * *

We had passed through Thoroughfare Gap in a terrific snow storm and beaten by howling, icy winds, went into camp amid the mountain tops near Warrenton, Va. There was frozen ground and snow under my feet in the tent I occupied—the only shelter I had on earth, and turn where one would there was nothing but bleak discomfort in sight. I was sick, tired, dissatisfied and morose.

There came the clatter of a saber at the entrance, and as I turned, in no amiable mood, to ascertain the cause of the intrusion, a big, tall trooper pushed his way into the tent and stood erect, smiling. I took a step forward, looked him in the eye, and quick as a flash of light the recognition came. It was our "Jimmie" of the old home, grown to great proportions and clad in the panoply of war.

Our delight at meeting was mutual and did me more good than all the remedies in the old Pharmacopoeia could have done.

I had known nothing of his being in the service. He belonged in the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He knew that I was in the 83rd Pennsylvania, and learning of our proximity hunted me up.

I saw him several times during our movement down to Falmouth and while awaiting Burnside's operations. * * *

It was Dec. 13th, 1862, and the battle of Fredericksburg was on. We had crossed the Rappahannock on the pontoons, marched through the city and formed line of battle in the open country beyond, under a scattering, long range fire from Marys Heights. There was a line of battle engaged with the enemy in our front. Humphrey's Division filed in and formed some two hundred yards in our rear. They were a fine looking body of men and just as good as they looked. This attracted the attention of the gunners on the Heights,

and they dropped shot and shell in their direction without serious injury. Gen. Humphrey, to show his contempt of this long range bombardment, rode with his staff and escort to the right of his line, and then dashed along the entire front to the left. A company of the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry were the escort. It was a mighty fine spectacle.

While the escort was passing directly opposite my position, and in full view, the horse of a trooper was knocked over and rolled on the ground. The boy jerked off the saddle and bridle and sprinted down to the left on the heels of the escort. That boy was our Jimmie McCloskey, and I felt sure that I recognized him at the time. But at the instant I saw something that he did not see. That horse was not killed, but only stunned, and in half a minute regained his feet and started full tilt after Jimmie and overtook him at the turning of the left flank, and the whole outfit was returned to duty without serious injury.

Soon afterwards this statement was corroborated at Stoneman's Switch, by the actor himself, and several of his comrades who were present.

The accession of Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac was followed by many changes in the disposition of the Cavalry Corps, and I saw Jimmie no more.

He was captured by the enemy, and the line of Michael and Maria became extinct in the prison pen of Andersonville.

ANDREW RYAN McGILL

From a Photo Taken at the Time He Was Governor of Minnesota (1888)

THE McGILLS

XXVIII

Andrew Ryan McGill; His Ancestry, His Career, His Achievements and His Place in the History of His Country and His Race

Of Andrew R. McGill it may be safely said, without awakening a pang of jealousy or sounding a note of dissent, that he was the brightest and most distinguished representative of his family and people that has lived during the last two hundred years.

We would make no invidious comparisons between him and other conspicuous characters of his time; and we would detract nothing from the fame of his compeers, or his competitors; we only seek to tell the simple story of his works and ways, leaving comparisons to posterity after history has matured, and the analysis of time has separated the pure gold from the glittering tinsel, and weighed achievements in the scales of Eternal Justice.

He became one of the distinguished men and the Chief Executive of the State of Minnesota, which compared to many of the little kingdoms of the old world, is an Empire in extent.

How much of this success in life was due to his ancestry—the blood and breeding of his race?

Andrew R. McGill did not build upon a submerged strata; nor did he spring from the loins of any degenerate people.

More than five hundred years ago the great House of McGill of Rankeillour was founded in Scotland, from material that for a thousand years had been accumulating and maturing on Caledonian Hills. Rankeillour gave Scholars, Statesmen, Jurists and Warriors to the nations, and sent out, as proven by history and heraldry, branches into England, Ireland and Wales, that wielded influence and power wherever they were established. From Rankeillour came the House of Ramgally in Scotland, of Viscount of Oxenford in England—and Ballynester in Ireland—all with armorial bearings that show their derivation from the ancient clan; and from this house came also a large contingent of the colony in Ulster, Ireland, founded by James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, in 1602-1610.

With this emigration into Ireland came the ancestors of the Pennsylvania branch, who in 1608 obtained leases from the London-Belfast Company, on the banks of Belfast Bay, County Antrim, Province of Ulster, Ireland. A lease in Ulster was a vested right that descended by primogeniture, and the proprietary rights thus secured may yet be in possession of the older branches of the family.

One hundred and sixty-two years from the date of obtaining landed interests in Ireland the McGills appear in America. In 1770, Patrick McGill, the grandfather of Andrew R., then a youth of seventeen years, came to this country, participated in the operations of the Revolutionary War, married Anna Maria Baird, of Maryland nativity, and settled in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania.

In 1792 Patrick located lands in Western Pennsylvania, which he proceeded to occupy in 1795, and for which patent was issued by the State in

1802, the same year in which Charles Dillon McGill, the father of Andrew, was born, and on the same premises in 1840 Andrew Ryan McGill first saw the light of day.

On the father's side the lineage was good for more than five hundred years, always found in the front rank of civilization and occupying a high place among the old, distinguished families of the ancient Scotch Celtic race.

Andrew McGill's mother was Angeline Martin. She was of a race of people more prominent in the turbulent times of the past than were the McGills. The Martins, of Galway, in Ireland, occupy a distinguished place in the history of the Emerald Isle. All over the Kingdom they were celebrated in song and story for knightly deeds of high emprise in defense of an oppressed people. Romance has woven garlands and twined them around their brows and immortalized the name forever. They were a proud intrepid race who disdained the wiles of the oppressor and with sword in hand stood ever ready to defend the right.

Gen. Charles Martin, of Revolutionary celebrity, was the grandfather of Angeline. It has been said that he was born in England; that may be so, but the name of Martin belongs to Ireland; and when the opportunity came he quickly proved his Galway blood by turning the point of his sword toward the hereditary enemy of his race. I personally knew four brothers of Angeline—Charles, John E., Samuel and Manning. They were men of character, affable and genteel, educated and intelligent; proud men with high instep and lofty bearing.

Angeline herself grew to beautiful womanhood, not only as to feature and form, but she was endowed with all the graces and goodness of her

sex. That she left the impress of her gentle soul on the mind of her youngest son is not to be doubted. She died in 1848, when he was eight years old.

It is seen by the foregoing that Andrew R. McGill did not derive from any ignoble strain. The blood of a long line of manly ancestors coursed through his veins. Yet it must be remembered that the plunge of his forbears into the wilderness, behind mountain ranges, had isolated his people from intercourse with the world and greatly abridged the means of intellectual culture and the development of those faculties that tend to make men great. He was not surrounded by affluence or wealth; the board at which he sat was laden with plenty, yet the starvation of the soul was not arrested by ready means to gratify its longing for higher and better things.

His ancestry had given him its blood and racial trend, but nothing more. If he would mount higher it must be by forces within himself, unaided by any outward propulsion or extraneous help.

His career began at the age of eight years, when the gentle guiding hand of his mother was removed and for all purposes of mental and moral growth he was thrown upon his own resources.

His father, up to that time, had been a lively, dashing kind of man, enjoying life with considerable zest, but he now became stern and austere, secluding himself from the family circle, and like his father Patrick retiring within himself. He did not intend to be unkind, and had no thought of the effect such course must have on the tender sensitive natures of his gentle brood. He had not been schooled to hardships as had his older brothers, and when calamity smote him he forgot that there were other souls bereaved. He allowed his selfish grief to blind him to the manifest duties of

parental trust, and though all of Angeline's children were successful in life, some even brilliant, it was due more to the inherent stamina of the race than to the care and solicitude of the father. The two older brothers took to mechanical pursuits as soon as they could be apprenticed. The period of eleven years that the boy spent beneath the ancestral roof after the death of his mother was not by any means one of ease and indulgence. His, however, was a buoyant nature.

Andrew was an upright boy and a filial son. Among his playmates he was a spirited young fellow, who could give and take hard thwacks upon the playground with the best of them. He seemed born with an instinct to seek uplifting influences. He was keenly desirous of attending school, and while there pursued his studies with a diligence that made his record as good as the best in his class and oftentimes excelling all others. Yet as a matter of fact, after he was twelve years of age, going to school was an incident in his life rather than a plan. His older brothers had left the home roof to follow their chosen avocations. The boy Andrew was thus left to become the chief assistant and man of all work on the farm. His father did not look upon an education and schooling as nearly so essential as that the farm work should and must be done. After he was twelve years old he did a man's work on the land that comprised the homestead farm, for which his grandfather Patrick had received the patent from the Commonwealth of Pennslyvania and which had passed to his father, Charles D. McGill.

He took care of the stock the year round. He plowed, sowed, planted, cultivated, dug, mowed, reaped and hauled in the season when these operations were due. When the harvest was garnered,

See Note 1.

and that part stored that supplied the needs of the inmates of the household and barn and the surplus sold, then, and not till then, could attendance at school be given a thought. So it was that only when Winter's snows were on the ground that Andrew's footsteps would turn toward the "Old Brick." Then there was no time stolen from hours of study. He learned early to read for a purpose. He aimed for higher things than the routine drudgery of the farm—made more distasteful to him because of his father's unsympathetic attitude—and became earnest in his pursuit of that which would prove more congenial to his ideas of life.

To a casual observer he was a contented, happy young man, taking work as it came, performing his various duties efficiently, cheerfully and with alacrity, but there was setting in an undercurrent in his channels of thought that was to lead him away from the farm into a larger sphere of action. A hunger was beginning to gnaw that the monotony of rural life failed to satisfy.

Before the final home-leaving Andrew went to Edinboro and lived for a few months with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob L. Hites. The latter was carrying on a wagon-making business and Andrew tried learning the trade. In later years he laughed at this experience and said he only learned how to make a wheelbarrow and quit.

He returns home, but the spirit of restlessness is working within. The offer of his father to take the farm and work it for a personal interest in it falls on a heedless ear. To get out into the world, to cut loose from home ties, to turn towards fields yet unexplored, to feel responsible only to himself were his overmastering desires.

At the age of nineteen years the wished-for opportunity comes to him in the offer of a position to teach a village school at Rimersberg, about fifty miles from his native town. *Andrew was a great favorite with all his sisters, and his leaving home was an event that made a deep impression on all the members of the family, for they felt it was to be final and yet were determined not to manifest the sadness they felt to the verge of tears. When in the preparations for his going the strain became keenest, the accidental tripping of one of the younger girls and her falling to the floor caused an excuse for laughter that all readily seized upon to hide the forbidden tears. Then Andrew kissed each one a hurried goodbye, climbed into the buggy and was gone. This was in 1859. Twelve years elapsed ere he again crossed the threshold. All the sisters had married and were in homes of their own. The father who had barely given his son a final word at parting now was proud to welcome back a man whom others had been glad to honor, and then for the first time in his life gave him the glad hand and exchanged words of cordial greeting and conversation.

In Rimersberg, Clarion county, Pennslyvania, was the first test of his ability as a scholar. The diligence with which he had pursued his studies in the "Red Brick" schoolhouse was now to bear its first fruit. He was tried and found "not wanting." Here he was launched in the profession that stood him in good stead for his further advancement.

But Rimersberg is too circumscribed. Not yet does he feel that he is in touch with the Genius of Progress. So after a few months stay in Clarion county he takes passage on a raft down the Allegheny river to Pittsburg, and thence by river

*Note 2 to author.

boat to Covington, Kentucky, on the Ohio river, one of the most progressive cities of the Southland. Here he remained for nearly two years engaged successfully in teaching school, when the Civil War came, and educational enterprises were at an end, and the social atmosphere most unpleasant to a young man possessed with innate loyalty to the Northern Cause. Fate said he must leave Kentucky, but where should he go? While in this querying state of mind chance turned his attention toward Minnesota. An old friend, Turner by name, had gone to St. Peter, and in a glowing letter urged McGill to follow him. This was the pivotal circumstance that directed hitherward the Saegerstown boy.

Andrew R. McGill arived in St. Peter June 10th, 1861, strong in heart and limb, but weak in pocketbook and worldly goods. He was ready to work and rich in now possessing two years experience in the school room. These, with dignity and pleasantness of manner, were his aids in opening a select High School on July 7th, 1861, in less than a month after he had first breathed Minnesota air. The school was patronized by the best people in the town. His success as a teacher was phenomenal, and he easily demonstrated his ability and worth.

But again the shifting scenes of war crossed his pathway, the call of his country became imperative, and he enlisted August 19th, 1862, in St. Peter. *Of his vicissitudes in the military line we will quote Gen. J. H. Baker, the author of the work entitled "Lives of the Governors of Minnesota," in which he says of Andrew R. McGill: "But the tocsin of war roused his patriotic heart, and we find him deserting the school room and enlisting as a private in Asgrim K. Sharo's Company 'D' of

Note 3 to author.

the Ninth Minnesota regiment, August 19th, 1862, at the age of twenty-two. He was elected First Sergeant. His service was on the frontier against the Sioux Indians in their memorable outbreak. He was posted at St. Peter and was present as a guard at the hanging of the condemned Sioux at Mankato, December 26th, 1862, where the writer, who was in command at that most extraordinary execution first knew young McGill.

"He served in the army with fidelity for one year and was discharged for serious disability, August 18th, 1863; and none too soon, for only nursing and care for weeks and months brought him back to health, but not to a degree to make it advisable for him to re-enlist, which was to him, then and afterward, a great regret."

*During his short military career his readiness with his pen brought to him an unenviable task. His company being among the troops detailed to be present at Mankato at the hanging of the thirty-eight Sioux warriors sentenced to death for atrocious massacres in 1862, young McGill was further employed to write an official account of this unusual and horrible incident for publication—a duty he reluctantly assumed and to which he ever after alluded as a very unpleasant recollection. However, he wrote a very full report, which was printed in "The St. Paul Pioneer" of December 28th, 1862, and records historically the culminating event of those soul-stirring times of that most sanguine occurrence.

After his recovery from the illness that terminated his military career, we find him again in the school room, arranging, classifying and grading his pupils in a way to give the best results.

*Note 4.

One of his corps of assistants was Miss Eliza Evelyn Bryant, a bright, vivacious young lady, who not only commended herself to him as a teacher but as an assistant in life's school, and they were married in 1864. Miss Bryant was a daughter of Hon. Charles S. Bryant, who, with his family, came to St. Peter from Cincinnati in the early '60's, where he had obtained considerable prominence as a lawyer. While Mr. Bryant continued to practice law in St. Peter and in St. Paul, where he later took up his residence, yet it was as an author and as one devoted to educational matters on which his prominence in Minnesota rests.

Before closing his school room career we wish to say that former pupils of young McGill, now people past their prime and on the shady side of life, and who are scattered over Minnesota and beyond her borders, all testify to his ability as a teacher, of the respect he inspired and of the elevating influence of his character even then as a young man.

Responsibilities were now accumulating and the period in his life from 1864 to 1869 was pregnant with events bearing on his future, under all of which he stood strong, worthy and reliable. While still teaching in 1864 he became joint editor and proprietor, with Martin Williams, of the St. Peter Tribune, keeping his interest in this paper until January, 1866. In the Autumn of 1865 he was elected Clerk of the District Court, the duties of which office he assumed January 2nd, 1866. He was re-elected and served four years.

As a result of his efficiency in the school room and his ability to direct others he was appointed by the County Commissioners Superintendent of Schools for Nicollet County in January of 1866, which office he also held for two terms (four years).

With all these affairs to make demands on his time, and which were producing very moderate means of subsistence for himself and a growing family, he found time to read Blackstone and grapple with points of law in the office of C. S. Bryant, his father-in-law. He had received permission of the County Commissioners to remove the office of the District Clerk and County Superintendent to Mr. Bryant's office that he might pursue his law studies when the duties of these offices permitted.

From the time young McGill landed in St. Peter he had determined to eventually become a lawyer, and soon thereafter began to read, during his spare moments, with that purpose in view. This he kept up while teaching, while editing and amid the demands made on him by the affairs of office. His persistence and application led to his aim being realized, when on May 8th, 1869, he was admitted to the Bar of Minnesota by Judge Horace Austin of the Sixth Judicial District.

I apprehend that he now began to see a realization of the dream of his youth, and that the place in social and business life to which he had aspired was coming within his reach. He certainly had up to this time no thought of greater preference than to acquire a permanent and perhaps prominent standing at the Bar, where he could command a competence and win the respect and approbation of his fellow men.

But the turning of the wheel of Fortune decreed that instead of the law and whatever honors might came in its wake, politics, with its fickleness should engage his expanding abilities.

In January, 1870, Judge Austin, of St. Peter, was inaugurated Governor of the State, and know-

ing the pleasing personality and legal attainments of his young fellow townsman he appointed him his private secretary.*

Removing to St. Paul Mr. McGill took his place in the Executive Office, where he came in contact with all the leading men and politicians of the State and became familiar with all governmental business. His keen grasp of affairs, his courteous manner, his ability and willingness to serve those seeking information, won for him a wide and favorable acquaintance and many warm personal friends in all parts of the state.

A few days before retiring from office Governor Austin further recognized the conspicuous ability and sterling qualities of his popular young private secretary by appointing him, December 15th, 1873, to be the successor of Mr. Pennock Pusey as Insurance Commissioner of Minnesota. Mr. Pusey's attainments were more of a literary and advisory turn than suited him in wrestling with the mathematical details of the Insurance Commissioner's office and he wished to retire.

This appointment was most happy. It occurred at a time when Mr. McGill's life was opening up in its prime. He brought with him a wide acquaintance acquired in the Executive Office while his enthusiasm and grasp of the affairs of this office stimulated his determination that the Department of Insurance in Minnesota, though so recently established (March 1st, 1872), should be second to that of no other state. His fitness appealed to

*Illustrating his character and loyalty, in 1887 when he became Governor he appointed his old friend, former Governor Austin, to the important office of Railroad Commissioner. Although there were many candidates with strong influences for the position, Governor McGill, unsolicited, tendered it to ex-Governor Austin. Thus he discharged a political debt of long standing and at the same time made a very wise appointment, as was generally conceded.

Governor Davis (who followed Austin), who also appointed him, as did the two succeeding Governors, Pillsbury and Hubbard, who served for six and five years, respectively. Altogether A. R. McGill held the office of Insurance Commissioner for thirteen years and became known in insurance circles the country over. He came to be recognized as an authority in his own state and was quoted in others. His reports were considered the most able and valuable up to the time of their publication ever issued on the subject. Taking the lead as he did in getting wise insurance laws enacted by the legislature, which laws are still on the statute books, the backbone of all insurance legislation since enacted in Minnesota, he was instrumental in safeguarding the people's interest in insurance matters at the time of the state's critical rapid development from 1874 to 1886. He denounced all wild cat insurance concerns and was commended by stable companies for his invariable justice and wise administration.

In 1882 there was some question as to whether Governor Hubbard would reappoint McGill to be Insurance Commissioner. The latter belonged to an opposing faction before the convention in 1881 when he (Hubbard) received the nomination, and great pressure was brought to bear upon him to supplant McGill. But he considered the best interests of the Insurance Department and the State demanded his reappointment, and retained him as its head, and he himself has since stated that no other appointment ever gave him greater satisfaction or that he felt reflected more credit on his administration.

It was while he was Insurance Commissioner and business and official duties were successfully occupying his attention that sadness cast her shadow over his home. Twice the Grim Reaper

claimed two of his promising children. Little Harry died in 1870, and Jessie in 1874, both at the tender and interesting age of two and one-half years. In February, 1877, he was called upon to mourn the death of her who walked beside him, his faithful, loving wife, whose going left a sad blight in heart and home and seemed an unkind stroke from the hand of Fate. The surviving children were Charles Herbert, born 1866; Robert Clifford, born 1869, and Lida Bella, born 1874.

His long, faithful services to the people, always unassuming and without ostentation, prompted his friends to put his name forward for higher honors. After a four-cornered contest in which C. A. Gilman, of St. Cloud; John L. Gibbs, of Albert Lea, and Albert Scheffer, of St. Paul, were also candidates, A. R. McGill received the nomination of the Republican party for Governor of Minnesota on September 23rd, 1886. The Convention had embodied in its platform a High License plank and placed the party on record as standing for reform in better controlling the sale of liquor in the State and dethroning the power of the saloon in politics.

The campaign which followed was unique in the annals of the Republican party. Its watchword became "High License" and its earnest champion the head of the ticket. Theirs was manifestly against the wide open policy of the Democratic party on one hand and the entire extermination of the sale of liquor by the Prohibition party on the other hand.

A. A. Ames, the Democratic nominee, had been for several terms the popular Mayor of Minneapolis. He had for some years posed as the friend of the laboring class and had been repeatedly elected Mayor largely by the labor vote. Also the saloon and sporting elements of the Republican as well as the Democratic party were with him

unanimously. The liquor interests, wholesale and retail, poured unlimited wealth into the Democratic coffers to open the way to all possible influences in their favor.

The Prohibitionists were supporting a hopeless cause and their votes were naturally taken from the Republican ranks. What they desired was impossible to obtain. They wanted no sale of liquor but were unwilling to aid in getting the sale of it under better control and the revenue to the state increased. They could not "compromise with crime" so gave it a boost. As this most critical time in striving for the impossible—prohibition—they nearly gave the state over to the party whose success at that time would have meant a "wide open" policy and years of retrogression. But good government prevailed and the first chapter in the High License move was enacted by the Republican ticket being elected. The majority was small, but the victory great.

Andrew R. McGill became Governor January 5th, 1887. His inaugural address to the Legislature was all that could be desired. At its opening he said: "If it has been customary heretofore for Legislatures to disregard the issues on which they were elected, let the custom be broken. Honesty and good faith in a political party are as much to be admired as like attributes in an individual."

Regarding the liquor traffic his utterances were very forceful and manifested his dominant energy in leading the members to do their duty. He says:

"You will be called upon at this session to consider measures looking to the further regulation of the liquor business in this State. The people have pronounced in favor of 'high license, local option and the rigid enforcement of the laws relating to the liquor traffic,' and now turn to you in the hope and expectation that you will, in the form of suit-

able legislation, give effect to the verdict which they have found. Outside of the limited number engaged in the liquor traffic in this State, the people, by a very large majority and without regard to political parties, favor the measures proposed. I can see no reason why the desired legislation should not be promptly enacted. It is undoubtedly true that while the question of high license does not properly relate to party politics, it is one of intense interest to the liquor vendors of the State, and in our cities and large towns has become the predominant issue at every election. The liquor interests are organized as a compact power for the avowed purpose of combatting all efforts looking to the further regulation of the liquor traffic. The effect of such an organization in such a cause cannot be otherwise than harmful. All questions are made secondary to that of high license, and every man who stands for office—and more particularly a legislative office—is required to pledge himself against it, or stand the brunt of their united opposition, in many cases meaning utter defeat from the outset. In all candor I submit to you if this is not a pernicious influence on the legislation of the state. Two years ago a high license bill was before the Legislature, with every prospect of becoming a law, but was finally defeated through the organized efforts of the liquor interests. This organization is much stronger today than it was then, and will no doubt oppose with a zeal worthy of a better cause the measures proposed. But I trust this Legislature, elected on the issue of 'high license and local option,' is also stronger on this subject than its predecessor, and that it has the courage and independence to refuse to be bound and controlled by the liquor dealers. I have no word to utter against these men—I am willing to concede that many of them regard the proposed meas-

ures as an infringement on their personal rights and liberty, but in the name of that great body of our citizens who believe in sobriety, in law and order, and who recognize and deplore the evils traceable to the liquor traffic, I protest against that interest being permitted to dominate the Legislation of the State. It is not only your province but your duty to eliminate as far as practicable these evils. It is believed that high license and local option will minimize them. Sharing in this belief and desiring to keep faith with the people, I recommend the enactment of suitable and efficient legislation to carry the proposed measures into effect."

All the members of the House and Senate were equally bound with himself to High License, and yet it was found that when it came to framing measures looking to its enactment several members in both houses had visibly weakened and some had even slumped to the opposition. The vast sums of money and incessant lobbying of the liquor interests were again giving battle and their success became ominous to the High License Cause. But Governor McGill, true to every noble instinct within him, true to the pugnacious instincts of his ancestry, worked in and out of season to stimulate the High License forces. Had it not been for his persistent leadership and his untiring efforts it is certain that High License legislation would have failed to carry. The excitement became very great as the battle for and against High License was waged. A bill favoring it was, after an earnestly contested struggle, finally passed and promptly became a law by the Governor's signature. The wisdom of the law became so evident that no attempt at its repeal has ever been made and the better class of saloon men soon became its hearty supporters. The High License law not only resulted in the better regulation of the sale of liquor

and greatly increased revenue to the State, but completely quelled all domination of the liquor interests in politics which have never regained their dethroned power. The effect was that of a social revolution and a noticeable moral uplift. Minnesota's progressive stand on the liquor traffic was watched with great interest and the law she adopted served as a model for similar laws in other States.

Other important measures were placed on the statute books during Governor McGill's term. The tax laws were simplified, the State Soldiers' Home and State Reformatory were established and the Bureau of Labor Statistics created.

In September of 1888, when the State Republican Convention convened it was to work the greatest injustice that can ever be done to a candidate or party. Governor McGill had taken the high stand that his administration should speak for him as a candidate for renomination. The invariable custom had been to bestow a second term as an indorsement. Governor McGill had made an enviable record in the Chair, and received the commendations of the best element in his party. The convention in its platform said: "It points with pride to the pure and clean administration of Governor A. R. McGill." There were enough delegates pledged to him to renominate him and yet W. R. Merriam, a moneyed banker of St. Paul, became the nominee. Various explanations were attempted at the time. It is unnecessary to say that the reasons concocted were merely subterfuges that, though acquiesced in, were not endorsed nor believed. If the glory of being the father of gubernatorial fraud and bribery in Minnesota that the purchase of the Governorship brought Mr. Merriam was the ambition for which he contended, then A. R. McGill sought to be no competitor, and

he stepped down and out of office cheerfully, leaving his record to be balanced with that of his successor for a just public to decree to each their proper place in the state's history, and his life was sufficiently long to know that honesty in politics is not a dead letter, to know that respect and honor grew and increased as the years came and receded, to know that W. R. Merriam's following diminished to a vanishing point and his name spoken with derision. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small."

In 1889 A. R. McGill retired to private life, engaging for seven years in a banking, loan and trust business in Minneapolis. Subsequently he became interested in the publishing and printing business of the McGill-Warner Company of St. Paul.

In 1899 he again entered public life, becoming State Senator from the Thirty-seventh Senatorial District (St. Paul). His past experience rendered his legislative services very valuable, and the high esteem and deep respect with which he was regarded by the people of the State, irrespective of party, made his influence in the Senate very great. He was placed on important committees and his expressed opinions were listened to with deference, both on the floor and in committee room. In 1902 he was renominated and re-elected State Senator without any opposition, the Democratic party having declined to nominate any one to run against him.

In 1900 ex-Governor McGill was appointed Postmaster of St. Paul by President McKinley, who at the request of U. S. Senator Cushman K. Davis (St. Paul), suspended the regulation of the Post-office Department that prohibits a postmaster from also holding a state office. Likewise later, President Roosevelt again waived this regulation, per-

mitting him to stand for re-election to the Senate in 1902, and also reappointed him in 1904 Postmaster of St. Paul.

Thus the busy, eventful years were rounding out a full, active life. A life full of business activities and teeming with interest in the affairs of the community, the city and the state of his adoption. He was every ready to give the best in himself for their benefit. His was always a moulding influence for better conditions, and his forceful, though unobtrusive personality was invariably leagued only with that which was honorable, true and beneficial. There was not a page in his book of life but could bear the strongest light of investigation. Not a single blur of dishonor could be found.

He had re-married in 1879 and brought to his little family a lady from near his old home in Pennsylvania. She was Mary E. Wilson, daughter of a prominent physician of Edinboro, (Pa.) She was possessed of a superior intelligence and education and was a fitting companion to her distinguished husband, and endeared herself as well to his children and friends.

They had three sons, Wilson, born in 1884; Thomas Martin, born in 1889; and Andrew R., the namesake of his father, who died in 1895 when little more than two years of age.

In 1888 A. R. McGill and family took up their abode in St. Anthony Park. Though a suburb of St. Paul, it is equally near and accessible to its sister city, Minneapolis. Here, on Scudder avenue, in a modest, unassuming house which had been constructed suitable to their needs, they established a home in which their domestic relations were most happy. The Governor was a boy with his boys and enjoyed their confidences no less when they came to youth and manhood. There was none of that austerity with which his own early life had

been familiar and had left bitter recollections. He ruled them as others through respect and affection.

Theirs was an ideal home from which sorrow should have flown afar. But "Death loves a shining mark."

The Autumn of 1905, with its sear and yellow leaf, was settling in bleak and cold, and the vegetable life for the year dying. The month of October had ebbed to its last day and with it ebbed the life that had become the center of so much affectionate love and honor. He had with apparent usual health gone through his accustomed routine duties of the day at the Postoffice. Had with his accustomed cheer greeted friend and employe as he had met them. He had come at the accustomed hour to his home in the evening and, after enjoying the usual family intercourse, had as usual retired. But in the night Death came to him suddenly and unannounced, and the life—that grand force—that we had known in the embodiment of Andrew R. McGill—passed to the Beyond, there we hope to greet us when we, too, shall be vanquished by Life's foe.

The family was grief-stricken at their great loss. Friends, after the first stunning effects of the sad news, were greatly desirous of tendering him the homage due to his memory and urged that his remains lie in state at the Capitol and that there be a public funeral. But his great inclination against any kind of ostentation led his family to decide against the former and that the last sad rites be pronounced within the precincts of the home he had reared and to which he had become so deeply attached.

The Postoffice clerks and letter carriers turned out en masse to march past his bier to take a last look at the face that but a few hours since had been

to them an inspiration in their tasks. The old heroes of Acker Post of the G. A. R. silent and grim aligned themselves in front of the modest dwelling to give the parting salute to their old comrade who had never failed them in their hour of need.

Simple but impressive ceremonies were conducted by his pastor, Dr. S. G. Smith, of the People's Church, St. Paul, who himself bore witness of a great loss, and though called upon to officiate came also to mourn with others present the loss of a dear friend.

The pallbearers were selected from countless friends and associates, among them being the Governor (Johnson) and three ex-Governors, and others prominent in the different walks of life. They bear hence the silent form, dignified and serene in death, from the portals of his home, beneath the stalwart limbed trees he had planted and seen grow from saplings, to the vehicle that is to convey to the final resting place in Oakland Cemetery all that remains of earth of Andrew R. McGill.

As the mourning multitude turned away from the grave one was seen to linger to shed an unseen tear in memory of his old-time friend. This was Hon. Horace Austin, an eminent judge and twice Governor of Minnesota, and who had in years past stood sponsor for the political life of him he now mourned. By the tragedy of Fate only one week later the ashes of Governor Austin were also consigned to earth.

When the tidings of Andrew's death reached the quaint, old town where he was born, the people talked and sympathized and mourned. But it was not of the Governor and the Statesman they talked. They wept not for the Lawyer nor the Teacher; but their kindly thoughts went out for the little sun-bronzed face and laughing eyes of the bright

boy, who, swift of foot and agile of limb in years gone by, had played with the boys on the village green.

From all over the country came sympathetic notices of the press lamenting his untimely departure in the midst of so active and useful a career. Passing by those ephemeral contributions to fame, we invite attention in the following pages to the permanent history of the time, written by impartial pens and recorded in the archives of the state, there to remain while time shall last.

In addition to what we have said of our distinguished relative to whom we have tried to accord his proper place in the annals of History, a farther light may be thrown on his character by the pen of her who was his wife for twenty-six years:

A TRIBUTE.

There was an indescribable delight and charm in the manner of A. R. McGill—a sort of magnetism as it were—that invariably drew people to him. One had only to meet him to fall under his influence. He was sincere; he was earnest; he was true to friends and just to foes; he was quick of perception, and through a keen intelligence grasped a situation instantly. He had seemingly an intuitive judgment, arriving at a wise conclusion momentarily that others would waver over after studying a subject for hours or days. As a counsellor he was, for this quality and his other characteristics, sought after by those in high positions no less than by those in the humbler walks of life. Riches and position in themselves had no extenuating influence with him, while his sympathy of heart made him accessible always to those in trouble or in any way needing a friendly adviser. There is one side of his personality that always

made him a delight to those with whom he came in contact, and that was his sense of humor. With him it was a veritable sixth sense. It was with him in friendly intercourse, it was with him in business relations, in all the ins and outs of daily life that humor and wit were ever bubbling forth in sallies that perhaps only those who knew him best understood. And when a witticism or joking remark had to be labeled that of itself pleased him. This sense of humor was the outcome of an endowed cheerful, sunny temperament that refused to be clouded or soured in boyhood by an unsympathetic father, unjustly imposed labor and lack of the material comforts, and that in later life through the many ups and downs of privation, work and prosperity always shone a beacon light, winning friends to him by the genial warmth of his smile.

Take his keen intelligence, his intuitive judgment, his knowledge of men, his varied experiences, his quick grasp of situations, his ability to see things from others standpoint, his sympathetic heart, his capabilities of friendly and family relations, his high plane of morality, his great honesty of purpose, his unswerving attitude from the path of right and rectitude as he saw it, together with the great courage of his convictions, and all these qualities modified by the light of cheerfulness and humor that made life a pleasure to him in its living, and you have his unique character that shed a constant radiance on his family circle, his friendships, his business associates and all who came within the spell of his charmed circle of influence.

It was these attributes that caused him to be loved and adored by his family, esteemed by his friends, honored by his associates and acquaintances and respected by those with whom he differed.

So strong and all pervading had been his influence in his home that it has remained and ever will the touch spring of guidance to his family in all their affairs, who feel deeply and lovingly that their inheritance in his cherished memory is one beyond great worldly riches.

MARY E. McGILL.

Mrs. Robert C. McGill Robert C. McGill Mrs. Charles H. McGill Charles H. McGill W. D. Boynton

Wilson McGill Mrs. Andrew R. McGill Thomas M. McGill Andrew R. McGill Lida McGill Boynton

ANDREW RYAN McGILL FAMILY GROUP

(TAKEN IN 1903)

THE McGILLS

XXIX

Andrew Ryan McGill—Continued. Gleanings from Minnesota History. Capt. Henry A. Castle in National Tribute. Proceedings in Memoriam of the Senate

We make the following excerpts from the "Lives of the Governors of Minnesota," written by Gen. J. H. Baker in 1906 and 1907, for the Minnesota Historical Society:

ANDREW RYAN McGILL—Tenth Governor—

* * * * *

But the tocsin of war roused his patriotic heart. and we find him deserting the school room and enlisting as a private in Captain Asgrim K. Skar's Company "D" of the Ninth Minnesota Regiment, August 19, 1862, at the age of twenty-two. He was elected first sergeant. His service was on the frontier against the Sioux Indians in their memorable outbreak. He was posted at St. Peter and was present as a guard at the hanging of the condemned Sioux at Mankato, December 26, 1862, where the writer, who was in command at that most extraordinary execution first knew young McGill.

He served with fidelity for one year and was discharged for serious disability August 18, 1863, and none too soon, for only nursing and care for weeks and months brought him back to health, but not to a degree to make it advisable for him to re-enlist, which was to him then, and afterwards, a great regret.

* * * * *

Andrew R. McGill was inaugurated as Governor January 5, 1887. A careful examination of his inaugural address and the regular biennial address January 9, 1889, exhibit the character and purposes of the man in an exalted light. With unfaltering resolution he intelligently maintained his principles. The record shows great accomplishments.

* * * * *

Governor McGill's administration was characterized by faithful and meritorious work in many other directions. He urged the simplification of the tax laws, the abolishment of contract prison labor and the establishment of that noble institution, the Soldiers' Home. These all stand to his favor and credit. The wisdom of these measures is more apparent as time advances and their repeal has never been attempted. He advocated greater supervision of railroads, as to transportation, freight and passenger rates, and was the first Governor to recommend the abolishing of the issuance of free passes.

His friends may well be proud of his fearless and manly records, and the judgment of posterity will crown his name with honor. No odor of jobbery, nor fumes of the political pit rise against him; no private or public scandal ever raised a whisper against his good name.

* * * * *

In 1898 and again in 1903 he was elected State Senator for the 37th Senatorial District. His legislative career was marked by a close application to duty and a conscientious exercise of his senatorial prerogatives. He was the pronounced enemy of all vicious legislation, and the friend of all needful reforms. He was the spokesman of the old soldier on the floor of the Senate. It was chiefly through his influence that the noble monument was erected to the Minnesota soldiers who fell at Vicksburg.

He participated influentially in the movement to organize Acker Post 21, G. A. R., and always took an active interest in its proceedings.

* * * * *

He took a profound interest in the public schools and had served as President of the St. Paul Board of Education.

Governor McGill was justly esteemed as a citizen and a man. His affections bound him to his country and to his friends and family—always kind and considerate of friend or foe, with a personal deportment beyond the reach of criticism, his constant civilities won upon all. Anger and resentment were unknown to him in his conduct of life. He was always, and at all times, and above all, a gentleman. He was truly the gentleman in politics.

Modest by nature he was truly indifferent to publicity and notoriety. Above all, he possessed a spotless character; and character, like gold coin, passes current among all men and in all countries. His private life was pure and sweet and his friendship a benediction.

* * * * *

Governor McGill died suddenly on the morning of October 31, 1905, at his residence, No. 2203 Scudder avenue, St. Anthony Park, with scarcely a

premonition of his end. An affection of the heart with which he had suffered for years was the cause of his death. His wish that he might be at home when the end came was gratified.

By order of the Governor of the State, the flags on both the old and new Capitols were drooped at half-mast, and the Governor's office was appropriately draped in black. His funeral rites were very simple, in strict accordance with his own often expressed wish. There were no public services, and the Rev. S. G. Smith, pastor of the People's church, officiated at the family residence.

Four men who had been Governors of Minnesota were among the honorary pallbearers, namely: Horace Austin, L. F. Hubbard, S. R. Van Sant and John A. Johnson. Members of the Acker Post G. A. R., attended in a body, as did also the Post-office employes.

(From The National Tribune, March 15, 1906.)

EX-GOV. McGILL

Death of a Minnesota Comrade Whose Life Was One of Good Works.

By Captain Henry A. Castle.
(Formerly Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department).

Few members of the Grand Army of the Republic have the disposition and the opportunity to practice all its principles on so extended a scale and with such beneficial results as may be truthfully recorded of a distinguished ex-soldier, who is now sincerely mourned by his comrades and fellow-citizens of Minnesota.

Andrew Ryan McGill, First Sergeant, Company D, 9th Minnesota, State Senator, Postmaster of St. Paul and ex-Governor of Minnesota, died suddenly Oct. 31st, 1905, at his residence in St. Paul, at the age of 65 years.

Andrew R. McGill was born in Pennsylvania of Revolutionary ancestry, February 19, 1840. He grew up in that state, came to Minnesota in 1861, and settled at St. Peter, Nicollet county. Here he served in a number of capacities, being Superintendent of Schools and Clerk of Courts. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but other activities prevented the career he had mapped out

for himself in that honorable profession. He was for a considerable period editor of the St. Peter Tribune.

When Horace Austin became Governor of Minnesota in 1870, he made Mr. McGill his private secretary. In 1873 he was appointed Insurance Commissioner, in which position he served till 1886, when he was himself nominated and elected Governor of the State.

Governor McGill's previous experience admirably equipped him for the position. His administration of the Executive Office was independent and able, commanding respect at the time and approved by impartial history.

Retiring from the Executive Chair in 1889, Gov. McGill embarked in active business enterprises.

But he was not left in retirement. He was elected to the State Senate in 1898 and re-elected in 1902 without opposition either at the primaries or at the polls. His legislative career of seven years was marked by a close application to duty, a full appreciation of his relations to the State and his constituents and a conscientious exercise of his senatorial prerogatives.

In 1899, during his term as Senator, Gov. McGill was appointed Postmaster of St. Paul. After serving four years he was reappointed and occupied the dual offices of Senator and Postmaster at the time of his death.

It is a significant tribute to his worth, that both President McKinley and President Roosevelt issued special orders suspending in his case the executive regulation which prohibits the holding of a State and a Federal office at the same time.

When he was 21 years old, Andrew McGill enlisted August 19, 1862, as a private in Company D, 9th Minnesota, for three years, or during the war. The terrible Indian outbreak on the Upper Minne-

sota River occurred within three or four days, and the company returned to St. Peter, where it served as a garrison during the Autumn and Winter of 1862-3. He was actively engaged during the early days of the Indian War in the work of rescuing wounded settlers and driving off the prowling bands of savages who infested the region between St. Peter and New Ulm. It was a dangerous duty, exposed to assault and ambush, often performed at night, while the horizon was lighted by the flames of burning farm houses.

As First Sergeant of his company, all the detailed labors usually performed by others fell on him as the quickest learner and most willing worker, where all were new to the complicated service. For a long period, although ranking as an "enlisted man" he was Acting Adjutant of the Military Post at St. Peter, his Captain having been placed in command. Here his work was of the hardest, but it was so well performed that it was found impossible to replace him by any Commissioned Officer available.

The exposure of camp life, combined with overwork, brought young McGill down with a serious illness. This illness was long continued and left effects from which he always suffered. For a considerable period his recovery seemed impossible and his restoration to health was so slow that it became manifest that he must leave the service. Accordingly, he reluctantly accepted a discharge from the Army August 18, 1863, and it was a life-long subject of regret that he was not privileged to be with his regiment in the campaigns and battles which followed and which included some of the most decisive of the war.

On April 8th, 1870, Gov. McGill, who was then private secretary to Gov. Horace Austin, and resided at St. Paul, participated in the movement to

organize Acker Post 21, Department of Minnesota, G. A. R. He became a charter member, and his active interest is attested by the fact that he was Chairman of the first committee appointed. The principal officers chosen to guide the new enterprise were: Henry A. Castle, Commander; Hiram A. Kimball, Senior Vice Commander; True S. White, Junior Vice Commander; Mark D. Flower, Adjutant; A. R. McGill, Quartermaster.

Comrade McGill remained a faithful and exemplary member of Acker Post until his death, a period of more than thirty-five years. He thoroughly believed in the principles of our noble order, and embraced all the numerous opportunities afforded by the exalted public positions held by him to exemplify those principles in practical beneficent acts.

In his inaugural message as Governor of Minnesota in 1887, he strongly urged the establishment of a State Home for disabled and destitute veterans. He gave valuable assistance to the Committee of the G. A. R., which drafted the law, being specially interested in the "family relief" feature. He did all an Executive could properly do to secure its passage by the Legislature and he promptly approved it when finally enacted.

Governor McGill appointed from his wide circle of acquaintances among the comrades the first seven trustees of the Minnesota Soldiers' Home in April, 1887. During the official term and ever afterwards he showed an affectionate interest in this model institution, visiting it often, rejoicing in its success, and recurring with pride to the fact that it was established during his administration.

As Postmaster he cheerfully gave that preference in employment or promotion which the law permits to worthy and efficient ex-soldiers. As State Senator he was the recognized champion of all reasonable demands made by or in behalf of the veteran

defenders of the Republic. The following are some of his achievements in that line during a single session, that of last winter: He introduced and had passed the bill which made an appropriation for a monument to the Minnesota soldiers who fought at Vicksburg. He secured the passage of the bill providing a separate home at Minnehaha for the widows of soldiers. He proposed and warmly supported the measure which assigned, free of rent, the splendid quarters in the old Capitol building, now occupied by the St. Paul Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic and their affiliated societies and other ex-soldier organizations. The same law makes similar provision for Posts throughout the State in available portions of City or County buildings.

In grateful recognition of the last mentioned service, a reception and banquet had been arranged for Nov. 17th, and its program announced before Senator McGill's unexpected and untimely decease. He was to have been one of the honored guests on that occasion. To him, to others who ably co-operated with him in procuring for the veterans this appropriate and most acceptable concession, the reception was tendered. The others were present, but his seat was vacant, and the occasion became in effect a memorial service to Comrade McGill. We may cherish the fond belief that his glorified spirit hovered near, rejoicing in the benefaction commemorated and modestly accepting a share in the spontaneous tribute.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Senate, State of Minnesota

In Memoriam

OF THE

Life and Service of the Late

Gov. Andrew R. McGill

March Fifteenth

Nineteen Hundred

and Seven

EXTRACT FROM THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE.

March 15th, 1907.

MEMORIAL SERVICES—A. R. McGILL.

The hour having arrived for the memorial services in memory of the late Andrew R. McGill, addresses were made by Messrs. Hackney, Wilson, Thorpe, Fitzpatrick and Dunn.

Mr. Hackney offered the following preamble and resolution:

During the interim between the Legislative sessions of 1905 and 1907, and while a member of the Senate of this State from the 37th Senatorial District, the Hon. Andrew R. McGill was stricken with death.

He took up his residence in this State very early in its history, and during his long residence occupied many positions of great trust and great honor, including that of the Governorship of the State.

In every position in which he served, whether by appointment or chosen thereto by the people, he fully met all its requirements. He never disappointed his friends nor betrayed the confidence reposed in him. His integrity and sincerity of purpose no one ever questioned. He had the unbounded confidence of his colleagues in the Senate.

While loyal and devoted in his personal friendships, he would not allow them in matters of important legislation to override his judgment and sense of duty. When confronted by difficult prob-

lems his strong, common sense and intuition to deal justly always enabled him correctly to solve them. His example, both in public and private life, was beneficial and helpful to all who knew or came in contact with him.

In his untimely death this State lost one of its most honorable, useful and best beloved citizens.

Therefore, be it resolved by this Senate, That the foregoing brief and imperfect statement of the life and virtues of our deceased brother and friend be spread upon the records of this body, and an engrossed copy thereof be forwarded by the Secretary to the widow of the deceased, and to each Senator who was a member of the Senate during the thirty-fourth session of the Legislature of Minnesota.

J. M. Hackney:

Mr. President, Andrew R. McGill was born in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, February 19, 1840. In 1859 he went to Kentucky, where he secured a position as teacher. In 1861 Mr. McGill returned North and on June 10, 1861, arrived in Minnesota. In 1862 he enlisted in Company D, Ninth Minnesota Volunteers, and became First Sergeant of his company. The following year he was discharged on account of failing health, and soon after was elected County Superintendent of Public Schools for Nicollet county, and filled the position for two terms. From 1865 to 1866 he edited the St. Peter Tribune, which he continued to publish for a number of years afterward. He was also elected clerk of the District Court of Nicollet county, which position he held for four years, devoting much of his time to the study of law under the direction of Hon. Horace Austin, by whom he was admitted to the bar in 1868. Two years later Judge Austin became Governor of this State, and Mr. McGill was ap-

pointed his private secretary. In 1873 he was chosen for the office of Insurance Commissioner for the State, and discharged the duties of the office for thirteen years with great efficiency, his reports being accepted as among the most valuable issued on that subject.

In 1886 Mr. McGill was nominated for the office of Governor by the Republicans. It was a critical time for his party; the temperance question cut a large figure, and the Republican party had declared in favor of local option and high license. This was sufficient to array all Prohibitionists against the party and enlist all friends of the saloon against the Republican ticket.

Governor McGill was a man of unassailable character and conducted his campaign upon a dignified plan. He was elected, and the records of his term of office show much accomplished. Of the important measures enacted during his term of office were the high license law, the railroad laws relating to transportation, storage, wheat grading, watering of railroad stock, etc. Other significant measures were also passed during his administration. Amendments simplifying the tax laws, regulating the control of the liquor traffic, establishing the Soldiers' Home and the Bureau of Labor Statistics were passed. The State Reformatory was established and other measures of importance were undertaken during his administration. On his retirement from office at the end of his two years' term, he organized the St. Paul and Minneapolis Trust Company, of which he was President. In 1897 he was elected State Senator from the 37th District, which now I have the honor to represent, and served that district in this body for eight years. Upon recommendation of United States Senator C. K. Davis he was appointed by President Mc-

Kinley, in 1900, as Postmaster of St. Paul, and four years later was reappointed to the same position by President Roosevelt.

Mr. McGill was a resident of St. Anthony Park, St. Paul, when he died. I did not have the honor of knowing him as did his colleagues on this floor, and for that reason I shall leave to others who sat with him in this body the duty of speaking more fully concerning him. As one of his constituents while he was Senator, I knew him well. He was nearly always on the right side of every important question. The people of the 37th district always felt that they had a Senator they could trust. It is a significant fact to point to, that in this age, when so many men holding public offices are falling by the wayside or are having the finger of suspicion pointed at them, that in all the years that Mr. McGill served the State of Minnesota in different capacities, no one ever heard of his integrity being questioned.

He was honest, capable and conscientious in everything he undertook. I consider it an honor to be able to occupy the seat he so ably filled while a member of this body.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolution as read.

George P. Wilson:

Mr. President, to those who knew Senator McGill well, both in public and private life, no encomium or eulogy is necessary. They will ever fondly cherish his memory. His colleagues in the Senate not only honored and respected him, but greatly beloved him. Hs was a man of great personal dignity, but always extremely courteous. All his colleagues, present here today, will bear witness to the fact that he always treated his fellow members with the utmost consideration and frankness.

During the last session in which he served as a member of this body, he was not an active nor aggressive member. While he had the outward appearance of being in excellent health, it was not so. He disclosed to some of his colleagues that his heart action was so weak that he had to be extremely cautious. I think it is fitting that we should pause here today and lay upon the grave of our deceased brother and friend a wreath of our personal affection and love.

L. O. Thorpe:

Mr. President, when we set aside a few minutes to let some of the memories we have of a departed friend pass in review, it is not necessary that they should be sad and sorrowful. It may, on the contrary, as in this case, be inspiring and beneficial; recollections tending to make us both individually and collectively, as a state, thankful for the faithful services rendered, and the example in honesty will strengthen our purpose to do right. I cannot think of Andrew R. McGill in any other way. We remember that the stirring political events of 1886 brought him prominently before the people as the Republican candidate for Governor. I remember the excitement and scheming for political advantage among the different factions struggling for supremacy at that time. He was apparently little concerned and always calm, dignified, going about his duty in a manner that commanded respect and admiration. He did not cater to the base elements in politics. Would that we could always say the same truthfully about our public men. His administration was admitted, even by the opposition, to be clean and businesslike. He, nevertheless, suffered the humiliation of being denied the usual renomination from his party. Parties, like men, have their sins of omission and commission to ac-

count for, and one of the dark spots on the Republican party in this State was its treatment of Governor McGill.

How much he suffered without complaining and how much this unusual and uncalled-for action tended to shorten his days, I will leave those who value their duties and privileges as American citizens, and are cognizant of their rectitude in private and public life to imagine. Although for the time being apparently discredited by his party, he became more popular and has ever since been held in higher esteem than ever before. His neighbors selected him to represent them in this Senate. His valuable services to his district and the State are recognized by all. We, his associates, learned to know him as kind, careful and deliberate. Without pretending to be brilliant or a leader, he became such by force of character, and his good judgment is reflected in many of our most beneficent laws on the statute books to-day. The influence of such men cannot be estimated. We have the benefit of their work and their example. Men die and are laid away in the resting place prepared for the body and the soul goes to its reward, but the good done while among us will not die. It is with pleasant recollections and gratitude for having had him among us that I place this humble tribute to his memory. May we have many such safe and consistent guides as A. R. McGill.

P. Fitzpatrick:

Mr. President, while I did not know the late Governor McGill as long or as intimately as some of the other members of this Senate knew him, it was my privilege to serve with him during five sessions of the Legislature, and to observe him from day to day in the performance of his official duties

as a lawmaker. He occupied many positions of trust in the State and in the nation which required varied talents of a high order in their filling. When a young man, at a time when hopes are bright and life seems worth living, he risked his life and gave his services to the nation in the days of its direct necessity. He enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens and of the people of this State in a marked degree, and he repaid that confidence by bringing to the discharge of his duties a keen and discriminating intelligence, unswerving fidelity to the trusts reposed in him, rare integrity and the courage of honest convictions.

If I may trust the accuracy of my somewhat limited observations and the soundness of my judgment on such matters, I should say that our dead friend and former fellow-Senator was a man who performed more than he promised—a man of few words, but lucid thoughts clearly expressed—one who went directly to the point at issue without unnecessary circumlocation or apologies, yet having a ready wit and a keen sense of humor on occasions. He was a brave soldier and a good citizen, a model public officer and an honest man. It may not be inappropriate for me on this occasion in this chamber, the scene of his later public activities, and in the presence of his former associates who honored and respected him, in the presence of friends who loved and mourn him, to say what we said on a former occasion and many times repeated, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

W. W. Dunn:

Mr. President, in the death of Senator Andrew R. McGill the State of Minnesota lost one of its useful and distinguished officials and one of its quiet,

unpretentious and modest citizens—a gentle, courteous and lovable gentleman, a man "not too great or good for human nature's daily food."

My acquaintance with him before becoming his colleague in the Senate was very limited and of such a nature as to give me no opportunity to obtain an insight into his character. I must confess that up to that time I was inclined to harbor a feeling of prejudice against him—not because of any specific act or word of his, but because of his prominence in public life, and the exalted positions held by him, I had the feeling that he would outclass and overshadow me to such an extent that he could never descend to the humble plane of life that I expected to occupy, so that in reality in the fullest sense he could be my colleague and companion.

A little incident occurred shortly before the opening of the session that gave me an insight into his character and immediately changed my feelings, so that from that time on he had my highest regard and deepest affection. I was called to the telephone one day and a peculiarly soft and pleasant voice informed me that Senator McGill was at the phone. He said: "I hope you will not think me presumptuous, but when I selected my seat to-day in the Senate Chamber I thought of you, and it occurred to me that you might not know of the practice of choosing seats in the Senate, so I took the liberty of selecting a seat for you near to me, subject to your approval." Simple as was this act—almost too trifling to mention on such an occasion as this—it at once changed the thread of my thoughts and feelings, and demonstrated to me that his was a kindly, thoughtful nature, willing and ready to do the simple things that go to make up a useful daily life—one of the essentials without which no true greatness can endure.

It is my hope that he has taken with him into eternal rest the same regard and respect for me that I have and forever shall retain for him.

(Mr. Durment seconded the adoption of the resolution as read, and the motion was unanimously carried by a rising vote of the Senate).

APPENDIX I

The Census of 1790 was an enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States at that date, made under the supervision of the United States Marshals in their several districts. It was limited to the following items:

First—Name of head of family.

Second—Free white males of 16 years and upward, including heads of families.

Third—Free white males under 16 years.

Fourth—Free white females, including heads of families.

Fifth—All other free persons.

Sixth—Slaves.

The name only of the head of the family, male or female, is given; all others, not heads of families simply counted. In the publication there is a volume for each state; that is, each state that was at that time one of the United States. It was only very recently that the books for Pennslyvania and North Carolina were printed.

The census in Philadelphia is more complete than elsewhere, giving in detail the occupation and place of residence of the head of family. In other places the county only is given and instances the town. The heads of nineteen families by the name of McGill are found in Pennsylvania at the taking of the First Census of the United States, in 1790. They are as follows:

McGill, Arthur—Allegheny county.
McGill, Arthur—Northumberland county. (This is our Arthur and his name is entered alongside his father-in-law, Hugh Logue.)
McGill, Charles—Mifflin county.
McGill, Christopher—Allegheny county.
McGill, Henry—Bucks county.
McGill, Rev. Hugh—Mifflin county.
McGill, James—Allegheny county.
McGill, James—Carpenter, Almond St., South Side, Philadelphia.
McGill, James—House carpenter, Third St., West Side, Philadelphia.
McGill, John—Fallowfield township, Chester county.
McGill, John—Cumberland county.
McGill, John—Dauphin county.
McGill, John—Easton town, Northampton county.
McGill, John—Innkeeper, Philadelphia.
McGill, John—Laborer, Front St., West Side, Philadelphia.
McGill, John—Mariner, Front St., West Side, Philadelphia.
McGill, Robert—Franklin township, Fayette county.
McGill, Robert—Washington county.
McGill, William—Allegheny county.

Incidentally, I would state that the names of John and Edward Ryan appear as the head of a family in Northumberland county. They subsequently moved to Crawford county. John Ryan was my grandfather on my mother's side and Edward was a bachelor brother, an old Revolutioner, who always made his home with his brother. They

are both buried in Mount Blair cemetery—a bold peak east of Fredebaugh Jungle, overlooking the beautiful Woodcock Valley.

In this enumeration for Pennsylvania of HEADS OF FAMILIES the name of Moyer occurs one hundred and sixty-three times.

There were eight hundred and fifty-six families named Smith.

Of the Peiffers, later a numerous family, I find only Peiffer, Michael, Richmond township, Berks county, and

Peiffer, Henry—(Brewer).
Peiffer, Jones and Israel—(Grocers).
Peiffer, Roberts.
Peiffer, Hugh—(Carpenter).
(All North Fourth St., from Market to Race St., Philadelphia.)

There were no Saegers in Pennsylvania in 1790. There were a few families in Northampton county named Sager. The given names were Jacob, John, Elias, Nicholas, Nicholas, Jr., and Nicholas, Sr. The Proprietor of Saegerstown evidently came of a later importation that had no part in Colonial times.

Other families more or less intimately associated and in some instances intermarried, with our forbears in the early days of the republic, are Ryan, 24 families; Grub, 14 families; Grubb, 21 families; Graff, 23 families; Gill, 24 families; Kern, 41 families; Price, 63 families, and Wilson, 250 families. Without pursuing this quest further we will pass on in search of the McGills in other States.

NEW YORK.

First United States Census, 1790.

HEADS OF FAMILIES.

McGill, Patrick—Cambridge, Albany county.
McGill, John—Same place.
McGill, Nicola—Rensselaerwick, Albany county.
McGill, William—Watervilet, Albany county.
McGill, John—Columbia, Clermont county.
McGill, John—New York City.
McGill, Hugh—New Windsor, Ulster county.

MARYLAND.

McGill, Arthur—St. Marys, Md.
McGill, Mary—Same place.
McGill, John—Montgomery.
McGill, William—Harford.
McGill, Patrick—Frederick.

CONNECTICUT.

McGill, Arthur—Middleton, Middlesex county.
McGill, Charles—Same place.

NORTH CAROLINA.

McGill, Margaret, Fayette District, Cumberland county.
McGill, Allen—Fayette District, Richmond county.

McGill, Angus—Same place.

McGill, Archibald—Fayette District, Robison county.

McGill, Neil—Fayette District, Robison county.

McGill, Rogers—Fayette District, Robison county.

McGill, Archibald—Fayette District, Robison county.

McGill, Angus—Fayette District, Robison county.

McGill, Thomas—Morgan District, Lincoln county, 8th company.

McGill, William—Morgan District, Wilkes county, 13th company.

McGill, Thomas—Salisbury District, Mecklenberg county.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following heads of families are given in this State. I do not have the volume and the Christian names only are furnished with no reference to place:

Barnett McGill,
James McGill,
John McGill,
Margaret McGill,
Mrs. McGill,
Robert McGill,
Roger McGill,
Samuel McGill,
Thomas McGill,
William McGill.

Schedules for the States of Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, New Jersey, Tennessee and Virginia were destroyed when the British burned the Capitol at Washington during the War of 1812.

Except two families in Connecticut there seems to have been no McGills in the New England States.

McG.

APPENDIX II

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

By

AN OLD FRIEND.

As a matter of rendering simple justice to the author of this book and to those of succeeding generations who will read with interest its pages during the years and centuries that are to come, it is proper that some one should supply an important omission of historical interest that the reader will notice throughout its pages. There is scarcely a word of mention regarding the character and personality of this man who has rendered to his family and his ancestral name a most important and faithful service.

To tell the story of Capt. McGill's life would require a work of volumes rather than a mere sketch in a book of this size, for in telling that story with any degree of faithfulness one would have to rehearse the salient features of the last century—the greatest century of all the years of time. He saw the century in its hopeful youth; he marked with wonder its struggling manhood; he has followed its career to venerable age and has been permitted in his own advanced years to stand with clear, un-

clouded martial vision as a living witness of the glory of its sunset hours, and to witness the advent of the new-born century, bright and buoyant in the lap of time. He has stood for more than four-fifths of a century as an intellectual colossus among his fellows—endowed with the mind and mental qualities of a statesman to which were added the highest qualities of the patriot and the soldier intermingled with the broadest minded and most generous sympathy for oppressed humanity throughout the world.

An incident in his life during the great Civil War illustrates those admirable traits in his character. He was an officer in the famous 83rd Regiment of Pennsylvania that participated in thirty-seven of the hardest fought battles of that most terrible struggle, which determined the fate of the republic for all time. Up in the Central Mountain regions of the State during the years of political and military terror that prevailed throughout the State, there were a large number of peaceful citizens who, in their simplicity, opposed and made a feeble attempt to evade the Conscription Act, and soldiers were sent to invade the homes, arrest the fathers and sons, who were old enough to perform military service. A large number were gathered in from the recesses of the mountains and incarcerated in a military prison at Fort Mifflin, near Philadelphia. They were taken from their homes and families without change of clothing or any preparation and in many instances their families were left in destitute circumstances. Many of them had small farms whose scanty crops were left to rot in the fields—the families driven almost to distraction by not knowing the fate that awaited their loved ones that had been thus ruthlessly taken from them without a parting word or a sign of hope or consolation.

For months these men suffered the mental and physical torments of a hundred deaths in the living hell of filth and vermin to which they were confined and guarded by bayonets.

These facts came to the knowledge of Hon. M. B. Lowry, Senator from Erie, who made a personal investigation of these unfortunate men against whom, as yet, no formal charge had been made.

He then brought the matter to the attention of Capt. McGill (who had personally known Mr. Lincoln in 1849-50) and requested him to make a statement of the case to the President. McGill became interested and on further investigation was satisfied that a gross outrage was being perpetrated upon comparatively harmless people by a lot of carrion crows, who follow in the wake of war for plunder, and he wrote a letter to the President, couched in such expressive language as he only could command, setting forth the hard facts of the case and requesting executive intervention in behalf of justice and humanity.

Mr. Lowry carried the letter in person to Washington and laid it before the President, who gave to it the most careful reading and attention. He called the Secretary of War and read the letter to him, then told him to issue an order for the immediate release of these prisoners with free transportation to their homes.

That letter had stirred the soul of the great Lincoln, who turned again to his Secretary of War declaring that "He envied the heart and the brain of the man who wrote that letter."

As we have already said he has always stood on a high intellectual plane, his mind mediating between the moral and the material interests of the age and resting on neither. There were a half

dozen professions on which he might have embarked with absolute certainty of success. Had he chosen the legal profession he would have filled the courts with his fame. Had he entered the church its highest honors would have been within his grasp. If the stage had allured him, the world would have been richer by another good actor. To the personal gifts of a pleasing countenance he has a voice sonorous and flexible and in his younger years a lofty presence and fine personality.

Thus we have given but the mere outline of the character and qualities of the man who has devoted the last years of his long and eventful life to the authorship of a book that will outlive the memory of future generations, the most enduring monument that was ever invented by mortal man. It is needless to speak of the literary, the historical and the biographical merits of this book. It will stand the most critical examination with ever renewed appreciation and admiration of the most learned and accomplished historians and scholars, and

"If to his lot some errors chance to fall,
Look o'er the record of his generous deeds,
And you'll forget them all."

Respectfully yours,
S. J. LOGAN.

APPENDIX III

THE AUTHOR.

A Brief Sketch of His Life

By

W. R. McGILL.

The writer of this book having completed his work and turned over his manuscript, unconditionally and free of cost, to the McGills it has been concluded by those most interested in this publication that he has not done justice to himself, but has evaded, and in fact, suppressed many of the interesting incidents of his own career that ought to have a place in the volume.

The course of his life has not been smooth sailing at all times, he has had his full share of backsets and adversities not all of which should be given to the public, but which have in the main been sufficiently eventful to make fairly interesting reading to those who have not had the pleasure of personal acquaintance or enjoyed his confidence and respect. Upon consideration, it was determined that I, knowing my brother better than any other living man, should furnish a sketch of his life so far as I could in a brief way and that it should be printed as an appendix to this work. He has not objected

to this, and I proceed to so do, only regretting that he cannot be induced to write it himself for no one could do it better.

In 1848, when about twenty years old he left home to try his fortune in the pine woods on the Brokenstraw, where he was initiated into the business of logging, lumbering and rafting, as well as occasionally making stump speeches in favor of the Free Soil candidate for the presidency. Returning home from a trip down the river late in December of the same year he was induced to stop over and teach the Broadford school.

In the spring of 1849 he went West by the lakes to Chicago, which was then a small town, and thence by Illinois river to Southern Illinois. There he remained two years when he returned charged full of malaria, chills, ague and dumb ague. He then taught the McGill school, of which mention is made in preceding pages.

By this time he had acquired some celebrity as an instructor and had offers from several of the surrounding villages to take charge of their educational institutions. He finally went to Venango where he taught several years. He was in Venango when it was incorporated—was elected Town Clerk and wrote the laws of the corporation. This was the first political office he ever held.

He married in Venango and after a few years returned to Saegertown, where he took up his abode. Was Postmaster at Saegertown, and by appointment of Court filled the office of County Auditor.

With regard to Capt. McGill's military service the following taken from Bates County History, page 690, published in 1899, is probably the most authentic record extant:

"August 19th, 1861, Capt. McGill enlisted in Company F., 83rd Regiment, Penn'a Volunteers, was appointed a Sergeant and subsequently appointed 2nd Lieutenant, and on tender of his resignation February 1st, 1863 was honorably discharged on Surgeons certificate of disability. His experience this term of service consisted in part of active participation in the following battles, to-wit: Yorktown Siege, Hanover Court House, Gains Mills, Savage Station, Whiteoak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run and Fredericksburg, where he was wounded December 13th, 1862.

"After returning home he was appointed United States Enrolling Officer for his district. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania in June, 1863, called for men to repel the enemy and a company was recruited from Saegertown and surrounding country and marched to Pittsburg, with McGill for Captain, joined 56th Regiment P. V. M.—Colonel S. B. Dick, Commander, marched to West Virginia and rendered efficient service along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad until recalled the following August.

"December, 1863, Capt. McGill re-enlisted and returned to the Army of the Potomac, he was detailed to duty at the Adjutant General's Headquarters, Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, where he served until honorably discharged June 29th, 1865.

"During this service he was present under fire, promptly discharging such duties as were assigned him, in the following engagements: Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spotsylvania, Hanover Court House, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Petersburg Siege, Welden Railroad, Poplar Spring Church, Hatchers Run, Gravely Run, Boydtown Road, Whiteoak Road, Five Forks and Appomattox Court House.

"All the above facts are matters of record in the War Department. Comment is not required.

"Inflammatory rheumatism and other troubles contracted in the service prostrated him at the close of the war, and he has been a cripple ever since.

"He has held positions under the State and National Government—is a vigorous writer—was editor of the Weekly Press (the first paper ever published in Saegertown)—has been Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and Borough Secretary, but all became irksome. He has declined public service and has practically retired."

My brother's name was carried on the rolls of the 83rd Regiment during his last enlistment, but he never served a day with the regiment, his services were required in the Adjutant General's office in the field at Brigade headquarters.

The Third Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps was the largest brigade in the army, consisting of nine independent organizations and had been commanded by a succession of the most brilliant young generals in the world. At Lee's surrender this brigade was designated to receive the arms of the retiring army of Northern Virginia, and it was in front of the Ass't Adjutant General's office of the brigade that the arms were stacked. On this momentous occasion Capt. McGill was in absolute charge of the entire clerical force of the office.

On the return march from Appomattox to Richmond the brigade first diverged towards Danville, Va., occasionally moving through rural scenes that had not been devastated by war, and then marched to Southerland Station, 10 miles west of Petersburg, and rested for 10 days. During the entire route the office was besieged by frantic people and repentant rebels seeking protection and immunity from de-

served punishment; all had to be quieted and their fears allayed and confidence restored. Heretofore, the duties of the office had been routine, but now under the new conditions, new forms and new methods of procedure were required and the burden fell largely upon the clerical force whose ability was put to very severe tests to straighten out entanglements that continually appeared. In this Capt. McGill was given a free hand by his superiors and was personally complimented by the General Commanding and Adjt. Gen. Farnsworth for his executive ability in adjusting matters. The command finally moved on through Petersburg to Richmond and thence to Arlington, and here, for the first time during his long service he asked for leave of absence, and here ended his military career, for he returned only to be discharged.

The above facts as stated have been gleaned through years of intimate association and being entrusted with the publication of this work I have taken the liberty to add my mite.

Independent in politics, and religion, he "belongs to the great church that holds the world within its aisles and found with joy the grain of gold in every creed and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul." And now having passed his eighty-first milestone the shadows begin to lengthen, the trembling hand and tottering step point to the tragedy which awaits us all whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last marks the end of each and all.

There is nothing great in this world but man, and nothing great in man, but his mind. The intellectual highly educated mind looks from the beauties of nature up to Nature's God, and beholds the steady stream of life passing from the cradle to the grave.

My brother's life has not been all sunshine, many cares and hardships have beset his pathway, but the reflections of a highly intellectual, philosophical mind have smoothed and made easy many of the severest trials of his life.

He has spent much time and labor in compiling this record to be handed down to posterity as a starting point from which to trace the growth of the family tree. He has been the sole author and to him belongs the credit.

His life of late years has been a quiet one, out of the mad race for money, place and power, away from the demands of business, out of the dusty highway where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools, and now at a ripe old age, with mind unimpaired and bright as a sunbeam he rests on his well earned laurels.

Of the millions of soldiers who went out to the defense of their country but few remain today, and they should be liberally provided for and tenderly dealt with by the Government, for which many of them gave the best of their lives. The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers after vulgar glory, they fought to preserve the homestead of liberty that their children might have peace. They kept our country on the map of the world and we owe great respect to those who are still with us, as well as to the millions who sleep beneath the shadow of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or shade, each in the windowless palace of rest. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. Many died where lipless famine mocked at want, and who only heard in happy dream the footsteps of return, and so sleep in unknown sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left.

Capt. McGill enlisted when a robust stout man and came back broken in health and entirely unfit for manual labor. He has turned his attention more to literary pursuits. As to his own financial and personal matters he is perfectly oblivious to the schemes and ways of money makers and cares not a fig for filthy lucre, beyond the present wants of the day, indifferent as to bodily comfort, but always on the alert and ready to grasp intellectual food.

I have always had a very high regard for the ability of my brother, not only as a fluent writer, but for the great fund of general knowledge he always appeared to have at his tongue's end, but I can account for it perhaps better than others less familiar with his early habits. During our school days and up to his twentieth year I was his constant companion, worked, played, fought and slept with him, and I remember well all his studious habits. He raked the country over for books and he seldom went to the field to work without one in his pocket—he studied day times and burned much midnight oil, and I am pleased to avail myself of an opportunity to pay this tribute of respect and place my name on record as a living witness of his early struggles.

After leaving the parental roof our intimacy was more or less broken; months and sometimes years elapsed without personal interviews. The fortunes of war and many other barriers intervened, but the laws of consanguinity kept alive the spark of love that looms into a flame when nearing the farther shore where the parting of the ways dictates the road of each and all of us.

W. R. McGILL.

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